# THE AMERICAN WARS

1755-1953

## A PICTORIAL HISTORY FROM QUEBEC TO KOREA ★ BY ROY MEREDITH

author of *MR. LINCOLN'S CAMERA MAN: MATHEW B. BRADY*

# The American Wars

## 1755-1953

## A PICTORIAL HISTORY FROM QUEBEC TO KOREA

*By Roy Meredith*

This is the pictorial history of the American wars as seen by artists in uniform, a unique compilation of the work in sketch book and on canvas of the men who recorded history as they made it. Through the trained eye of the military artist, sharper even than the undiscriminating lens of the camera, the most stirring moments of the past two hundred years of American history come to life in this lavish picture book.

Soldiers sketched as they appeared in the field, fortifications, battle arrays are here; here also are portraits and battle scenes, drawn by eyewitnesses, some after the event, but all dramatic with the first-hand knowledge of the artist. Here is the array of America's military greats, beginning with the young George Washington; here are the people, places, and events you have read about, brought to life in pictures you will never forget.

Many of the pictures here have never before been published, but the work of famous men is here too, some like Frederic Remington noted as artists, some like Peyton C. March more famous for their distinguished military careers. But one thing is common to all: a sharp eye for artistic detail and the talent for setting down accurately on paper and canvas what the eye sees. This is living, breathing experience, retold in a form that can be understood — and thrilled to — by all.

In his captions, and in the brief introductory text to each section of the book, Roy Meredith, noted for his brilliant historical exposition and research, knits the pictures together to tell a connected story of action on all fronts — from the French and Indian War, through the Revolution and the Civil War, the Indian fighting in the West, both World Wars, right up through the Korean conflict. This is history as it should be told — and seen — in a blending of word and picture that makes even more memorable the immortal deeds of America's heroes.

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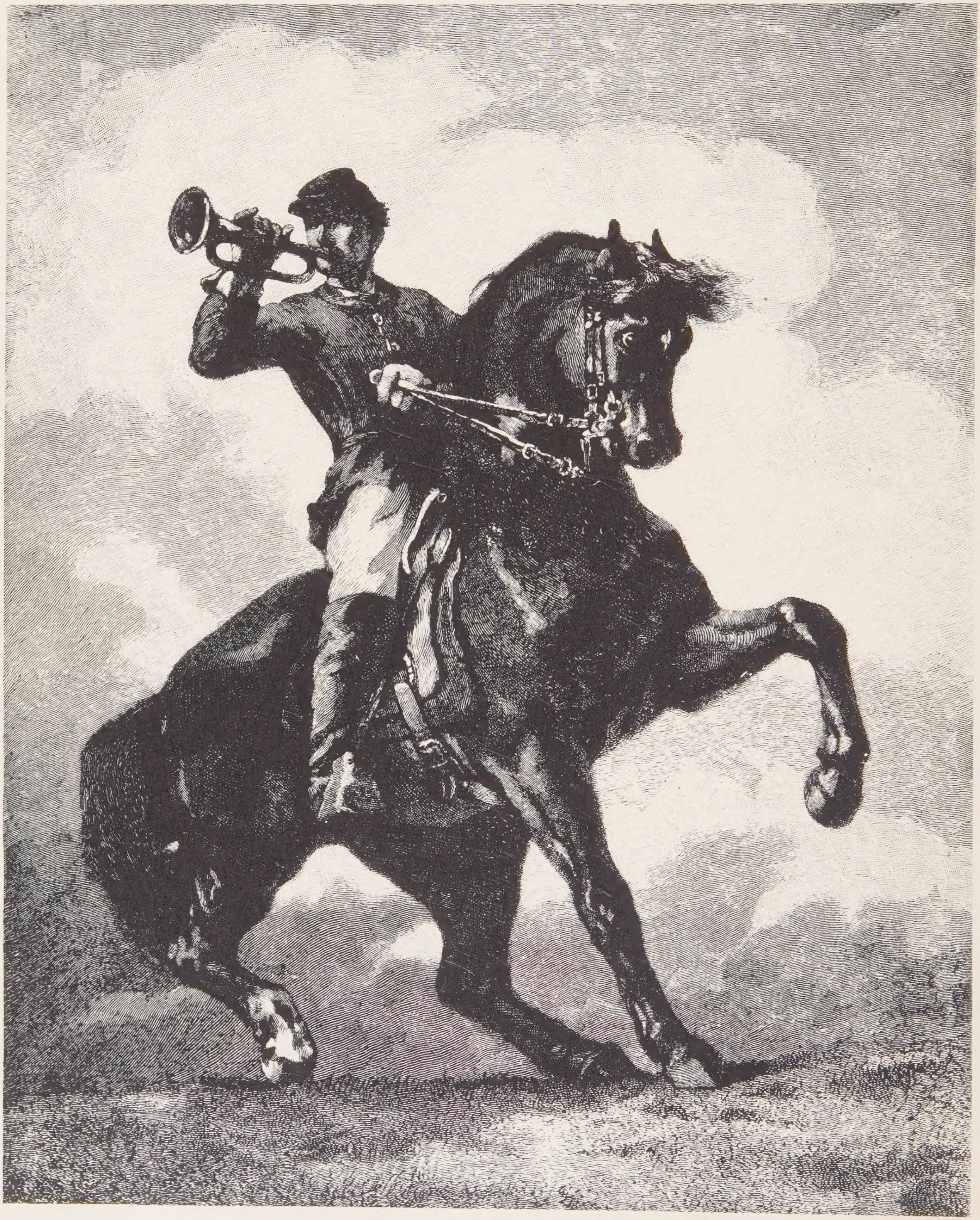

*From an engraving after the painting by William M. Hunt*

THE BUGLE CALL

ROY MEREDITH

# The American Wars

## A Pictorial History from Quebec to Korea

1755–1953

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY

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To Bobby

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# The American Wars

Even so, when the framework of the world is dissolved and the final hour, closing so many ages, reverts to primeval chaos, then all the constellations will clash in confusion, the fiery stars will drop into the sea, and the earth, refusing to spread her shores out flat, will shake off the ocean: The moon will move in opposition to her brother, and claim to rule the day, disdaining to drive her chariot along her slanting orbit: and the whole distracted fabric of the shattered firmament will overthrow its laws.

Great things will come crashing down upon themselves—such is the limit of growth ordained by heaven for success.

LUCAN (MARCUS ANNAEUS LUCANUS)
44 B.C. in *The Civil Wars (Pharsalia)*

# Introduction

For a nation not given to military aggression or wilful warfare, the United States has been involved in many serious wars. The purpose of this book is to chronicle and bring to their proper place in history the combat artists and military engineers who have provided such a magnificent pictorial record of the American wars. The saga of the American wars, depicted with pencil and brush by these artists, is an indelible, awe-inspiring, and sometimes ghastly story of crashing battle, sudden death, disease, and unspeakable horror.

In our earliest wars, military and naval artists recorded on canvas and paper critical battles and naval engagements that more or less decided the future of the nation. Their inestimable services to the armed forces and their contribution to the military and naval history of the United States certainly deserve to be recorded. During the Civil War, many artists, though not in uniform, were attached to the army as "war artists" for *Harper's Weekly* and *Leslie's.* With few exceptions, these men sketched from sight, under the most difficult conditions imaginable, reams of drawings that today can be seen in the old bound copies of these wonderful magazines. Until the outbreak of the Civil War, military pictorial reporting was held as not too important. But many soldiers and sailors, awed by the history-making action in which they were taking part, recorded it of their own volition in untutored but graphic sketches.

Of no small importance is the military art of Captain John Montresor and Captain Hervey Smyth, officers and military engineers of the British Army during the French and Indian War. Our own army had its beginnings in that war. Colonel George Washington was himself, in 1755, a British Colonial officer. Moreover, the military procedure and the tactics used by the British Army at that time were afterward heavily drawn upon and embellished with many novel improvements by the Americans, notably the deadly technique of Indian tactics. Little known is the fact that Ulysses S. Grant, George Gordon Meade, William Tecumseh Sherman, Henry N. Walke, David Porter, Seth Eastman, and many other graduates of West Point and Annapolis were artists of no mean ability, particularly Seth Eastman, who contributed a brilliant portfolio of life on the American frontier and in the Western territories.

The United States Army Corps of Engineers in World War I employed a large staff of combat artists, commissioned as captains. Among them were George Harding, Harvey Dunn, Kerr Eby, and Wallace Morgan, who, in civilian life, were among the finest illustrators of that era. The United States Marine Corps can claim great distinction in its combat artists both in World War I and II in the persons of the late Colonel John W. Thomason, Colonel Donald Dickson, who took part in the campaigns in the South Pacific in our recent war with Japan, as well as many other Marine combat artists. World War II, by volume of work alone, had the greatest coverage. Never in the history of warfare was every phase so well pictured by the combat artists. The United States Army Air Forces can claim particular distinction in the brilliant work of Francis Beaugureau, Captain Ogden Pleissner, and Major Milton Marx. The skillful men of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Air Force, Coast Guard, and the many special units with their own staff of artists, articulate with pencil and brush, depicted the thrilling actions in the South Pacific, Asia, and Europe. They were adventurous soldiers and sailors, given to sketching at sight with engaging frankness what they saw of war.

The inspiring inheritance of pictorial military material which they produced presented no easy problem in the matter of selection. Many anxious hours of intensive search and study went into the final selection of pictures for the chapter on World War II. It was not the dearth of material but the bulk from which to select that was at times frightening to contemplate. Therefore, the non-inclusion of any picture of an action or scene in the over-all picture of World War II is due not to oversight nor as a reflection on the work of these men, but is entirely incidental to limited space. For, after all, it was a big war, and the combat art produced would fill many volumes.

Long after the Civil War, Edward Lamson Henry, the military artist who served on an Army transport as clerk during the war, was invited to the White House for a visit with President Grant. During the course of their pleasant conversation, Mr. Henry mentioned the trouble he had had making his pictures because of stringent Army regulations barring unattached artists from the combat zones. President Grant informed the artist that he should have come to him for a blanket permit. “We are the men who make history, Mr. Henry,” said the President, “but you are the men who perpetuate it.”

The military drawings and paintings of our combat artists at war prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that if it came about that the mold of mankind’s baser nature, forged through the centuries in the fiery furnace of war, should be shattered on the anvil of the better elements of his inherent instincts for peaceful pursuits, man would not seek a solution to his vexing, perplexing problems on the battlefield.

# I

# Powder, Pigtails, and Warpaint

## *The French and Indian War*

## 1755–1763

The French and Indian War began in 1755, an outgrowth of French schemes of conquest in North America. An undeclared war, it was the result of fifty years of violent border raids and Indian massacres, war of the knife, the tomahawk, firebrand, and musket. The first action took place near Great Meadows in July of that year, and fighting came to an end eight years later in a classic battle on the Plains of Abraham.

The French had "lost their geographical senses" and claimed all of North America as their own. The flag with the fleur-de-lis flew from the Allegheniesto the Rockies, from Mexico and Florida to the North Pole. Except for some "ill-defined" British land holdings bordering Hudson's Bay, the vast region was given the imposing name of Northern New France. Most important of all, France controlled the Mississippi and St. Lawrence rivers, which gave her access to the rich, fertile inland regions. England, her thirteen colonies situated along the Atlantic coast line from Maine to Georgia, had no such inland highroads. To consolidate her position on the northern American frontier, England in 1749 had founded and fortified the city of Halifax.

The numerical insignificance of her American colonial population notwithstanding, France undertook a bold move toward further territorial expansion by constructing a chain of forts along the British colonial frontier. To forestall this French aggression, Governor Robert Dinwiddie of Virginia dispatched Lieutenant Colonel George Washington to Fort Le Boeuf to demand the immediate withdrawal of the French garrison from Virginia territory.

Colonel Washington, with a company of regulars and some militia, in May, 1754, marched to the country of the Monongahela River and met the French at Great Meadows, "a level tract of grass and bushes," which the twenty-two-year-old Washington called "a charming place for an encounter." The first volley fired from the muskets of his backwoodsmen touched off a war that for numbers engaged was probably the bloodiest, most savagely fought contest ever to take place on the American continent. A short time later, Washington and his little army were besieged and defeated at an improvised fort which he had named "Necessity." The French, superior in numbers, forced a surrender. Washington was gallantly accorded all the honors of war and allowed to march out of the fort with his paroled men.

Aware that the French had begun their new conquests, King George II made a speech to Parliament on November 14, 1754, proclaiming that he would further trade with his colonial subjects "and protect those possessions which constitute one great source of their wealth." The implication was plain, and a campaign was implemented at once. Two regiments, the Forty-fourth and the Forty-eighth Foot, numbering a thousand men, embarked on transports at Cork, Ireland. Major General Edward Braddock was placed in command of these forces and, on the day before Christmas, 1754, sailed for Virginia. The great and far-reaching question, "Shall France remain here, or shall she not?" was at last to be tested on the battleground of the North American forest.

The pictorial records of the French and Indian War include portraits of the leading personalities involved in the conflict painted by Benjamin West, George Romney, Joseph Highmore, John Singleton Copley, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Whatever other talent existed, aside from primitive art, was found chiefly among the military engineers of the contending armies. Those artists included Captain Hervey Smyth, aide-de-camp to Major General James Wolfe; Captain (?) Ince of the Thirty-fifth Regiment; Major Patrick MacKellar, a sub-engineer; Captain Robert Orme, who made maps to illustrate his copious *Journal;* Richard Short, a British cartographer; and Lieutenant John Montresor, aide-de-camp and engineer to Major General James Abercrombie and engineer to Major General Edward Braddock.

On March 14, 1755, General Braddock, his aide Captain Robert Orme, and Ensign John Montresor, his engineer, landed from the warship *Centurion* at Hampton, Virginia. One month later, on April 14, Governor Dinwiddie called for a council of war with the provincial governors at Alexandria to act on a plan, originally conceived by the Duke of Cumberland, that called for simultaneous attacks on the four strongest French outposts: Forts Duquesne, Niagara, Crown Point, and Beauséjour in Acadia. The council agreed to the plan and selected General Braddock to lead his own forces against Fort Duquesne.

On June 10, Braddock's army started its ill-fated march from Fort Cumberland, led by 300 pioneers, axmen, and scouts to cut and clear the road. Foot by foot, the little army advanced into the waste of lonely mountains. The road, but twelve feet wide, forced the army's line of march to extend often for miles, over a forest trail that led past waterfalls, chasms, and stony ridges, the wild forest enveloping the army with its green towering mountains. The French made no attempt to interrupt the march, though they knew of the advance, except to send an occasional raiding party to harass the column, now and then scalping a straggler. Their passage was so slow that Washington feared for their safety and suggested to Braddock that he detach a large, fast-moving body of chosen troops and push on ahead rapidly. Braddock accepted the plan, but Washington's "hopes were brought very low indeed" when he found that ". . . instead of pushing on with vigor . . . they were halting to level every mole-hill, and to erect bridges over every brook . . ."

One month after leaving Fort Cumberland, Braddock's column reached Turtle Creek, a stream entering the Monongahela River eight miles from Fort Duquesne. It was a beautiful day and not a cloud overhead. To avoid a perilous trek through the woods, Braddock decided to cross the Monongahela twice. The troops, inspirited by the prospect of easy victory, caused Washington to speak with admiration of the spectacle: "The music, the banners, the mounted officers, the troops of light cavalry, the naval detachment, the red-coated regulars, the blue-coated Virginians, the wagons and tumbrils, cannon, howitzers, and coehorns, the trains of packhorses, the droves of cattle, passed in a long procession through the rippling shallows, and slowly entered the bordering forest. Here, when all was over, a short halt was ordered for rest and refreshment."

Contracoeur, commandant of Fort Duquesne, accepted the suggestion of his second in command, Captain Daniele Hyacinthe de Beaujeu, that he attack the British on the march and ambush them before they reached the fort, but the Indians refused to fight when Beaujeu first offered them the war hatchet. Determined to carry out his plan, Beaujeu shamed the Indians into putting on their war paint. Beaujeu, himself dressed and painted like an Indian, left the fort followed by 600 Indians, 36 French officers and cadets, some regulars, and about 146 Canadians.

Warned of the approach of the slow-moving British column, the French and Indians quietly lay in ambush. General Gage's advance column, unaware of the trap, moved slowly along the narrow path, the green wilderness hanging over them. Suddenly a man, dressed like an Indian, was seen to wave his hat. A bloodcurdling war whoop broke the silence of the forest, filling the air with the howls and shrieks of the Indians. The French and Indians, fanning out among the trees, opened fire.

Wheeling into line with good discipline despite the surprise, Gage's column began firing by volley at the shadowy enemy, but the trees caught most of the bullets. The scarlet coats of the British soldiers made bright red targets for the alert Indians. Surrounded by an unseen and deadly enemy, the British soldiers huddled in close groups, loading and firing blindly into the deep woods. Many, overwhelmed with terror, broke and ran, the Indians after them. One officer said: "They would fight, if they could see someone to fight with." Many officers and men, under fire all afternoon, could not remember once having seen an Indian. Soon the ground was strewn with the red-coated bodies of the dead and wounded. The terrifying, screeching war cries, mingled with the sounds of rifle shots and the cries of wounded men and horses, "formed a chaos of anguish and terror scarcely paralleled even in Indian warfare."

Though mortally wounded in the action, Braddock, showing "great strength of character and resolution," tried to rally his men. While endeavoring to cover the retreat, he was struck in the arm by a bullet, which penetrated his lung. The dying Braddock was placed on a litter and carried off the field by his aide, Captain Robert Orme, who bribed the terrified litter-bearers with "promises of rum and a guinea a piece." Captain Orme, though severely wounded himself, stayed with his wounded general till his death. Sometime afterward, Captain Orme told Benjamin Franklin that Braddock was silent all next day except for the utterance, "Who could have thought it?"

Destroying the remaining stores, powder, and ammunition that could not be carried away, the terrified fugitives of Braddock's army, with the yells and shrieks of the Indians still in their ears, fled to Fort Cumberland, some even "going as far as Philadelphia." The French returned to Fort Duquesne with their wounded. The battlefield abandoned, the Indians swarmed over the ground scalping the dead, and killing the helpless, wounded British soldiers.

Ensign Montresor did not come off unscathed. He, too, was seriously wounded in the engagement. Oddly enough, he received his wound five days before his promotion to lieutenant in the now blooded Forty-eighth Regiment of Foot. General Braddock, who had befriended him and was probably responsible for his promotion, was dead. Lieutenant Montresor's first experience in Indian warfare was ended.

The first stroke against French expansion ended in disaster. Meanwhile, the campaign against Crown Point, the French colonial fortress on lower Lake Champlain, got under way. An unusual campaign, because of its incredible outcome, it reached its climax near Lake George on September 8, 1755. "The Crown Point expedition," wrote Francis Parkman, "was a failure disguised under an incidental success." Located on a small peninsula at the south end of Lake Champlain, Crown Point had for years been a threat to the northern colonies.

The French had learned early of the British plan to attack this key stronghold and "prepared to defend it." Command of the British expedition was given to William Johnson, a jovial Irishman, who "had never seen service and knew nothing of war." His great influence with the Indians of the Five Nations was the prime factor in gaining him the command. Johnson's "crude" army of untrained, undisciplined New England farmers who had "volunteered for the summer campaign" assembled on the "Flats" and hills above Albany. Among his officers were General Israel Putnam, General Phineas Lyman, and Colonel Ephraim Williams, whose legacy founded the school that later became Williams College and who died during the battle at Lake George. After many unaccountable delays, Johnson finally got the expedition moving.

Almost at the same time, Baron Dieskau, "a man of great penetration and quickness of apprehension," also started for Crown Point from Canada with 3,500 picked troops and Indians, transporting them by way of the River Richelieu. News of Dieskau's advance reached General Johnson, but his Indian scouts exaggerated the size of the French force, and Johnson immediately called for reinforcements, meanwhile moving his army up-river to the Great Carrying Place, where General Lyman had constructed a fortified storehouse, later called Fort Lyman. Leaving 500 men behind to finish the fort, Johnson marched his main body of troops to the head of Lake George. Arriving that same afternoon, he made camp at the water's edge, his men "pitching their tents among the stumps of the newly felled trees."

Dieskau had no intention of waiting for Johnson to attack him at Crown Point. Instead, he "prepared to surprise him" and issued marching orders specifying that his officers were "to take nothing with them but one spare shirt, one spare pair of shoes, a blanket, a bearskin, and provisions for twelve days," adding succinctly that the "Indians are not to amuse themselves by taking scalps until the enemy are entirely defeated, since they can kill ten men in the time required to scalp one!"

Dieskau marched his army to Fort Carillon (Ticonderoga), which commanded the routes Johnson would have to take to reach Crown Point. At Carillon, a captured provincial soldier "invented a patriotic falsehood," informing Dieskau that Johnson and his army had fallen back to Albany, leaving Fort Lyman lightly garrisoned. Dieskau, believing the false information, prepared to leave at once for Fort Lyman. With a thousand men of his total force, he embarked in canoes and sailed for South Bay, where he entered the woods at the Drowned Lands and struck out for Fort Lyman. On the march, he surprised and captured some of Johnson's teamsters. In the skirmish, two were killed, two were captured; the others, escaping, made their way back to Johnson's camp. The prisoners, under threat of Indian torture, divulged Johnson's whereabouts and numbers. Dieskau, "daring to rashness," decided to attack Johnson's main body and turned his army in that direction.

Upon reaching camp, the escaped teamsters told Johnson of the French advance, and he sent out two small columns to head them off, one to Fort Lyman, the other to South Bay. Dieskau made plans to ambush the latter column. The big clash came when this column, under Lieutenant Colonel Whiting, carelessly fell prey to the ambush. Suddenly out of the thickets roared deadly rifle fire amid a burst of war whoops. According to Dieskau, "the head of Johnson's column doubled up like a pack of cards." From behind every tree and bush poured heavy rifle fire, the British column recoiling when the enemy rushed them with shouts and screeches. Johnson's men fought back desperately, killing great numbers of Frenchmen, who were "seen to drop as pigeons."

Falling back on the main body, Johnson's men barricaded themselves in the camp with everything they could find to use as cover, Massachusetts men on the right, Connecticut men on the left. They had hardly taken their posts when the white-coated French soldiers were seen moving toward them with fixed bayonets. According to Colonel Pomeroy, "the Canadiens and Indians, helter-skelter, the woods full of them, came rushing with undaunted courage right down the hill upon us, expecting us to flee." Johnson's officers threatened instant death to any man who left his post. When the French ranks got within range, Johnson's three-gun battery opened up with grapeshot and broke their ranks. General Lyman it was who rallied the men, and to him should have gone the credit for the victory. But Johnson did not see fit to even mention his name in the report of the engagement. Dieskau was killed during the fighting.

Thus ended the battle of Lake George and the ill-fated expedition against Crown Point.

Major General William Shirley's expedition to capture Fort Niagara assembled at Albany that summer of 1755. He started up the Mohawk River with three regiments. After a grueling trek through swamp and forest, they reached Lake Oneida. Twenty days later, they arrived at Lake Ontario "where on a bare hill at their left stood the miserable little fort of Oswego." Shirley's whole force soon arrived, but without provisions. Fort Frontenac lay to the north, 60 miles across the lake; Niagara, his objective, was "a distance of four or five days by boat or canoe along the south shore." Both of these forts were well garrisoned with greater numbers than Shirley's little army.

His strategic position was precarious, for if he set out for Niagara the French garrison at Frontenac could cut his supply and communication lines and easily take Oswego. His field officers advised that it was "too rash an attempt" and Shirley accepted their council and abandoned the enterprise. Finally, at the end of October, leaving a small garrison at Oswego, Shirley returned to Albany.

So far, the three major points in the strategic plan had been failures. The one bright spot of the campaign was Colonel Robert Monckton's expedition against Acadia, which was entirely successful, both Forts Beauséjour and St. John being captured. But this victory also had its sour undertones. The Acadians, in greater numbers than the invading army, refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the British Crown, were banished because of a possible insurrection.

That winter, military operations ended, saw the beginning of one of the worst outbreaks of furious Indian raids against the settlements of the northern colonies. "Every day," wrote Major George Washington, "we have accounts of cruelty and barbarity as are shocking to human nature. It is not possible to conceive the situation and danger of this miserable country. Such numbers of French and Indians are all around that no road is safe." These war parties prowled the snow-covered forests, leaving in their wake the smoldering logs of cabins, the scalped and mangled bodies of women and children. Life was short for the isolated farmer and his family, for these human marauders would spring out of the woods with tomahawk and firebrand, execute their grisly work, and vanish almost without trace. Occasionally there was some resistance, but for the most part the raiders were free to roam at will, and it was a common sight, Adam Hoops wrote, "for the husband to see the wife of his bosom, her head cut off and the children's blood drunk like water by these bloody and cruel savages."

On May 18, 1756, England formally declared war on France and turned her fleet against French commerce. General Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm was placed in command of the French forces in America. After a shuffling in the British high command, Earl Loudon was made commander in chief of the British forces. In August, Montcalm crossed Lake Ontario and, in a quick dash, attacked and captured the garrison at Oswego, completely destroying the old fort. Shortly thereafter, he marched his army to Fort Carillon, where he left a small garrison, and returned to Montreal. Earl Loudon withdrew his army and went into winter quarters.

The main attack on Fort William Henry at the south end of Lake George came in August, 1757. Lieutenant General Montcalm, taking full advantage of the new British commander in chief Earl Loudon's absence with his army at Louisbourg, attacked with 8,000 regulars, Canadians, and Indians, laid siege to the fort, and forced its surrender. English paroles were accepted and all honors of war granted in the terms of capitulation. What followed when the fort surrendered is told in a report by General Webb to his commander in chief Earl Loudon. "On leaving the Camp Yesterday Morning they [the English soldiers] were stript by the Indians of everything they had both Officers and Men the Women and Children drag'd from among them and most inhumanly butchered before their faces . . . a great many men and we are afraid several Officers were massacred." The morning after the massacre, the Indians set out in a body for Montreal. The French soldiers demolished the fort, setting fire to the mass of logs and the dead bodies that filled the casements. The armies had gone and "no living thing was left but the wolves that gathered from the mountains to feast upon the dead."

The following year, 1758, William Pitt, who was acting premier of England, recalled Earl Loudon from America and placed two of Britain's generals, Jeffrey Amherst and James Wolfe, in command. By the end of May, 1758, the British fleet and army were again at Louisbourg. Admiral Edward Boscawen was in command of the fleet, General Amherst and General Wolfe commanded the land forces. On June 3, Amherst's army effected a landing, while Boscawen's fleet guarded the harbor entrance, bottling up the French fleet of twelve men-of-war. Amherst then laid siege to the fortress and, after a month of considerable fighting, the Louisbourg garrison surrendered on July 27, 1758.

While Amherst and Wolfe were attending to the reduction of Louisbourg, General James Abercrombie, with an army of 15,000 men, camped on the site of the ruins of Fort William Henry at Lake George. Montcalm was at Ticonderoga with only 3,600 troops to defend it. The morning of July 5 saw Abercrombie's army embarked in whaleboats headed for the north end of the lake where, after landing, they marched through the forest to the fort. Abercrombie made five frontal assaults against the strong French fortress and "was repulsed with great slaughter." Suddenly losing his nerve, Abercrombie withdrew in panic and took to his boats. After that the American soldiers serving with the British Army nicknamed him "Mrs. Nabby Crombie."

Louisbourg had fallen. And with the loss of Lake Ontario and Frontenac, New France was now cut in two. In another effort to capture Ticonderoga, Amherst joined Abercrombie with five regiments at Lake George, but with winter coming on the enterprise was abandoned. Fort Duquesne was abandoned by the French garrison and fell into the hands of the willing British. So ended the campaign of 1758.

That same winter William Pitt planned the expedition against Quebec, a final campaign that would bring all the French possessions on the American continent under the British crown. Major General James Wolfe, who had distinguished himself at Louisbourg, was wisely given command of the British army and, on June 26, 1759, the fleet of transports bearing his troops anchored just below Quebec, where his army went into camp on the Island of Orleans.

The campaign for Quebec opened on July 31, 1759, when General Wolfe attacked the strongly fortified shores of the St. Lawrence River near the heights and cataract of the Montmorenci. The man-of-war *Centurion* and two other warships opened the engagement with a heavy fire on the French batteries and forts on the mud flats along the shore. Wolfe's troops, landing in boats, made a rush for the redoubt. They were met with "a hailstorm of musket-balls and buckshot, and dead and wounded in numbers rolled down the slope." Strangely enough, there was a cloudburst, the rain coming down in torrents. Their ammunition wet, and climbing the slippery heights impossible, the British soldiers fell back, "in good order," set fire to the stranded vessels, and rowed across the river for Point du Orleans, some rowing to Point Levi.

Thus ended the first attempt at taking Quebec. Wolfe, despondent over the defeat and suffering from an incurable disease, nevertheless did not abandon the idea of taking Quebec. When he recovered sufficiently, he directed that detachments of soldiers lay waste the farmhouses and villages surrounding the fortified city, in retaliation for outrages committed on his troops by the French citizens. Many atrocities were committed during these attacks.

During the weeks that followed in camp on the Montmorenci, Captain Hervey Smyth and Captain John Montresor, at headquarters, seem to have amused themselves by sketching when their duties permitted. According to the existing records, Captain Smyth made the only existing portrait sketch of himself at that time. Captain Montresor, also on General Wolfe's staff as engineer, also engaged himself in portraiture, "and it is to his talent that we are indebted for an excellent profile of General Wolfe taken in his camp at Montmorenci near Quebec, September, 1759."

OMIT

A note attached to the frame of the Montresor portrait says that Montresor had received his promotion to Captain when he joined General Wolfe's staff. Captain Smyth also made a sketch of General Wolfe at about the same time, as is indicated by the comment of the relative of General Wolfe.

Finally, on September 12, after many weeks of reconnoitering the ground for a landing place for an attack, he found one, "a path that ran with a long slope up the face of a woody precipice at the Anse du Foulon, now called Wolfe's Cove." Above those heights was the plateau called the Plains of Abraham. With 3,600 men and officers aboard the British fleet of Admiral Holmes, Wolfe was ready for the attack on Quebec. For him there was no turning back. If his move were discovered by the French, it could mean defeat and capture.

At two o'clock on the morning of September 13, Wolfe's warships, thirty large bateaux lashed to their sides, quietly dropped downstream on the ebb tide.

Wolfe was aboard the *Sutherland.* Captain Hervey Smyth was aboard with him. Two hours later they rounded the headland above the Anse du Foulon. The men disembarked on a narrow strand at the foot of the heights. Twenty-four volunteers silently climbed the steep hill, reaching the heights where they overpowered the guard. Wolfe's main body of troops waited in their boats for a signal.

The signal to Wolfe was the loud shouts and musket shots coming from the heights. The morning revealed a long file of red-coated soldiers climbing the hill and forming in battle order on the plateau. Wolfe's army, six battalions drawn up in ranks three deep, stood at arms. Montcalm discovered the long ranks at six o'clock in the morning and rushed his troops into position. The French soldiers formed hastily into line and came rushing toward the English line firing and shouting. The British advanced but a short distance and waited. When the French were within forty paces, the word of command rang out along the line, followed by the tearing crash of rifle fire, "delivered with remarkable precision." When the smoke cleared, the ground was covered with dead and wounded. The British charged with fixed bayonets, Wolfe in the lead at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. Suddenly a shot struck his wrist. Wrapping a handkerchief about the wound, he went on. Two more shots struck him, and he still rushed forward. A third shot struck him in the breast, and he staggered and fell to the ground. A Lieutenant Brown, a grenadier, and two other soldiers carried Wolfe to the rear. Asked if he would have a surgeon, Wolfe answered, "There's no need, it's all over with me." At that moment, one of the soldiers, looking across the field, shouted, "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" asked the dying general. "The enemy, sir!" Wolfe murmured, with his last breath, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace." Montcalm also lost his life in the action. Thus ended a battle that, despite the small numbers engaged, was to be regarded as one of the world's greatest.

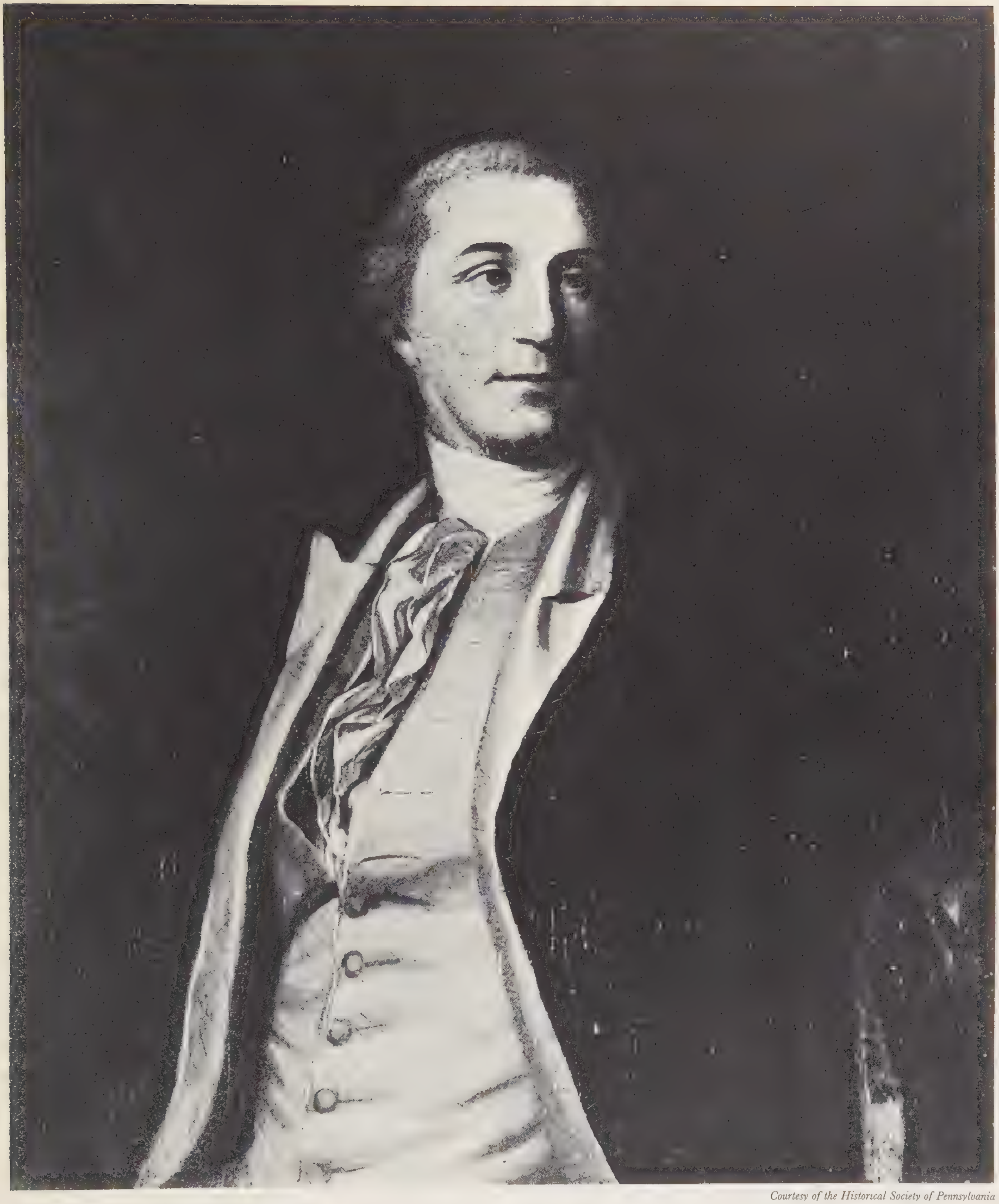
Captain Hervey Smyth executed most of his drawings on board the H. M. S. *Vanguard* while that warship covered the landing of the troops. Captain Smyth was wounded in the battle. Shortly thereafter he received permission "to attend to his private affairs" and to accompany the remains of his friend General Wolfe back to England. After Wolfe's death, Captain Smyth learned that he had been mentioned in the General's will. "All my Books and Papers," it read, "both here and in England, I leave to Colonel Carleton. I leave Major Barre, Captain Delaine, Captain Smyth, Captain Bell, Captain Calwall each a hundred Guineas, to buy swords and rings in remembrance of their friend."

The year 1759 saw the fall of Quebec and Major Robert Rogers' punitive expedition to St. Francis to attack the stronghold of the Abnaki Indians. The following years, 1760 and 1761, Captain Montresor engaged in two scouts across Maine, carrying dispatches for Brigadier General James Murray, and in other services and surveys on the St. Lawrence. Captain Montresor writes in his *Journal* of a "scout from Quebec to New England on Snowshoes in 1760, to fix the Plan for the Junction of the Armies at Montreal . . ." Montresor, in company with some Abnaki Indians, set out from Quebec on January 26, 1760, for Topsham, Maine, the nearest New England settlement. For nearly four weeks he and his party trudged through heavy forest and deep snows, suffering terribly from hunger and fatigue. Lost in the snow-haze, Montresor and his little band of Abnakis wandered and trudged through the inhospitable Maine forest in the dead of winter, the snow and icy blasts in their faces. How they struggled through that painful march in a hell of trees, snow, bitter cold, and biting winds which could reduce the bravest man to a stumbling maniac in a day or two is recorded in Montresor's *Journal.* Writing with blunted pencil and benumbed fingers, later rewriting in ink when he reached Topsham, Montresor noted on February 9, "the first day my party fell short of provisions." On Thursday the 14, "The party almost wasted, so faint from want of food. Several got sick eating Alderberries, continuing eating their moccasins, and bullet pouches, snowshoes, netting and strings." The 15th, "the party reduced to eating their leather breeches and raw woodpeckers." The 16th, "Everybody ready to drop for food—began eating their bullet pouches and belts."

Recovered from the hardships of the scout, Montresor set out on another expedition the following year. His list of "Extra Services" to his government states that ". . . discovery in 1761 of the unexplored Lands between Canada and Fort Halifax on Kennebec River, with a party of savages" inspired the exploration. Montresor suggested the expedition to the English ministry in 1760, and the plan was accepted by Sir Henry Erskine and Major Dalrymple. The necessity of military secrecy is evident in a little couplet Montresor penned in red ink in his *Journal:*

*Hail, happy Country! that can disclose*
*Thy inmost secrets to thy deadliest foes.*

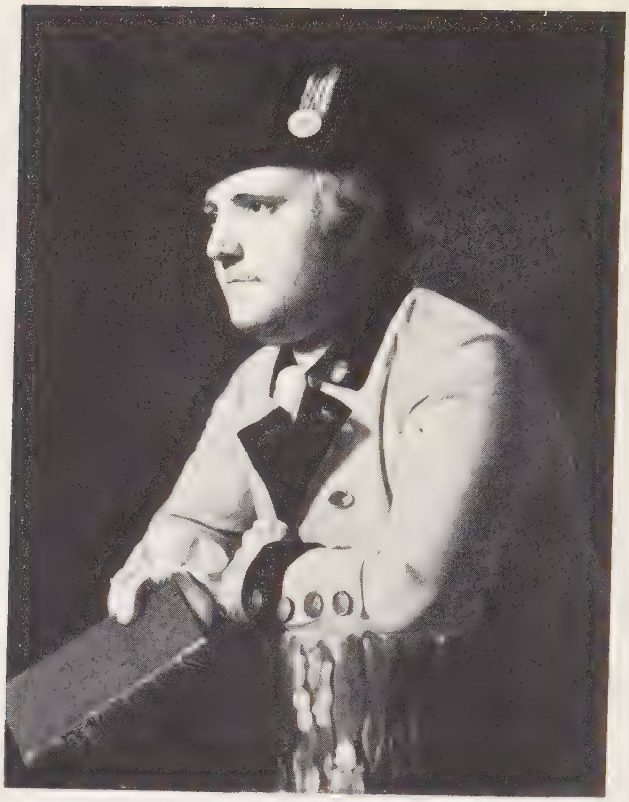
Captain Montresor mapped the entire region of the Chaudière and Kennebec rivers throughout northern Maine. His original maps are beautifully executed and are now in the British Museum in London. At the outbreak of the American Revolution, the able Colonel Benedict Arnold used them in his expedition through the Maine forest to Quebec.



Courtesy of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania

General George Washington, Commander in Chief, Continental Army, 1776–1799

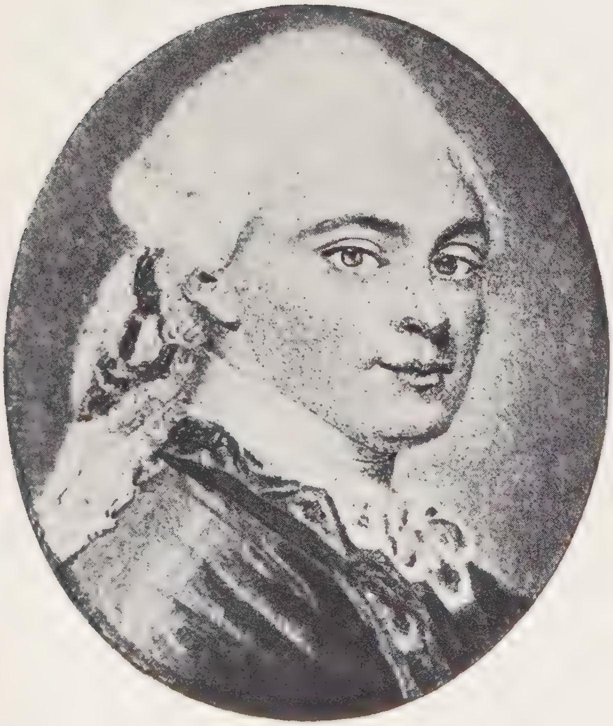
Painted by James Peale, brother of Charles Willson Peale, who also served in the Continental Army. James Peale is famous for his miniature paintings of Colonial figures of the Revolution.



Colonel John Montresor

Chief military engineer for North America,
British Army, 1775–1779.

*From an original painting by John Singleton Copley. Courtesy Detroit Institute of Arts*

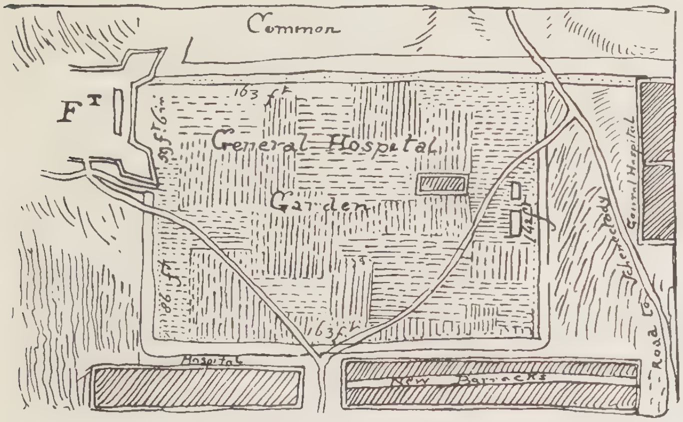


Captain Daniele Hyacinthe
Marie Lienard de Beaujeu

French Army officer in command of the detachment that attempted to halt the expedition of Major General Braddock against Fort Duquesne on the Monongahela River. Dressed like an Indian, Captain de Beaujeu led the attack that smashed Braddock's army. Like Braddock, he lost his life in the battle, being killed by the first volley fired by the British soldiers.

*Courtesy Public Archives of Canada*

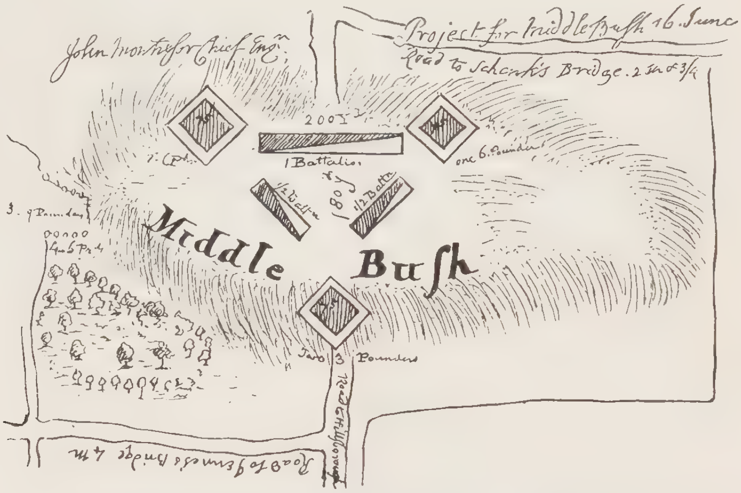
# *Sketches from the Field Book of Lieutenant John Montresor*


Common
F^T
163 ft
General Hospital
Garden
86 ft
163 ft
Hospital
New Barracks
Road to Schenectady
General Hospital

*From the* Journal *of Lieutenant John Montresor. Courtesy New York Public Library*

## Plan of fort and hospital gardens

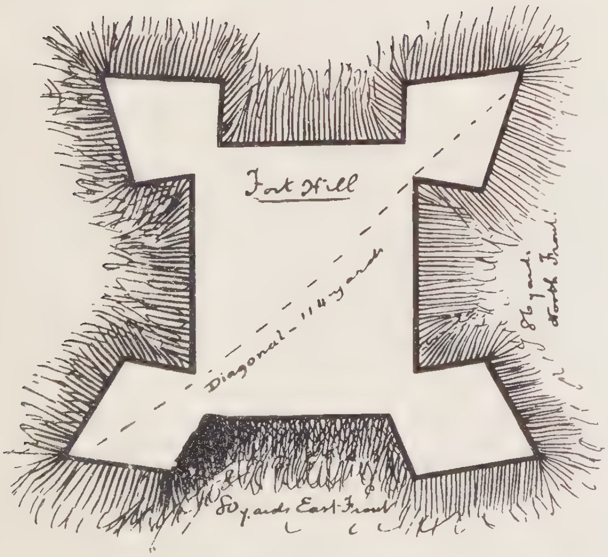
Erected at Schenectady by assistant engineer Lieutenant John Montresor in 1757


John Montresor Chief Engr.
Project for Middle Bush 16 June
Road to Schenck's Bridge 2 m & 3/4
200 y
1 Battalion
one 6 Pounder
1/2 Battn
180 y
1/2 Battn
3. 9 Pounders
Middle Bush
Two 3 Pounders
Road to Hillsborough
Road to Jemmis Bridge 4 m

*From the* Journal *of Lieutenant John Montresor. Courtesy New York Public Library*

## Project for Middle Bush, 16 June

Plan showing a strategic position for guarding roads and bridges. The symbols used by Montresor to indicate battalions and artillery lunettes would, in American Civil War maps, indicate cavalry.


Fort Hill
Diagonal - 114 yards
86 yards North Front
80 yards East Front

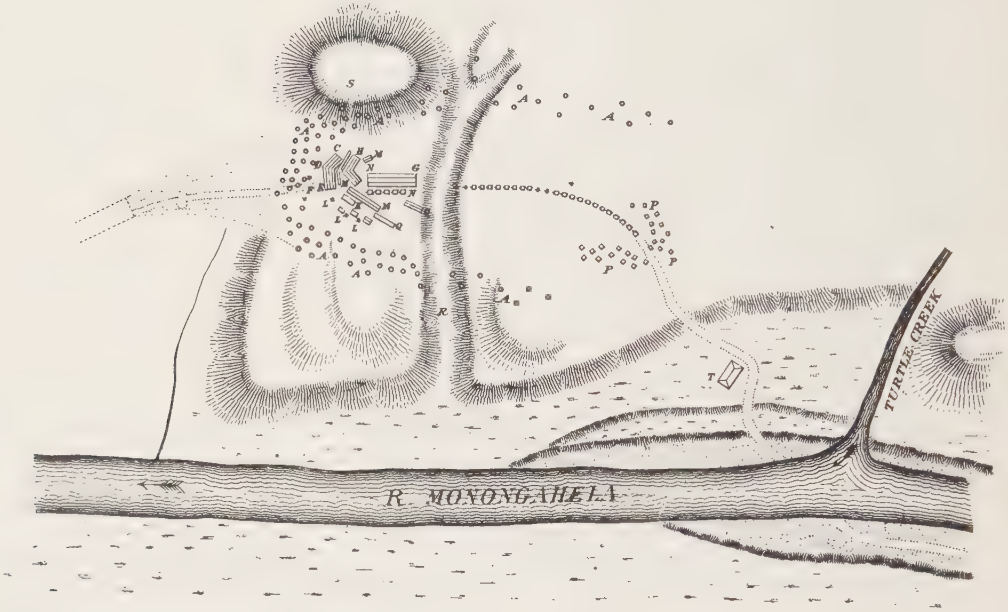
## Plan of a redoubt for 150 men

"Open to the north and East Fronts but trespassed on the other two, close upon their Exterior Lines."

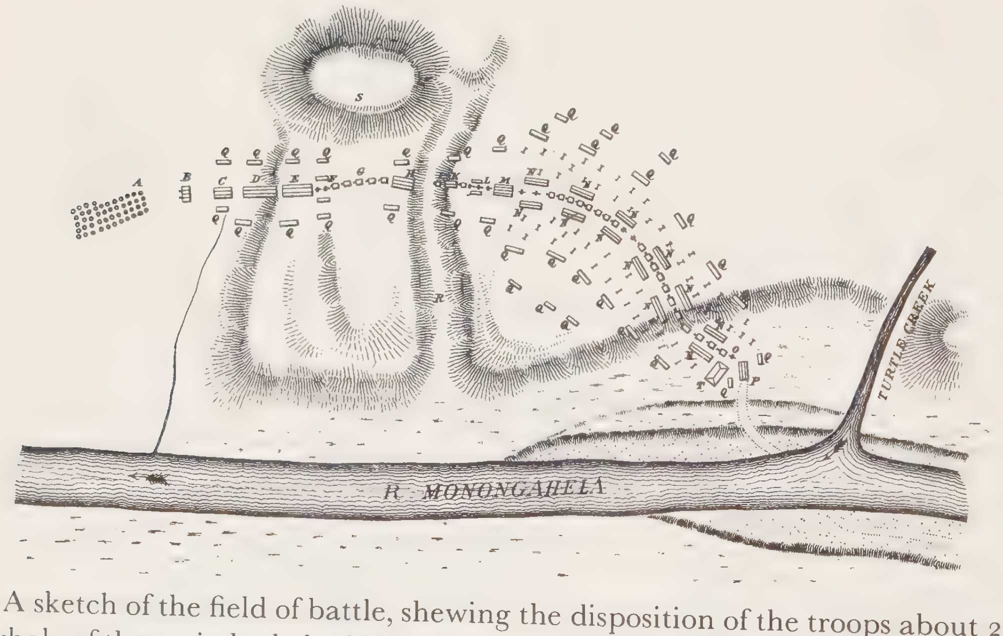
*Sketch from the* Journal *of Lieutenant John Montresor. Courtesy New York Public Library*

# *Military Sketches of the Battle of the Monongahela Drawn by Major Patrick Mackellar, Sub-engineer, British Forces Attacking Fort Duquesne*

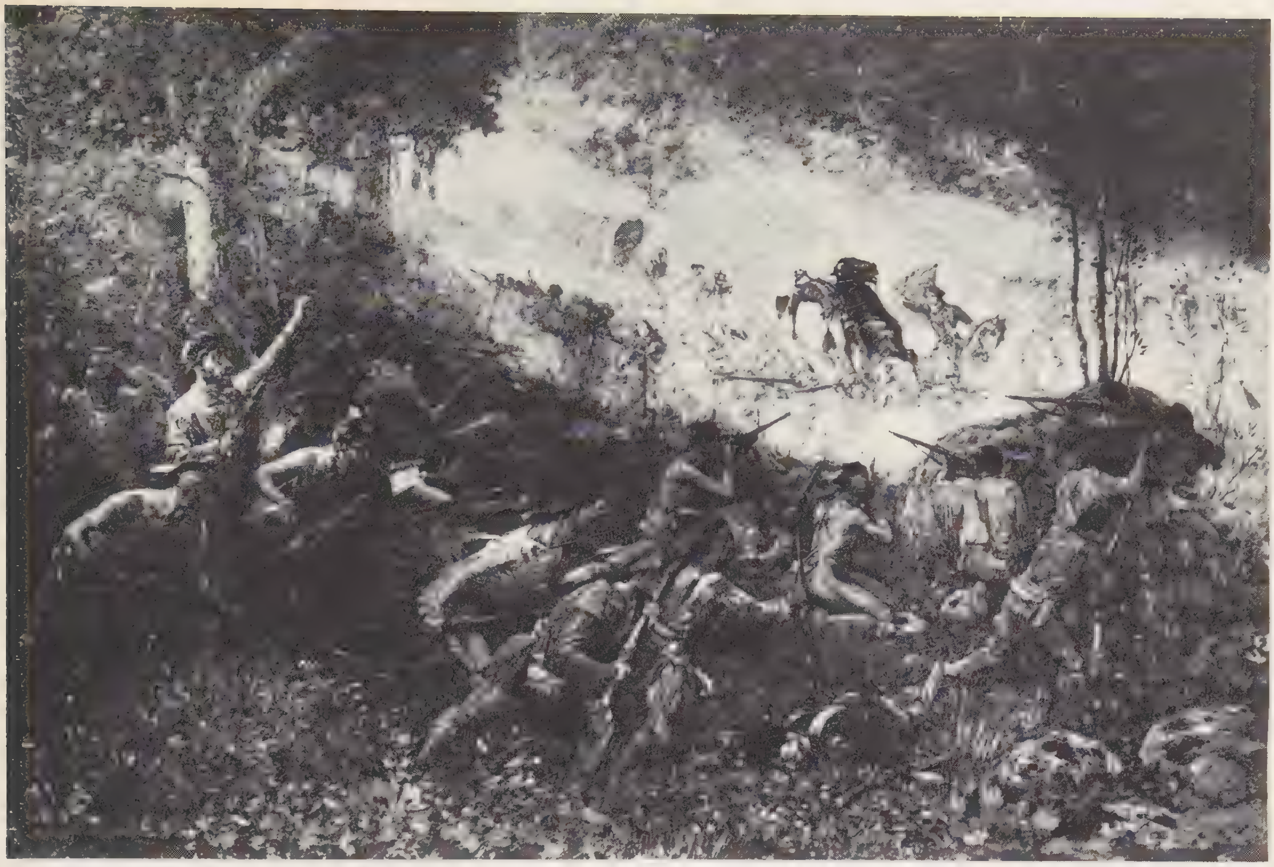
*From a contemporary print*


S
TURTLE CREEK
R. MONONGAHELA

"A sketch of the field of battle of the 9th of July, upon the Monongahela, seven miles from Fort Du Quesne, shewing the disposition of the troops when the action began"


S
A
B
C
D
E
TURTLE CREEK
R. MONONGAHELA

"A sketch of the field of battle, shewing the disposition of the troops about 2 o'clock, when the whole of the main body had joined the advanced and working parties, then beat back from the ground they occupied as in Plan I"



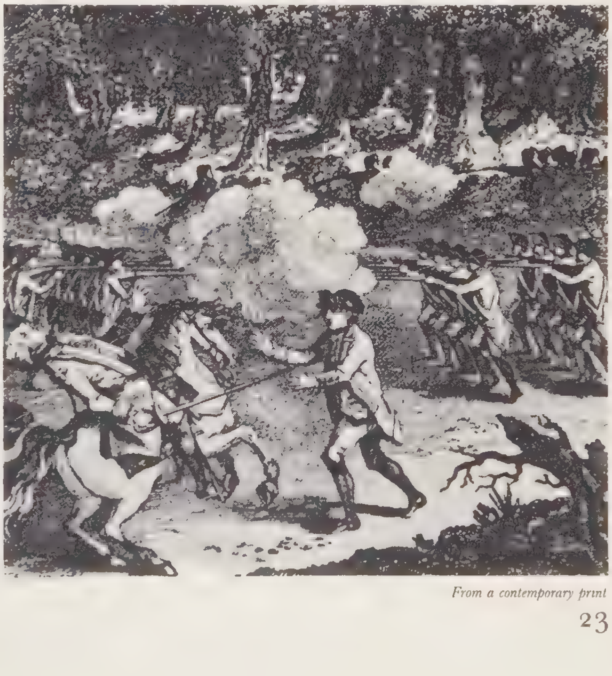
*From an original painting by Edwin Willard Deming. Courtesy The State Historical Society of Wisconsin*

Death of Major General Edward Braddock at the Battle of the Monongahela

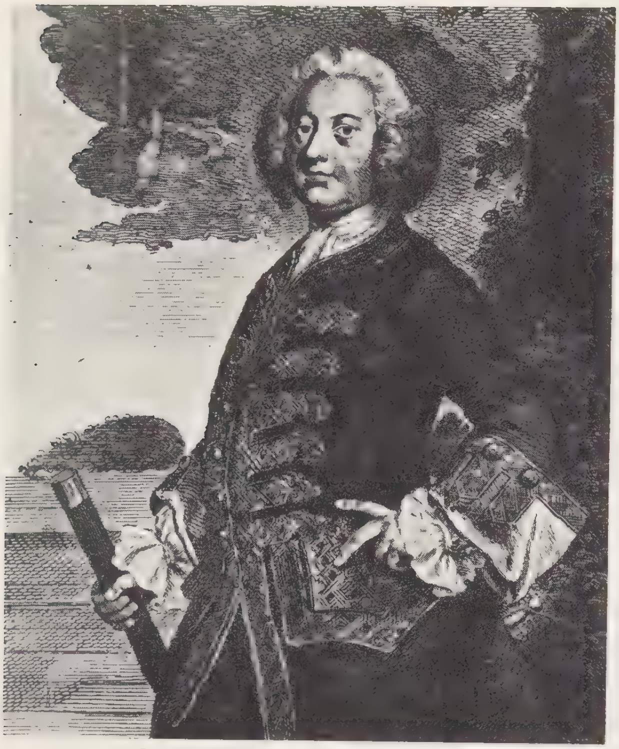
"I cannot describe the horrors of that scene," wrote one of General Braddock's officers three weeks after. "No pen could do it. The yell of the Indians is fresh on my ear, and the terrific sound will haunt me till the hour of my dissolution." In the painting General Braddock is seen falling from his horse, struck in the chest by a bullet which had penetrated his arm. The young officer reaching for the bridle of Braddock's horse is Colonel George Washington.

Death of General Edward Braddock

From an engraving by Edmund Scott, probably executed from an original drawing made on the spot.



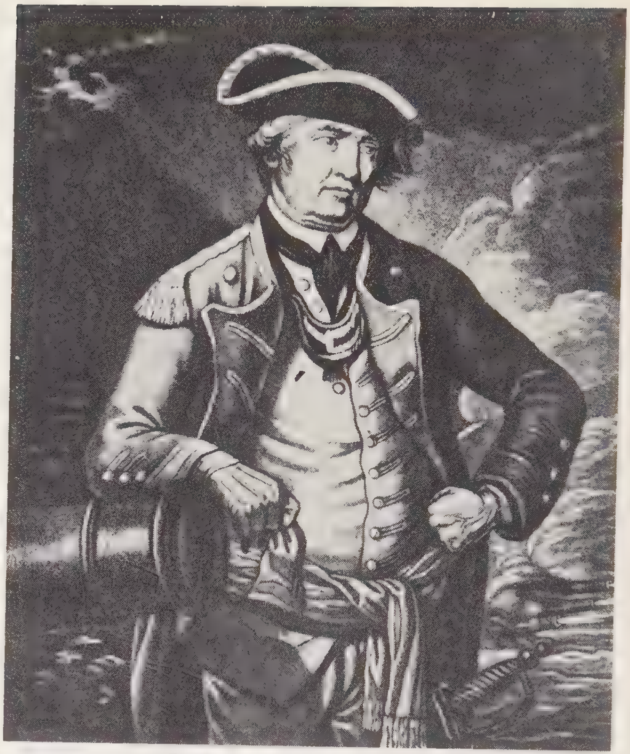
*From a contemporary print*



*Courtesy William Coverdale Collection, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec*

## Major General Sir William Johnson

Officer in the British service, he was beloved by the Indian Nations, whom he had befriended and with whom he had great influence. Sir William went so far as to adopt their ways and was a master of Indian rhetoric. Upon the death of his German wife, he married a young Mohawk squaw, sister of the infamous Thayendanegea, "Joseph Brant."



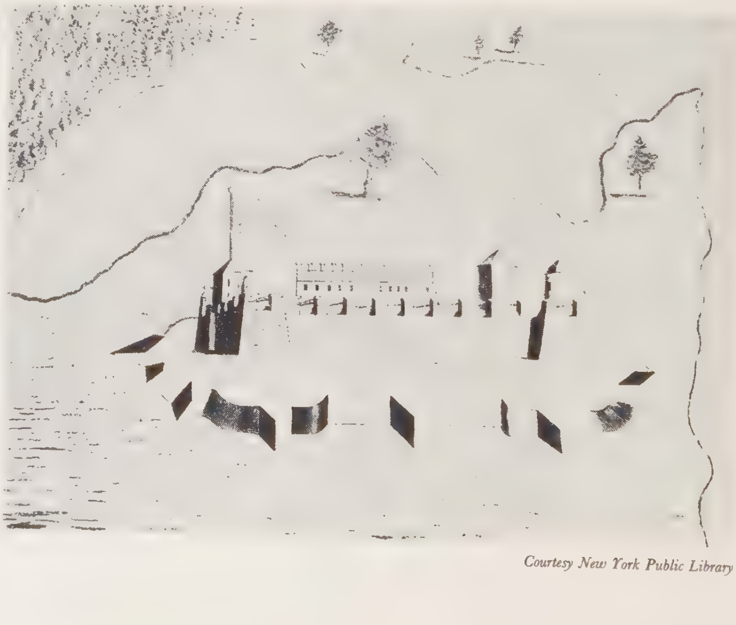
*From a contemporary mezzotint engraving after a painting by J. Wilkinson*

## Major Israel Putnam

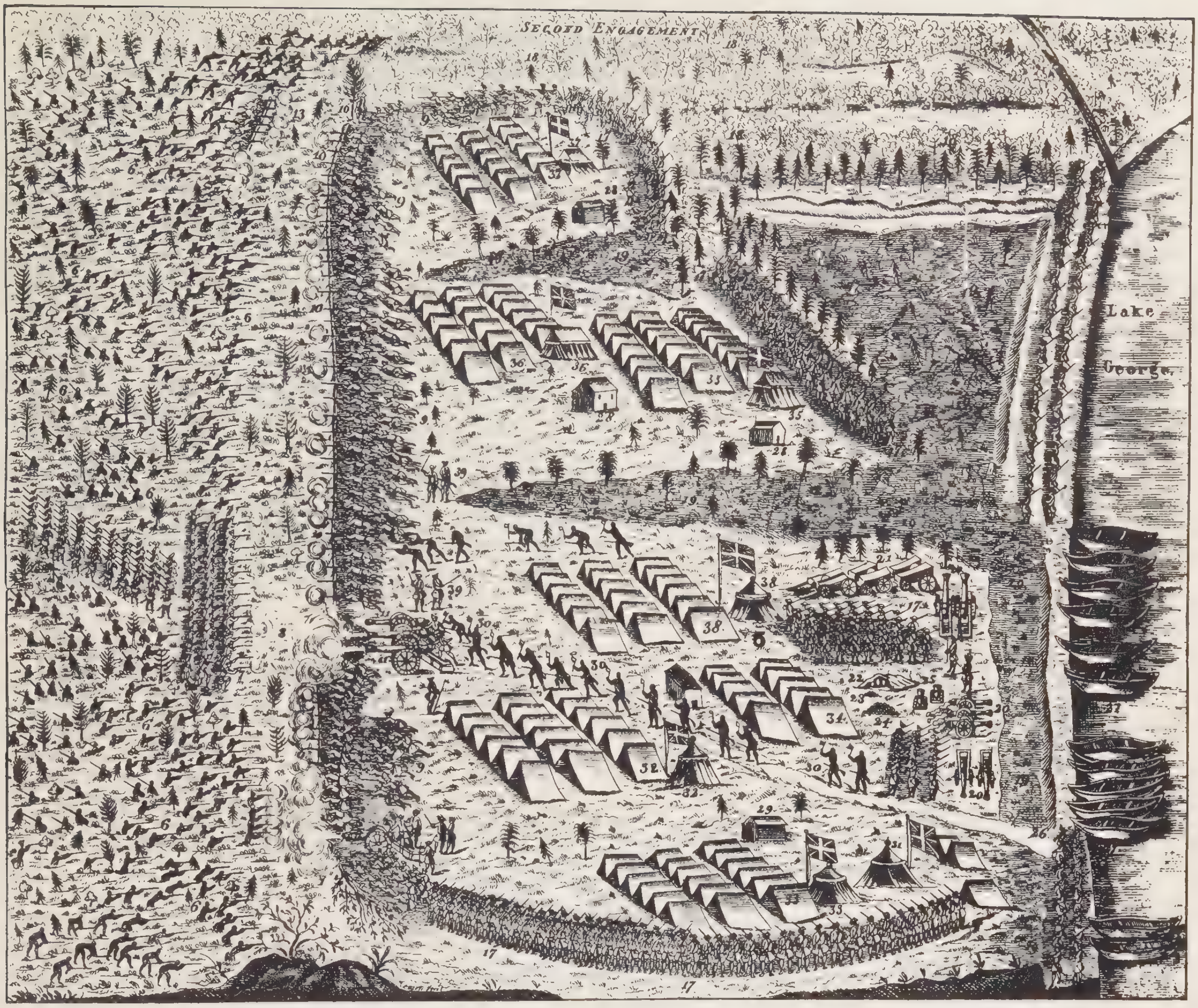
Major Putnam took part in General William Shirley's expedition against Crown Point. He was also with General Howe at Ticonderoga. The Indians captured him, dragged him to the rear, lashed him to a tree so that he could not move a limb, and a savage amused himself by throwing a tomahawk at Putnam's head, coming as close as possible to the mark without hitting him. Another time they almost burned him alive at the stake. Putnam later made his escape.

## Fort Frederic or Crown Point—North View

French key fortress and advance post on Lake Champlain. Built along medieval lines, of masonry, it was a formidable work and withstood many attacks. After it was captured by the British, it was used as a base by General Amherst.



*Courtesy New York Public Library*



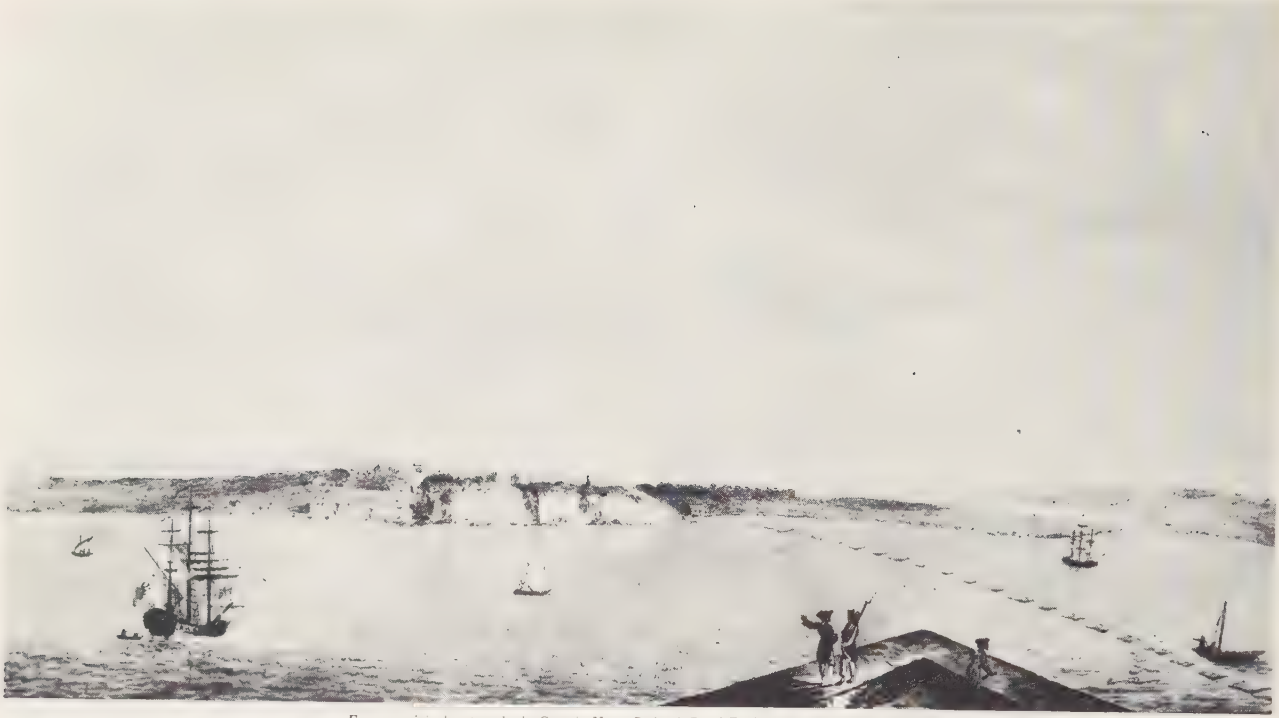
*Courtesy New York Public Library*

REFERENCES: 5. Site of proposed Monument—Memorial of Battle. 6. Canadians and Indians. 7. French regulars attacking the centre. 8. The road. 9. Provincials in action posted in front. 10. The trees felled for the breastworks. 11. Cannon. 12. A cannon posted "advantageously" on the eminence. 13. Place where Dieskau fell. 14–15. Canadians' attack. 16. The man that shot Dieskau. 17. Reserves. 18. Woods and swamps. 19. Morass. 20. Cannon defending the flank. 21. Baggage wagons. 22–23–24. Stores and ammunition. 25. Mortars. 26. Road to the Lake. 27–28–29. Storehouses. 30. Mohawks. 31. Gen'l Johnson's tent. 32. Lyman's Regiment. 33. Col. Harris's Company. 34. Col. Cockroft. 35. Col. Williams. 36. Col. Ruggles. 37. Col. Titcomb. 38. Col. Guttridge. 39. Officers.

The map, besides being unique, possesses great historical value. Blodgett appears to have been a sutler for the rangers.

## Samuel Blodgett's "Perspective Plan of the Battle near Lake George"

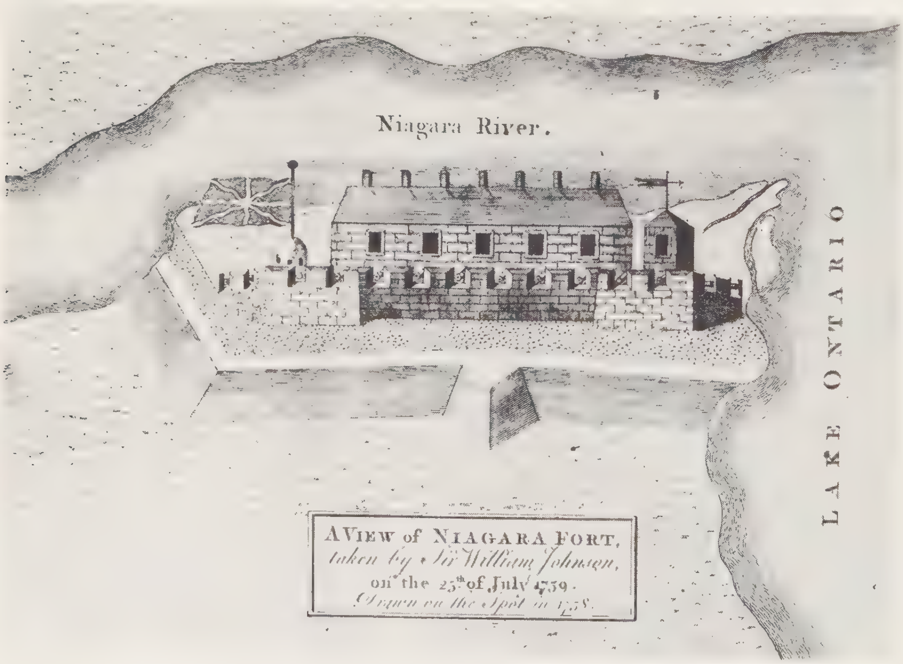
This view was published in Boston by E. B. O'Callahan soon after the battle in 1755. The artist accompanied it "with an explanation thereof containing a full, though short history of that important affair, by Samuel Blodgett, occasionally at the camp when the battle was fought."



*From an original water color by Captain Henry Rudyerd, Royal Engineers. Courtesy William Coverdale Collection, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec*

## A view of Ticonderoga taken from the sand-redoubt

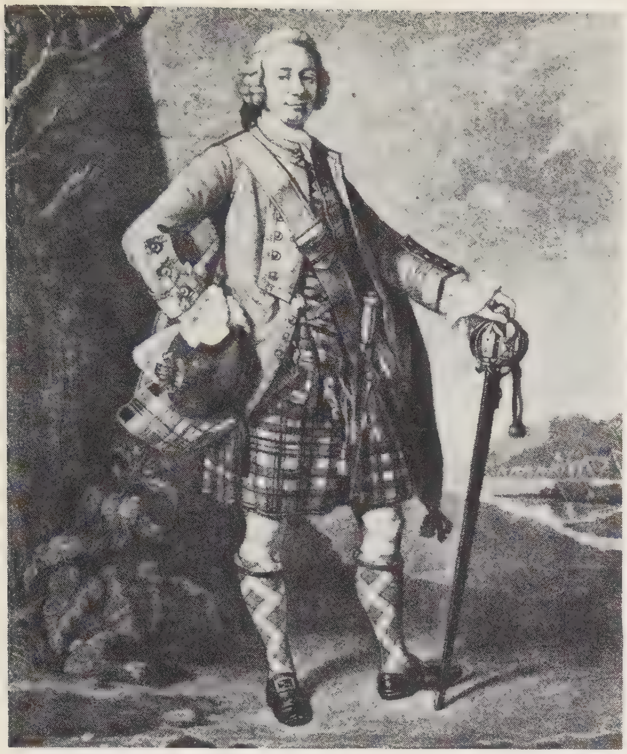
"shewing the Piers for a Bridge constructed by the Americans in the year 1776 intended to form a communication with Ticonderoga and Mount-Independence." The celebrated fortress was built by the French in 1755 and was originally named Carillon from the music of the Upper and Lower Falls. It was the headquarters of Montcalm in 1757, was successfully besieged by Abercrombie in July, 1758, and was taken July 26, 1759. The Americans captured it May 10, 1775, but retired in July, 1777. After the war it fell into ruins. The fort has since been restored. Noted by Captain Godenrath, November, 1946.


Niagara River.
LAKE ONTARIO
A VIEW of NIAGARA FORT,
taken by Sir William Johnson,
on the 25th of July 1759.
Drawn on the Spot in 1758.

*Drawn on the spot in 1758. Artist unknown. Courtesy Public Archives of Canada*

## A view of Fort Niagara

Captured by Sir William Johnson, on July 25, 1759.



From a contemporary print (mezzotint). Courtesy Public Archives of Canada

## Earl Loudon

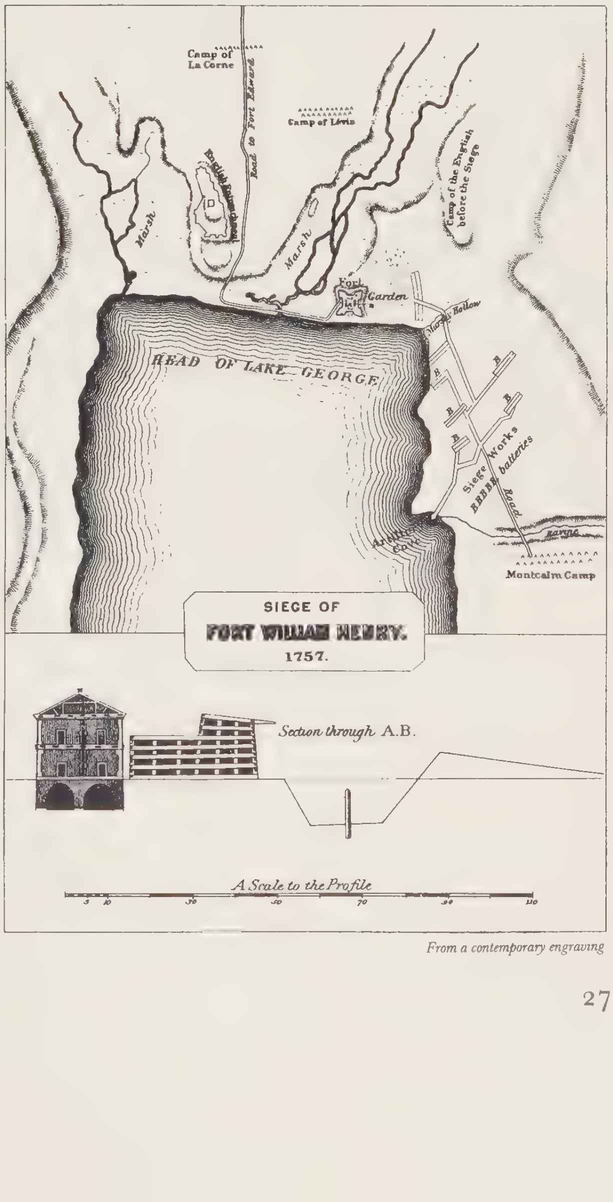
In one of the strangest shufflings of military command in history, Earl Loudon superseded Major General William Shirley as commander in chief of the British Forces in North America after the first expedition against Fort Niagara was abandoned at Oswego.

## Map of Fort William Henry

Situated at the south end of Lake George, Fort William Henry was often a scene of battle in the French and Indian War. In 1757 the fort capitulated to a French force under Montcalm and became the scene of one of the worst Indian massacres in military history.

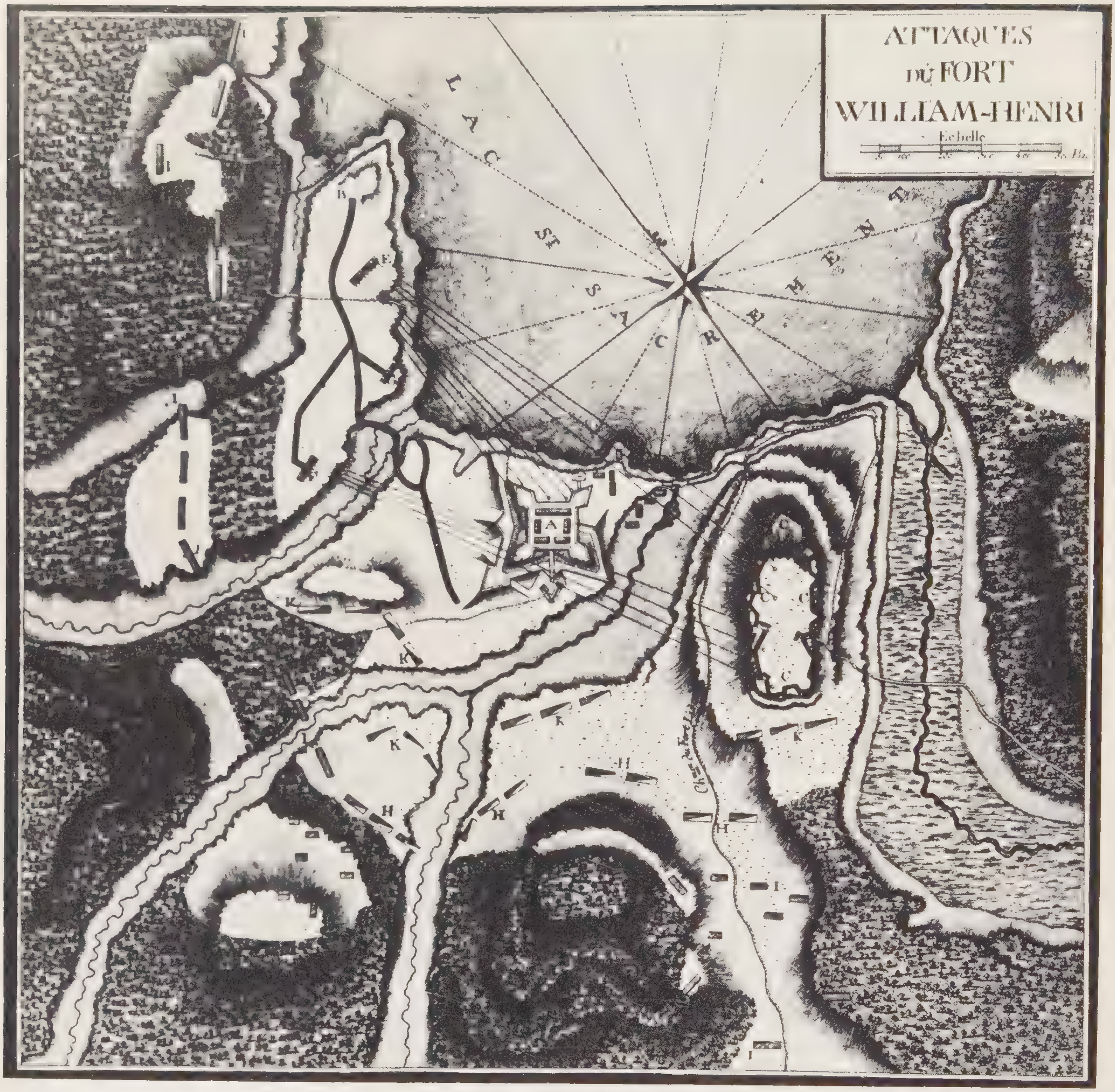
## Profile section of the Fort

Showing the underground corridors, firing step, and glacis.



Camp of La Corne
Road to Fort Edward
Camp of Lévis
English Entrenchment
Camp of the English before the Siege
Marsh
Marsh
Fort
Garden
Marshy Hollow
HEAD OF LAKE GEORGE
B
B
B
B
B
Siege Works
BBBBB batteries
Road
Artillery Cove
Ravine
Montcalm Camp
SIEGE OF
FORT WILLIAM HENRY.
1757.
Section through A.B.
A Scale to the Profile
5
10
30
50
70
90
110

From a contemporary engraving



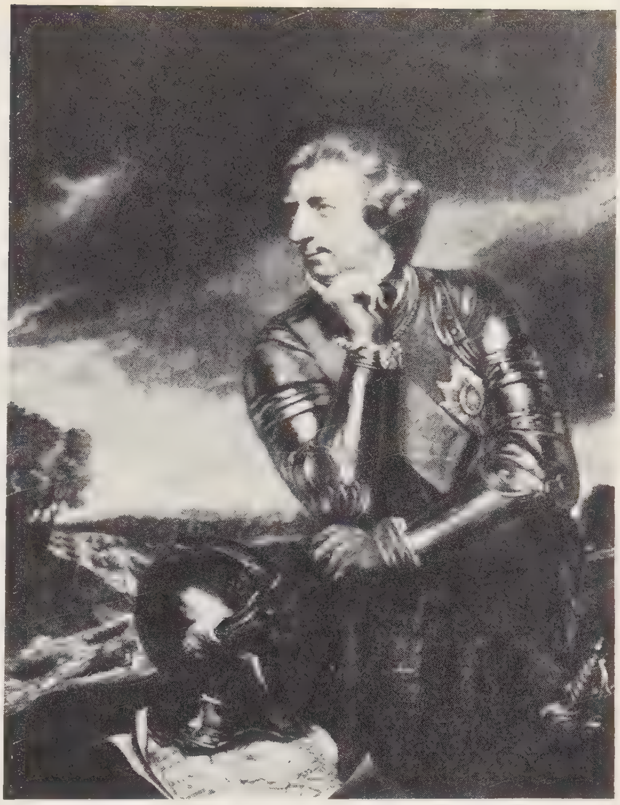
*Courtesy William Coverdale Collection, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec*

(A) Fort William Henry. (B) Outer works on the night of 4th–5th August. (C) Camp and entrenchments occupied by the English when the French arrived. (D) Battery of French artillery. (E) Battery of eight cannon and one mortar. (F) Battery of ten cannon and one mortar. (G) Battery of six cannon which saw no use. (H) Position of Monsieur de Levi during the attack on the fort. (I) Position of the troops during the siege. (K) Position of the troops after the fort was taken and while the English were demolishing their entrenchments. ▬ Symbol indicating Indian troops.

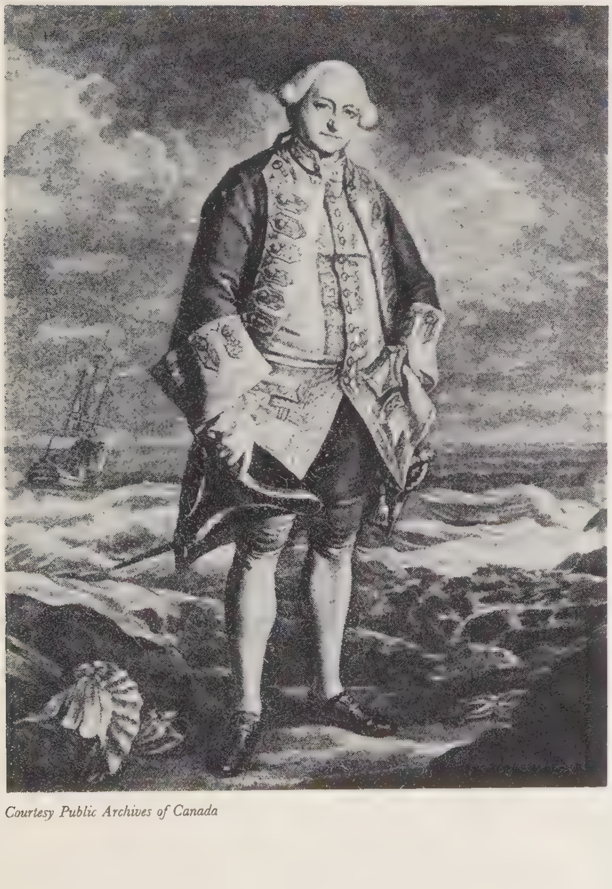
Attacks on Fort William Henry in America with troops under the command of the Marquis Louis de Montcalm, August 1757

## General Jeffrey Amherst

General Jeffrey Amherst was appointed commander of the Louisbourg expedition, having been recalled from the German war by the young William Pitt, who did not have much confidence in the supine General James Abercrombie. An energetic officer, sometimes overly cautious, he fought with the tenacity of a bulldog. He is reputed to be the first soldier to introduce germ warfare. His method was dosing Indian blankets with smallpox germs and giving the infected blankets to the Indians.



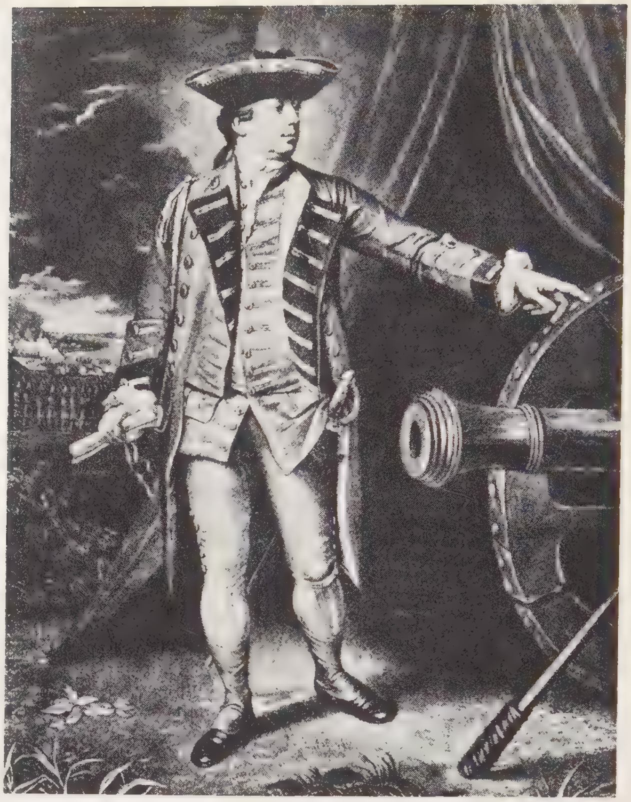
*From an engraving by James Watson taken from an original painting by Joshua Reynolds.*
*Courtesy Public Archives of Canada*



*Courtesy Public Archives of Canada*

## Admiral Edward Boscawen, Commander of the British Fleet

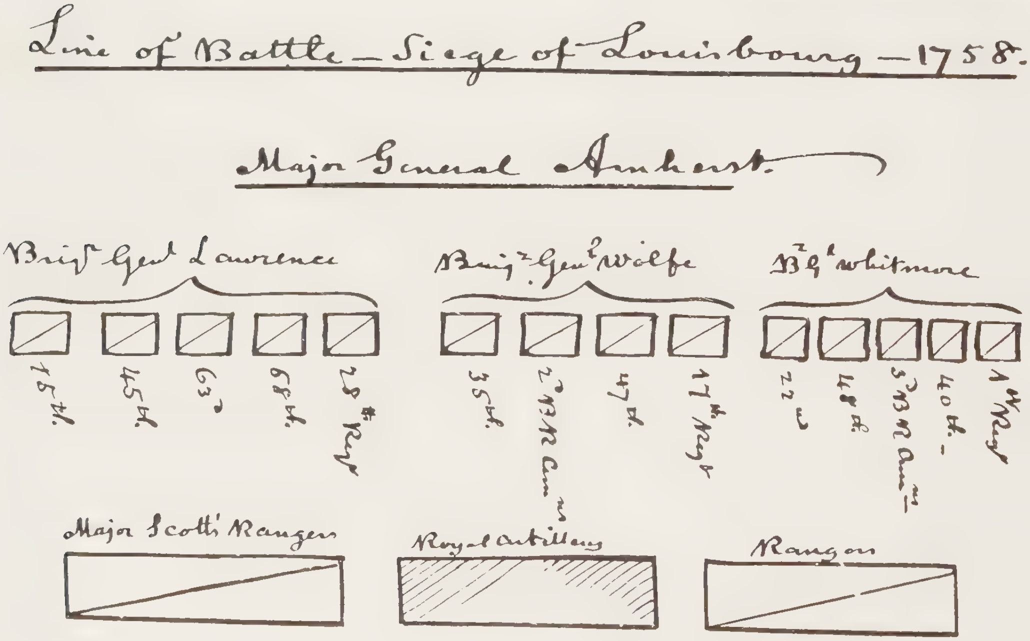
This British naval officer was sent to intercept the French expedition to Canada but failed. He was then sent to Louisbourg where, against the advice of other British naval officers, he attempted a landing. The French opened a fierce cannonade on his ship. A signal to withdraw was mistaken and caused another officer to land his troops. General James Wolfe saw the movement, hastened to support it. The rest of the troops followed and effected a beachhead. Louisbourg was surrendered after many battles and a long siege.



*After a painting by Benjamin West. Courtesy Public Archives of Canada*

## Lieutenant Colonel Robert Monckton

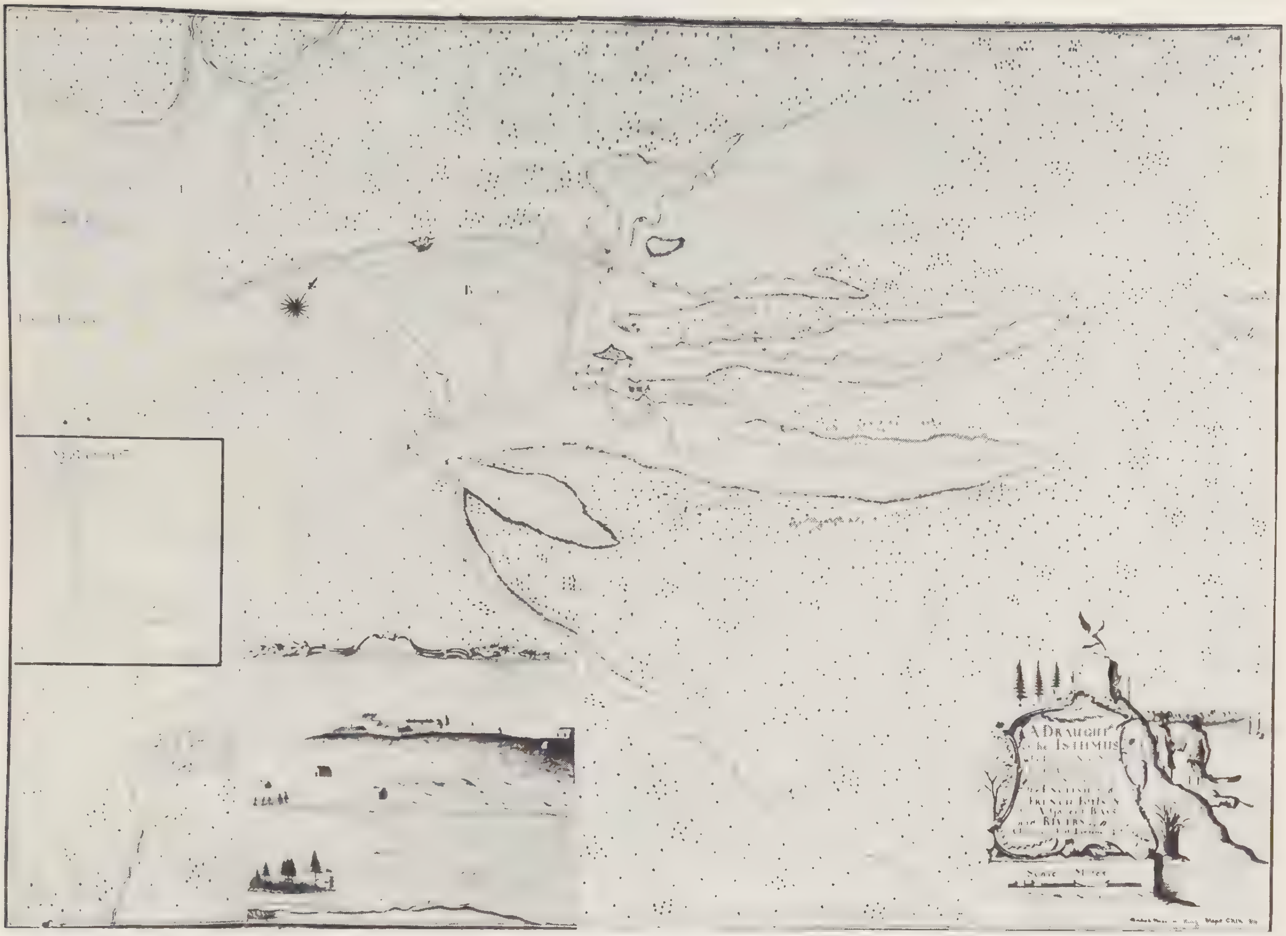
Lieutenant Colonel Robert Monckton, assigned to command the Acadian expedition, was an officer of merit. He led the successful attack against Fort Beauséjour. Later he commanded a brigade in Wolfe's attack on Quebec. He was responsible for the removal of the Acadians, all adult males in the neighborhood of Beauséjour, for refusal to take the oath of allegiance to King George II. The order originated with Major Charles Lawrence, Governor of Halifax, but Colonel Monckton executed the order, which was "to clear the whole country of such bad subjects."


Line of Battle – Siege of Louisbourg – 1758.
Major General Amherst.
Brigr Genl Lawrence
Brigr Genl Wolfe
Br Gl Whitmore
15th
45th
63d
58th
28th Regt
35th
2d B R Amn
47th
17th Regt
22d
48th
3d B R Amn
40th
1st Regt
Major Scott's Rangers
Royal Artillery
Rangers

*Drawn by Lieutenant John Montresor, from his* Journal. *Courtesy The New York Public Library*

## Line of Battle, Siege of Louisbourg

Plan of the line of battle in the attack on Louisbourg, showing troop formations. The brigades on the right and left have five regiments, the brigade in the center four, under the command of Brigadier General James Wolfe. The entire command was under Major General Jeffrey Amherst.



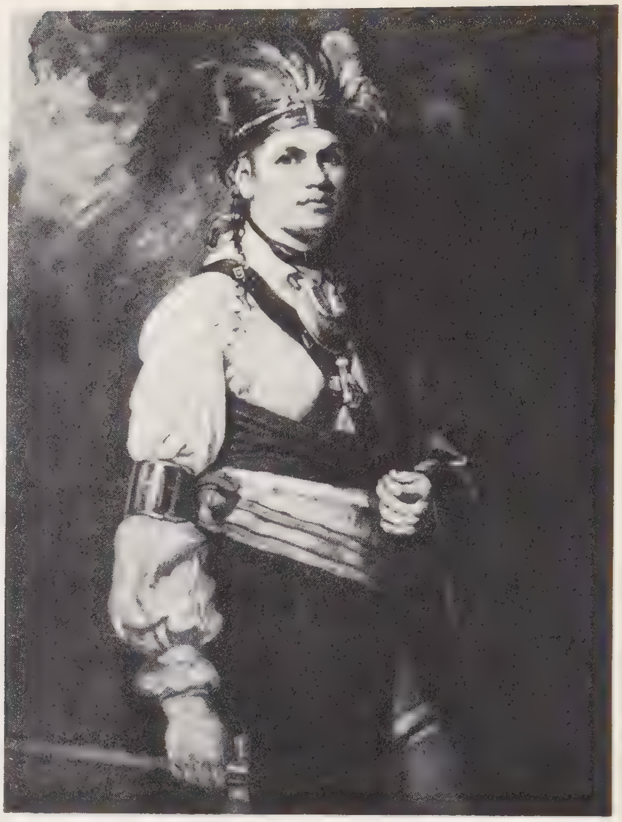
*From an original map in British Museum. Courtesy Public Archives of Canada*

KEY AND EXPLANATION OF THE CHIGNECTO FORTS: "A. English fort. B. French fort. C. Place where the English man-of-war lyes. D. River Tintamar. E. River du Sac. F. River Mesiguash in which the vessels ly that bring provisions and stores to the English fort. G. River La Planche. H. River Macan. I. River Napan. J. River de Mine. K. Dykes to keep the tides from the marshes. O. Dykes levelled by the English from which the Indians used to fire at the vessels as they came up the River Messiguash. P. Road to the Bay Vert. Q. French fort at the Bay Vert. R. Pom a Piquot, a small post possessed by the French."

"A Draught of the Isthmus which joyns Nova Scotia to the Continent,
with the Situation of the English and French Forts & the Adjacent Bays and Rivers."

## Joseph Brant or Thayendanegea, a Mohawk Chief

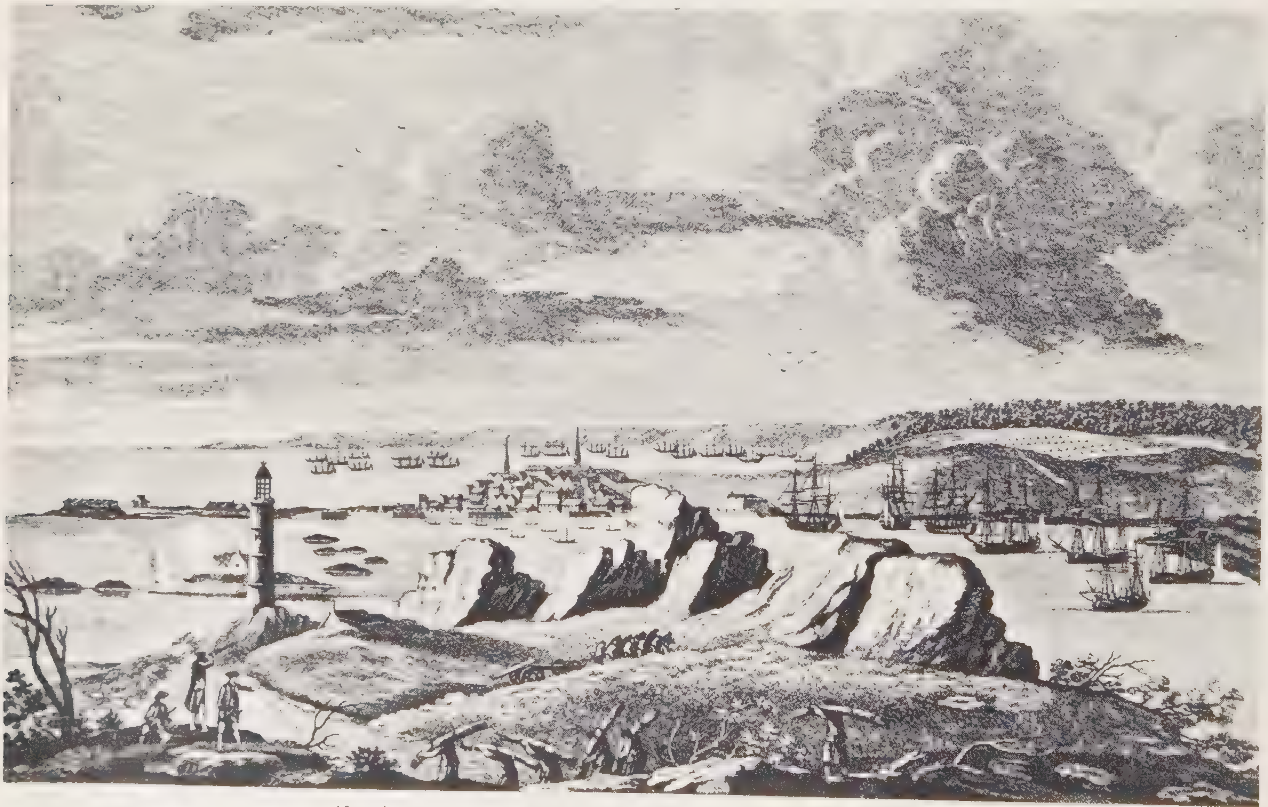
whose sister was the wife of Sir William Johnson, commanded the British Indians under St. Leger in the bloody attacks on the Mohawk Valley and at Cherry Valley. Brant was defeated at the Battle of Oriskany in 1777.



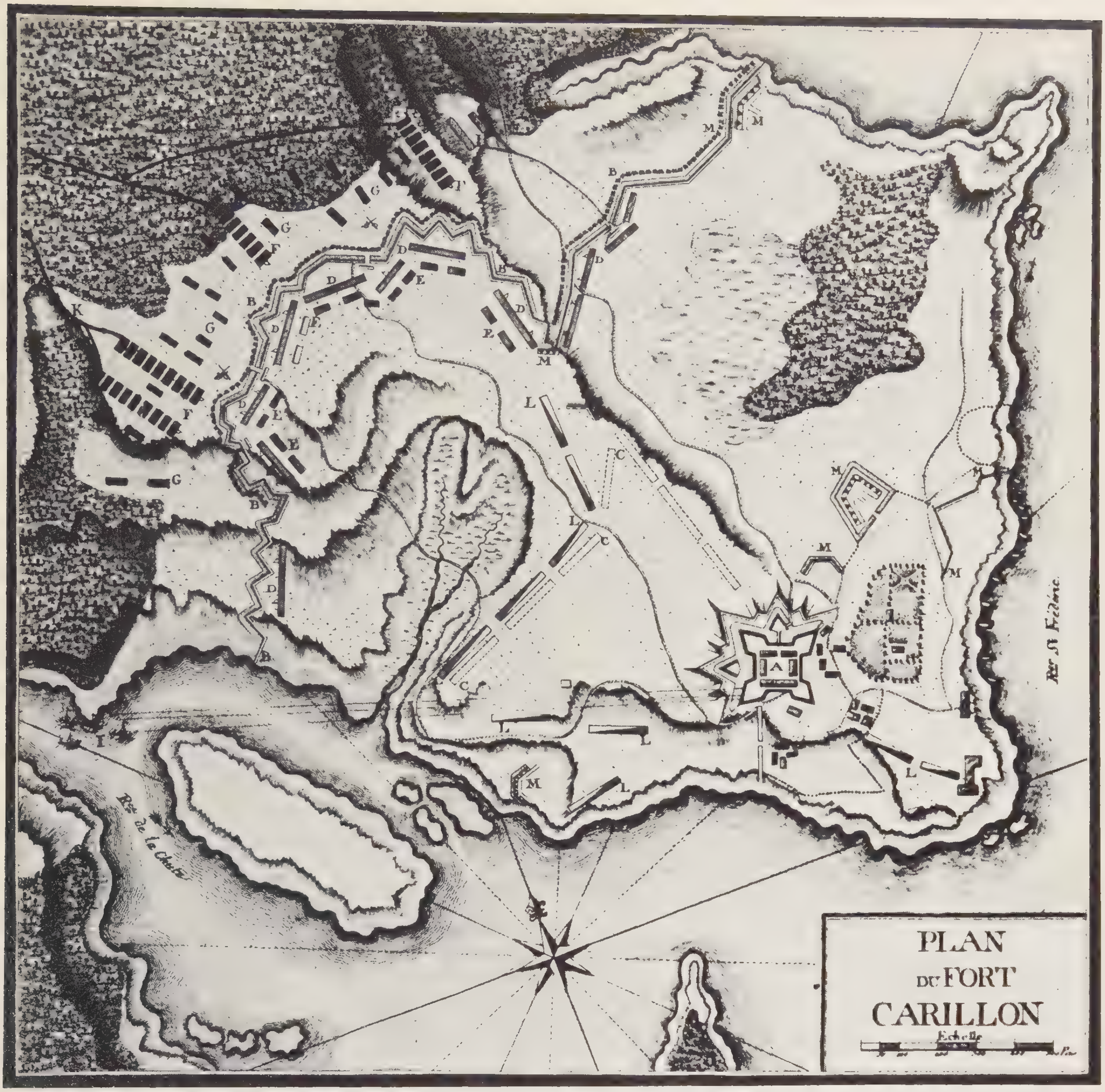
*Courtesy William Coverdale Collection, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec*

## A View of the Fortifications of Louisbourg

In the lower left-hand corner can be seen army engineer officers surveying and directing the placement of cannon. In the middle foreground a group of soldiers is hauling a cannon. The group of laborers in the lower foreground is carrying bound sticks for the making of gabions.



*After a drawing made on the spot by Captain Ince, British Engineer Corps. Courtesy William Coverdale Collection, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec*

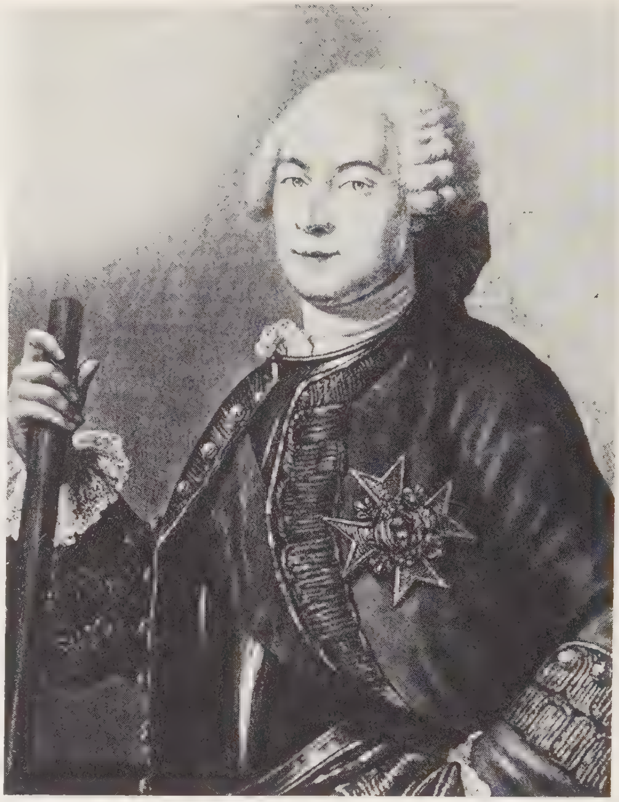


*Courtesy William Coverdale Collection, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec*

PLAN: (A) Fort Carillon. (B) Entrenchments which the French began to construct on the morning of July 7. (C) Camp of the French Army, occupied by them on the 6th, where they remained under arms during the night of the 7th and 8th. At daybreak on the 8th the Army took position (D) in battle order behind the entrenchments. (E) Grenadiers and troops in reserve behind each battalion. (F) Columns of English troops which attacked at 12:30 P.M. (G) Platoons of light provincial troops firing from between these columns. (H) The Canadians leave their entrenchments and attack a column of English on the flank. (I) English sloops which appeared during the attack and were repulsed by the fort's artillery. (K) Retreat of the English columns to their first camp near the sawmills about 7 P.M.; their light troops covered this retreat until evening with prolonged firing. (L) Position of the French after the retreat of the English. (M) French batteries, redoubts, and entrenchments established after the battle.

## Attack on the Entrenchments before Fort Carillon (Ticonderoga) in America

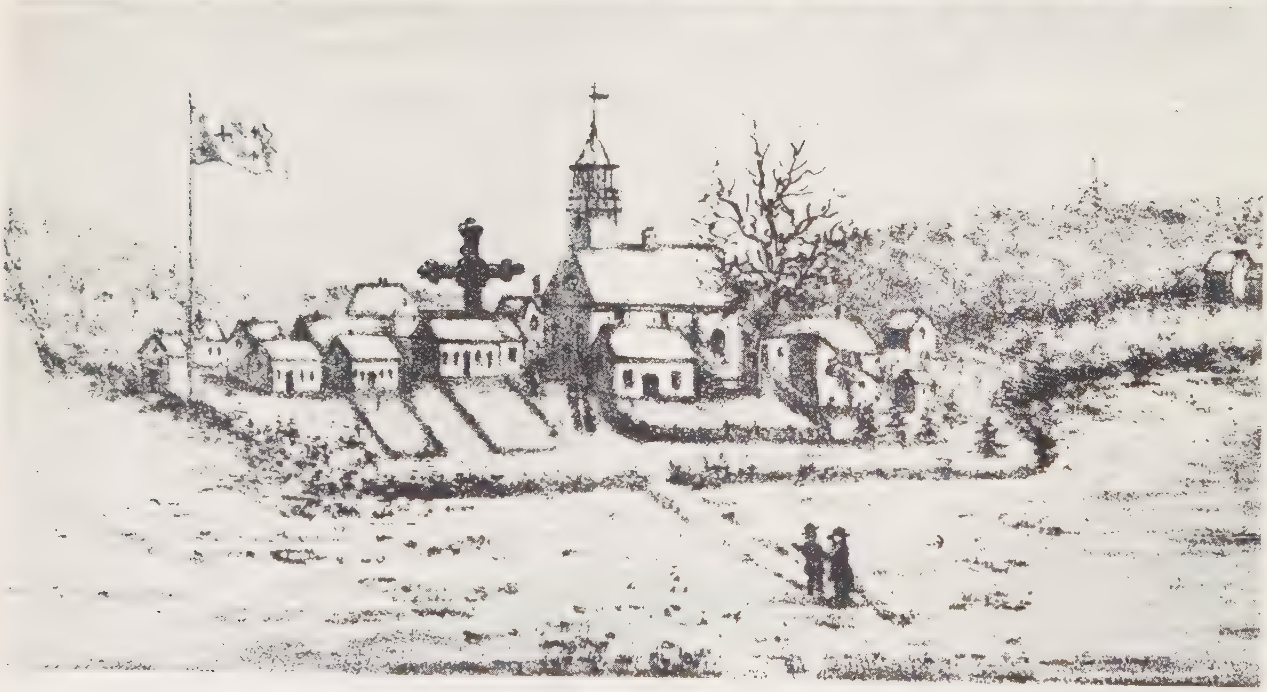
By the English, under the command of General Abercrombie, against the French under the command of the Marquis de Montcalm, on July 8, 1758.



Pierre François Rigaud,
Marquis de Vaudreuil

The Marquis de Vaudreuil, Governor of French America, succeeded the Marquis Duquesne in that post. He organized a war party and expedition against Fort William Henry. The expedition met with disaster, many men dying in the retreat back to Canada. Others, becoming snow-blind, were led homeward by their comrades. Vaudreuil was responsible for many of the Indian massacres in northern New England.

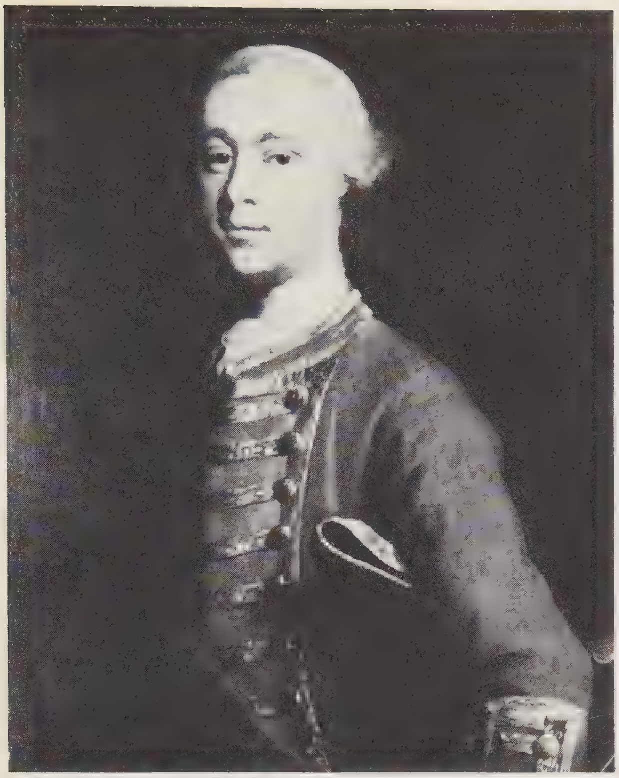
*From a painting in possession of Countess Clerniort-Tonnerre, Chateau Brugny, Marne, France.*
*Courtesy Public Archives of Canada*



*Lithograph from a contemporary sketch. Courtesy New York Public Library*

Penaubsket Alnambay Udenek, Old-Town Indian Village

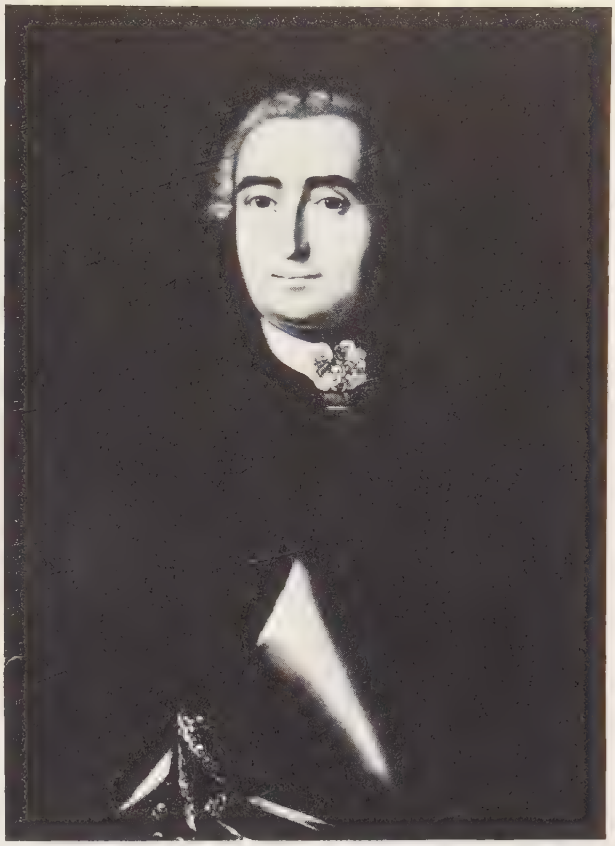
The Abnakis had five villages, two among the French colonies, located between the Kennebec and Lake Champlain in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Maine. St. Joseph, or Sillery, and St. Francis were in French colonial territory.



*From a painting by Joseph Highmore. Courtesy Public Archives of Canada*

Major General James Wolfe

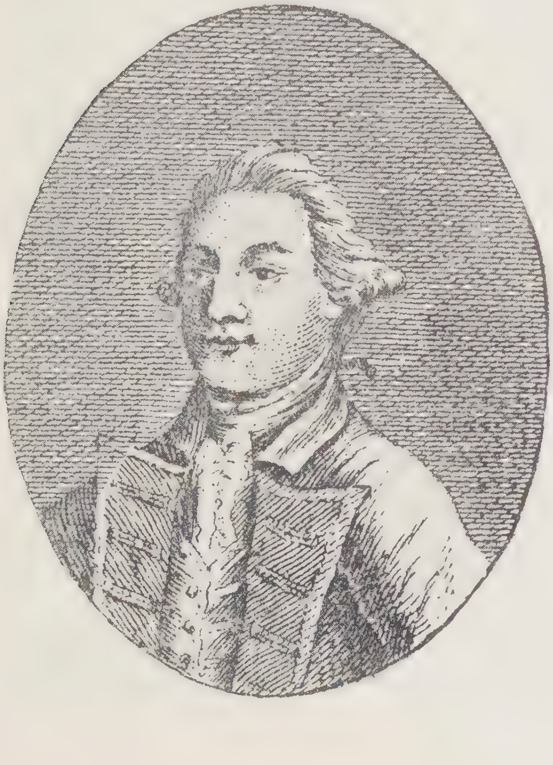
Commander in Chief of the British forces in the attack on Quebec.



*From an original painting by Joseph Highmore. Courtesy Public Archives of Canada*

Lieutenant General Louis Joseph Gozon de Saint-Véran, Marquis de Montcalm

Commander of the French military forces in North America. He was defeated in the classic battle on the Plains of Abraham, losing his life in the action, September 13, 1759.



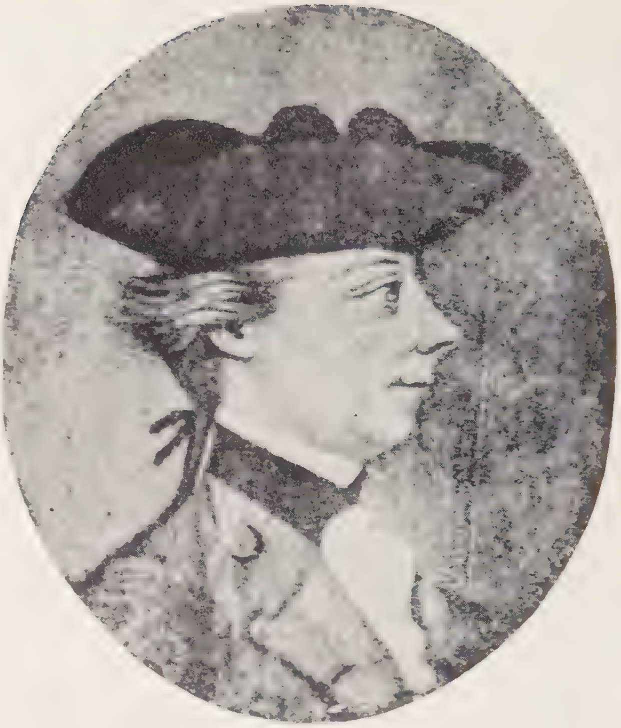
Captain Hervey Smyth (Circa 1759)
Aide-de-camp to Major General
James Wolfe

Military engineer and artist, author of the portfolio, "Six Elegant Views of the . . . Gulph of St. Laurence."

*A self-portrait. Courtesy Public Archives of Canada*

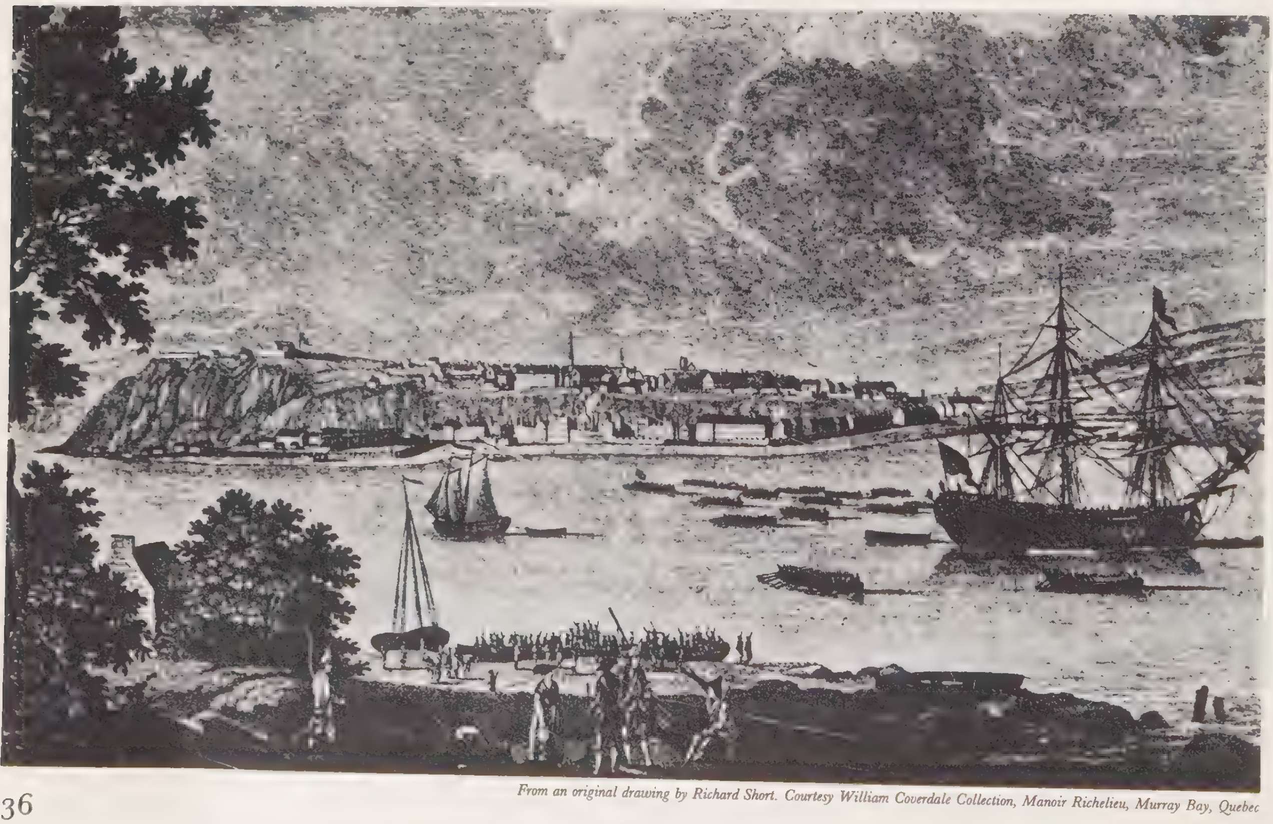
## Major General James Wolfe

"After a sketch from life by Captain John Montresor in Camp at Montmorenci, near Quebec, 1st September 1759." A relative of Wolfe says: "Thus the Hervey Smith, and Montresor sketches are so Valuable, showing as they do What he was really like at the time—On placing them side by side it is at once evident they are Sketches of the same man—done at the same period—They were both serving with him and were done—not more than 3 Months prior to his death."

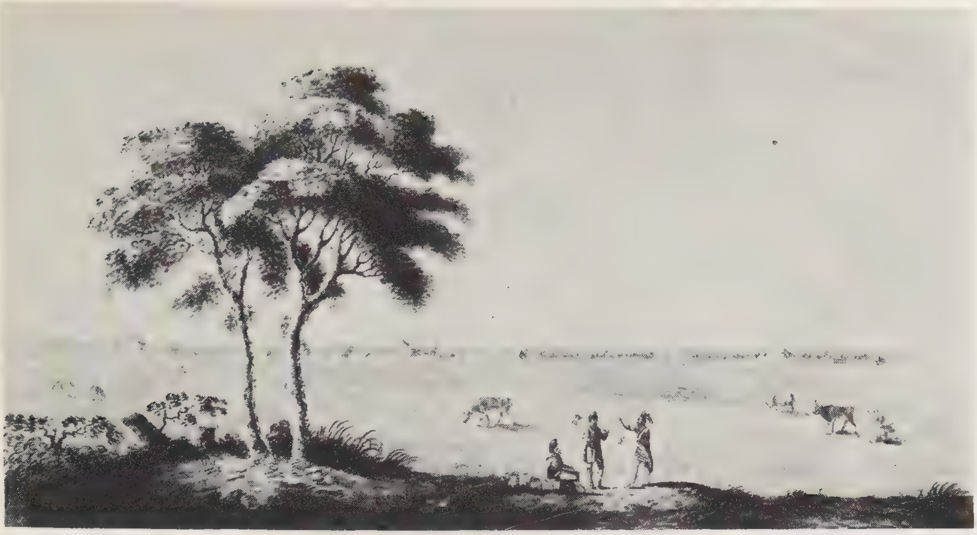


*Courtesy Public Archives of Canada*

## A General View of Quebec From Point Levi



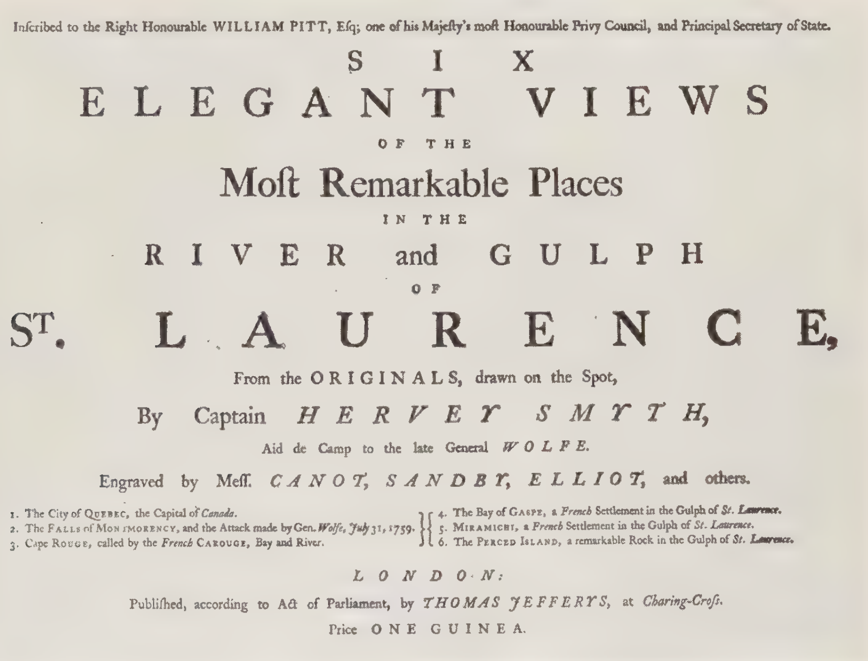
*From an original drawing by Richard Short. Courtesy William Coverdale Collection, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec*



*From an original drawing by Captain Henry Rudyerd, Royal Engineers. Courtesy William Coverdale Collection, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec*

A South View of the Isle-Aux-Noix on Lake-Champlain

representing the Works erected by the French in the year 1759, also the Block-houses built in the year 1776." "Isle-Aux-Noix, Province of Quebec, lies in the Richelieu River twelve miles from St. John. In 1759, Bourlamaque fortified it and held up the British advance from the south for months. In 1775, American invaders seized and rebuilt it; from it Montgomery set out to attack Quebec. In 1812, the British built a new fort, named Fort Lennox. Finished in 1818 and occupied by troops until 1869. The site is now a National Historical Park."—Dr. C. Webster.



Inſcribed to the Right Honourable WILLIAM PITT, Eſq; one of his Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy Council, and Principal Secretary of State.

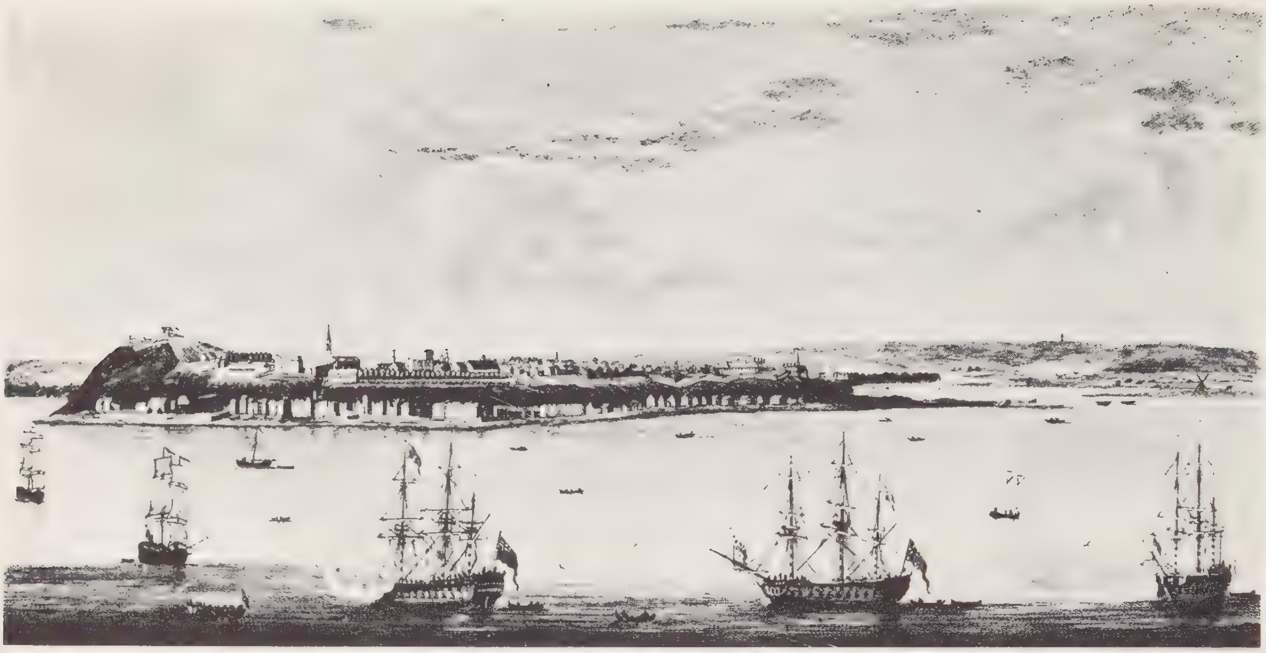
SIX
ELEGANT VIEWS
OF THE
Moſt Remarkable Places
IN THE
RIVER and GULPH
OF
ST. LAURENCE,
From the ORIGINALS, drawn on the Spot,
By Captain *HERVEY SMYTH*,
Aid de Camp to the late General *WOLFE*.
Engraved by Meſſ. *CANOT*, *SANDBY*, *ELLIOT*, and others.

1. The City of Quebec, the Capital of *Canada*.
2. The Falls of Montmorency, and the Attack made by Gen. *Wolfe*, *July* 31, 1759.
3. Cape Rouge, called by the *French* Carouge, Bay and River.
4. The Bay of Gaspe, a *French* Settlement in the Gulph of *St. Laurence*.
5. Miramichi, a *French* Settlement in the Gulph of *St. Laurence*.
6. The Perced Island, a remarkable Rock in the Gulph of *St. Laurence*.

*LONDON:*
Publiſhed, according to Act of Parliament, by *THOMAS JEFFERYS*, at *Charing-Croſs*.
Price ONE GUINEA.

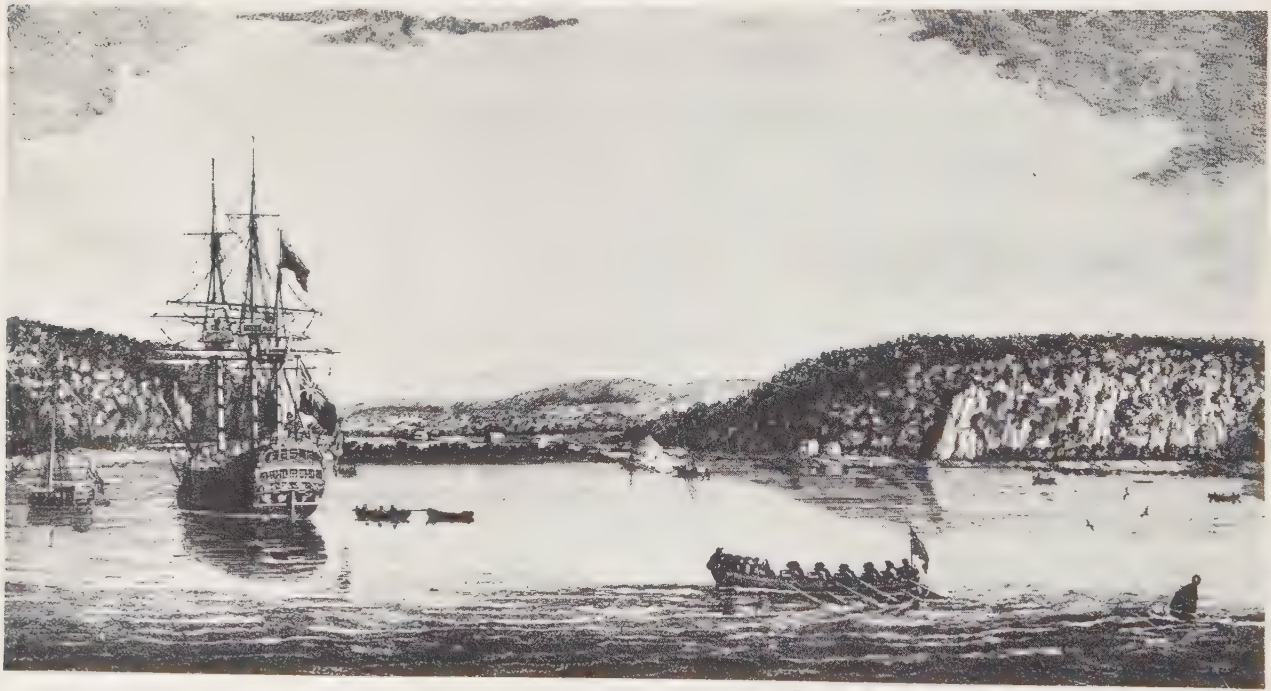
*Courtesy William Coverdale Collection, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec*

Engraving on the Cover of the Portfolio of Captain Hervey Smyth's Collection of Drawings of Major General Wolfe's Attack on Quebec, September 13, 1759



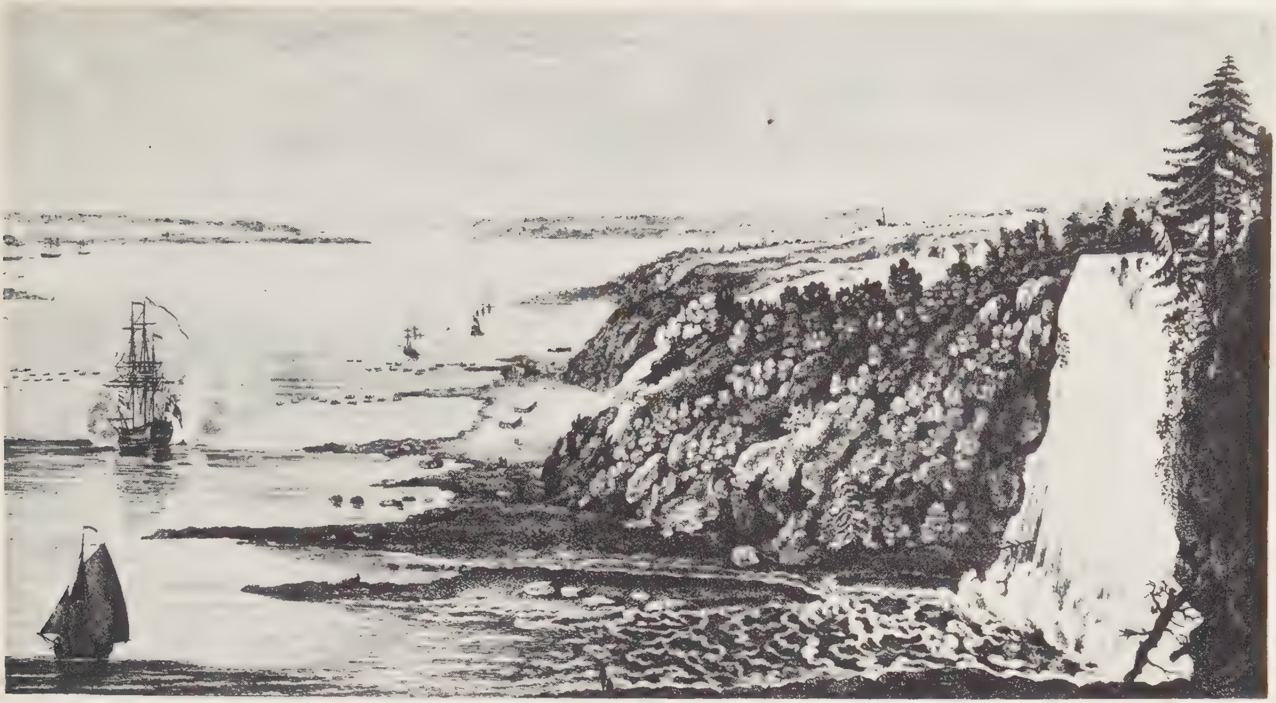
Courtesy William Coverdale Collection, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec

A View of the City of Quebec, the Capital of Canada, Taken Partly from Pointe des Peres, and Partly on Board the Vanguard Man of War, by Captain Hervey Smyth



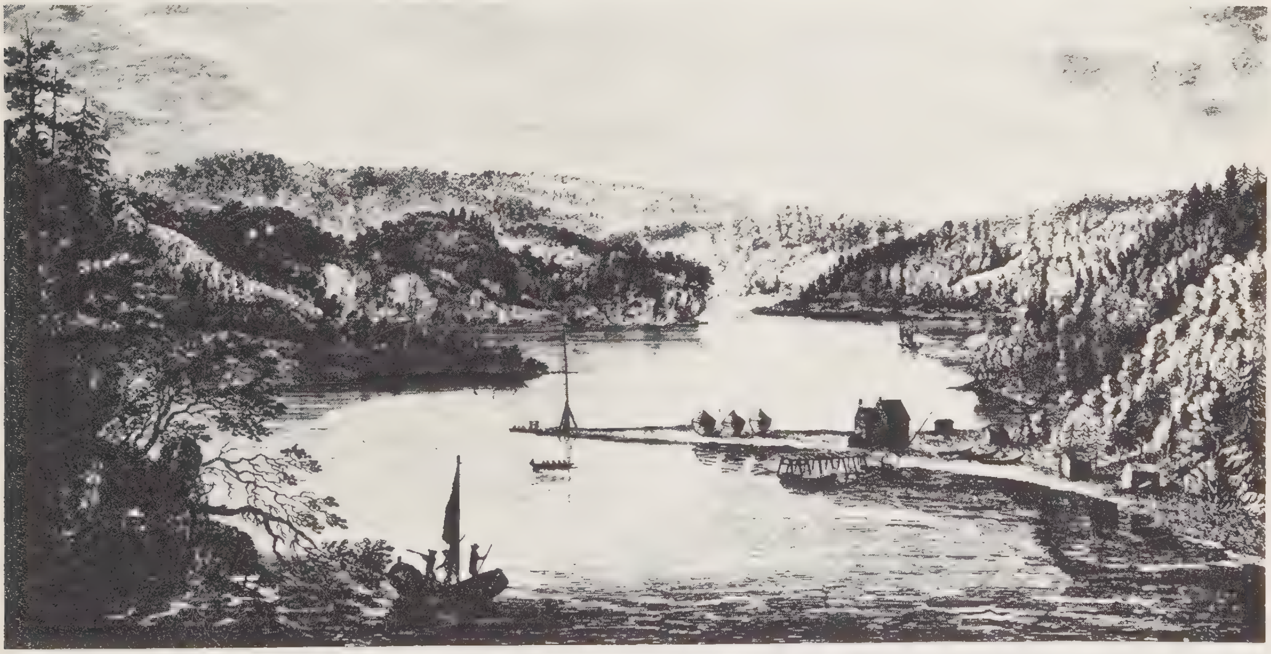
Courtesy William Coverdale Collection, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec

A View of Cape Rouge or Carouge, Nine Miles above the City of Quebec on the North Shore of the River St. Laurence. From this Place 1500 Chosen Troops at the Break of Day Fell Down the River on the Ebb of Tide to the Place of Landing 13 Sept. 1759



*Courtesy William Coverdale Collection, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec*

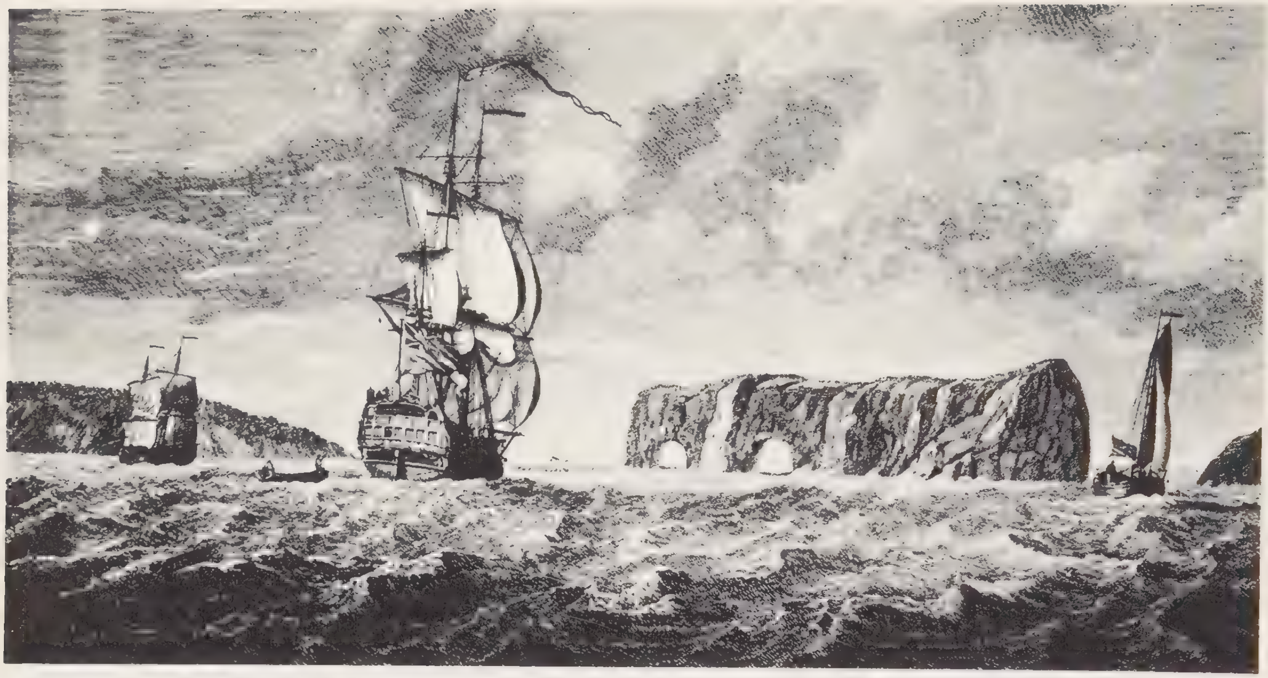
A View of the Fall of Montmorenci and the Attack Made by General Wolfe, on the French Intrenchments near Beauport, with the Grenadiers of the Army, July 31, 1759



*Courtesy William Coverdale Collection, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec*

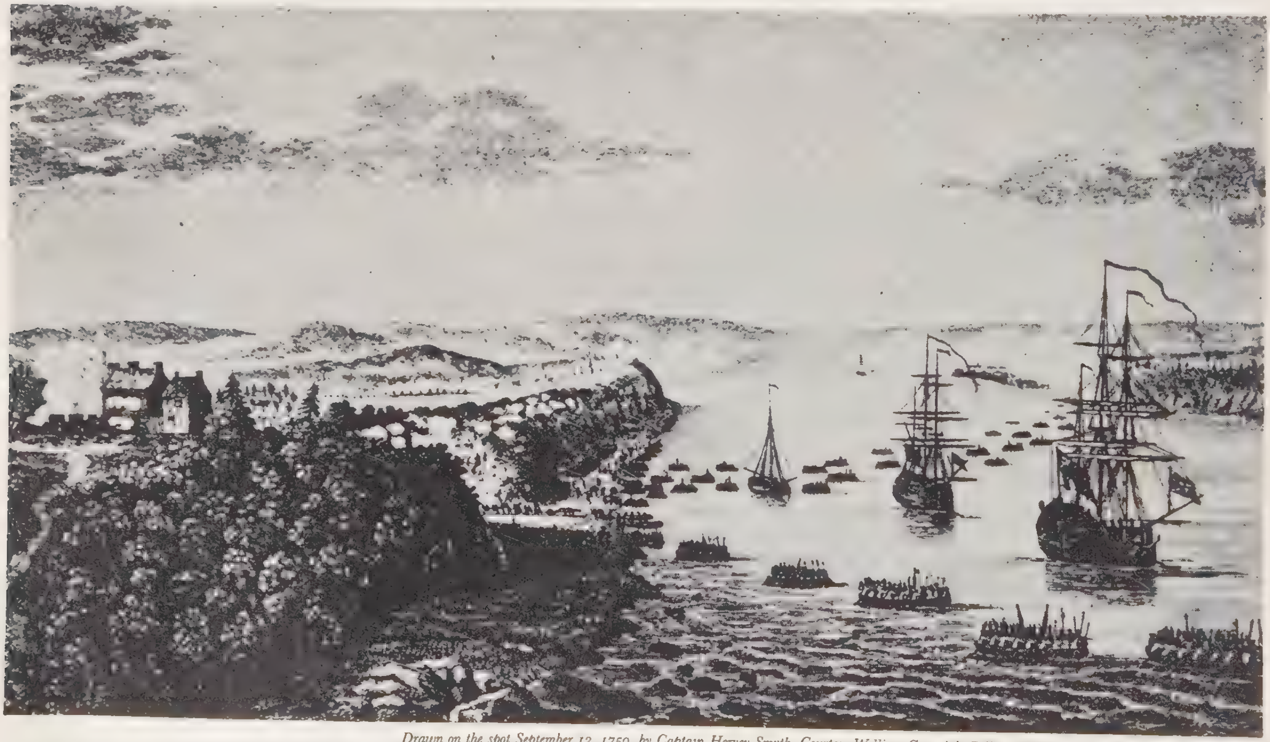
A View of Gaspe Bay, in the Gulf of St. Laurence

This French Settlement used to supply Quebec with fish till it was destroyed by General Wolfe after the surrender of Louisbourg in 1758. During the stay of the English fleet in 1759, General Wolfe resided at the house on the beach.



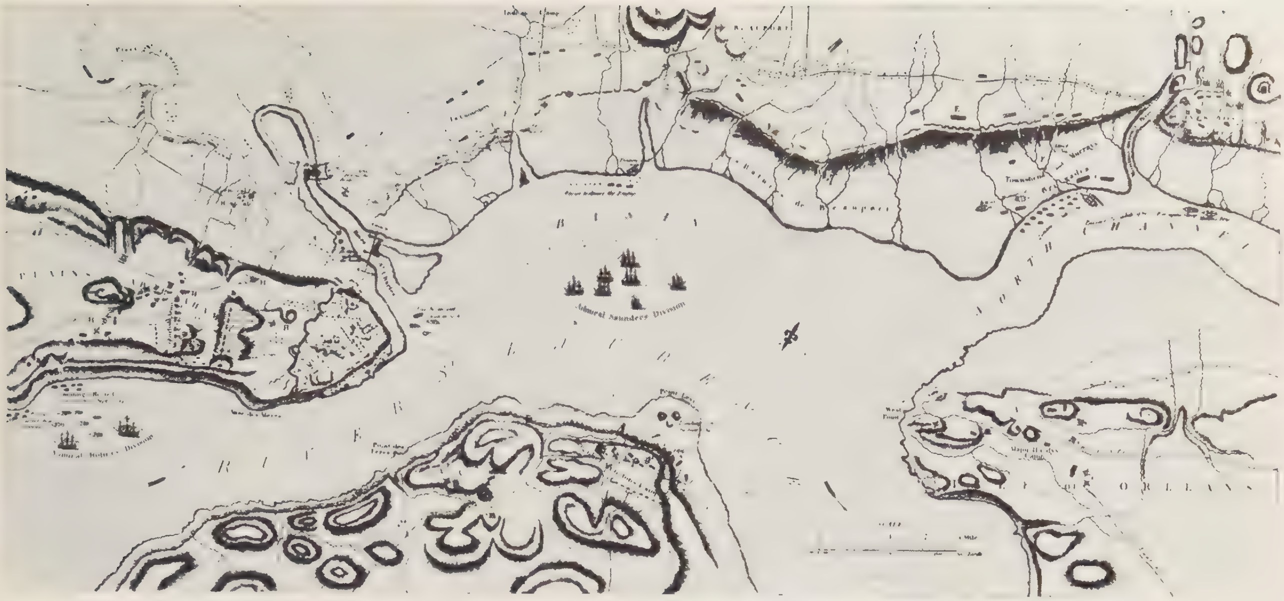
*Courtesy William Coverdale Collection, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec*

A View of the Pierced Island, a Remarkable Rock in the Gulf of St. Laurence. Two Leagues to the Southward of Gaspée Bay



*Drawn on the spot September 13, 1759, by Captain Hervey Smyth. Courtesy William Coverdale Collection, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec*

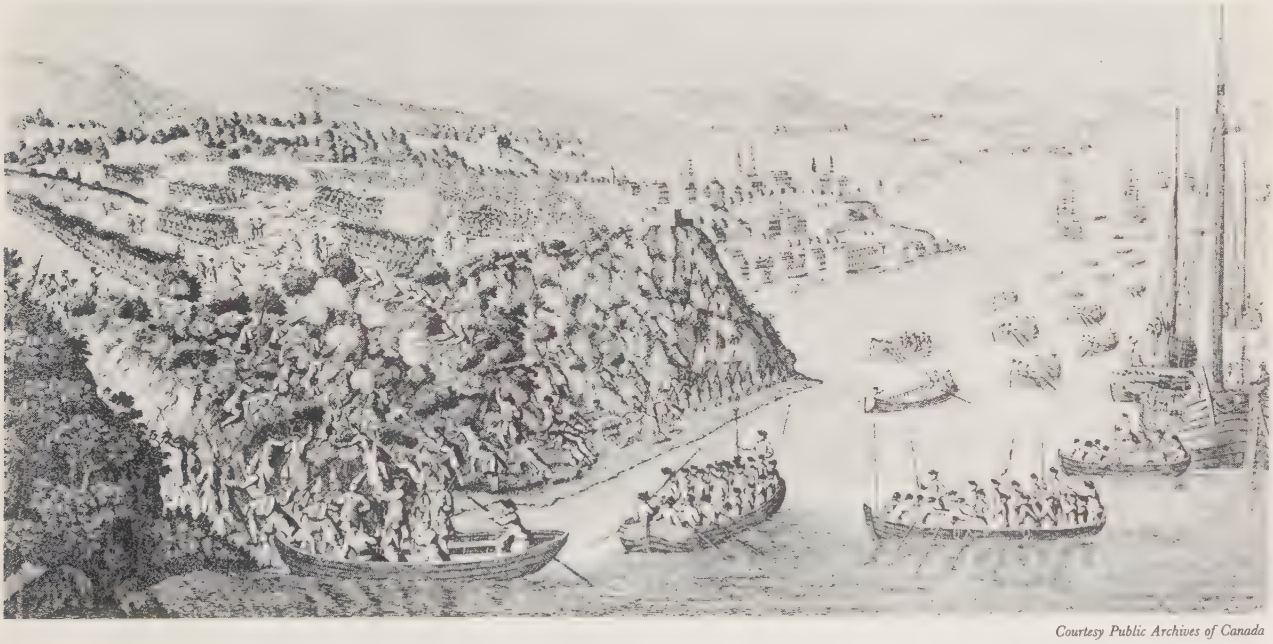
A View of the Taking of Quebec



Courtesy William Coverdale Collection, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec

Plan of Quebec and Adjacent Country Showing the Principal Encampments and Works of the British and French Armies during the Siege by General Wolfe in 1759

This excellently detailed military map was drawn by Captain J. B. Clegg of the British Army at the time of attack.



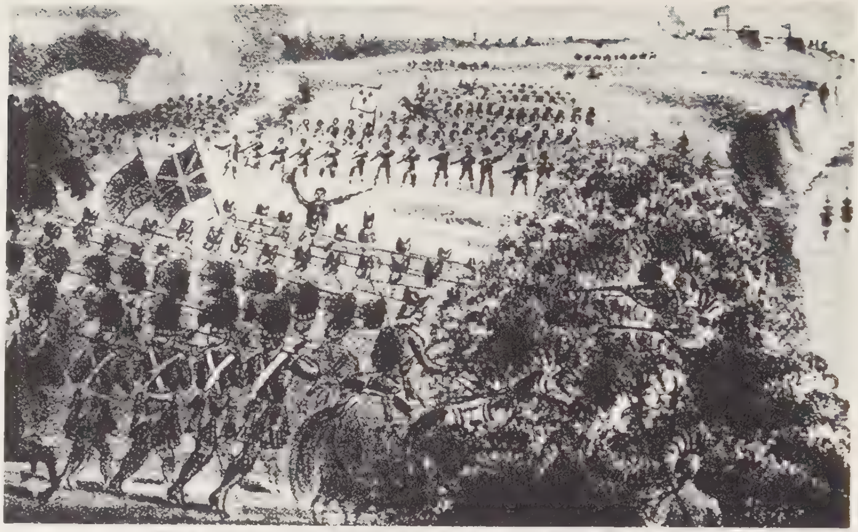
Courtesy Public Archives of Canada

A View of the Taking of Quebec, September 13, 1759

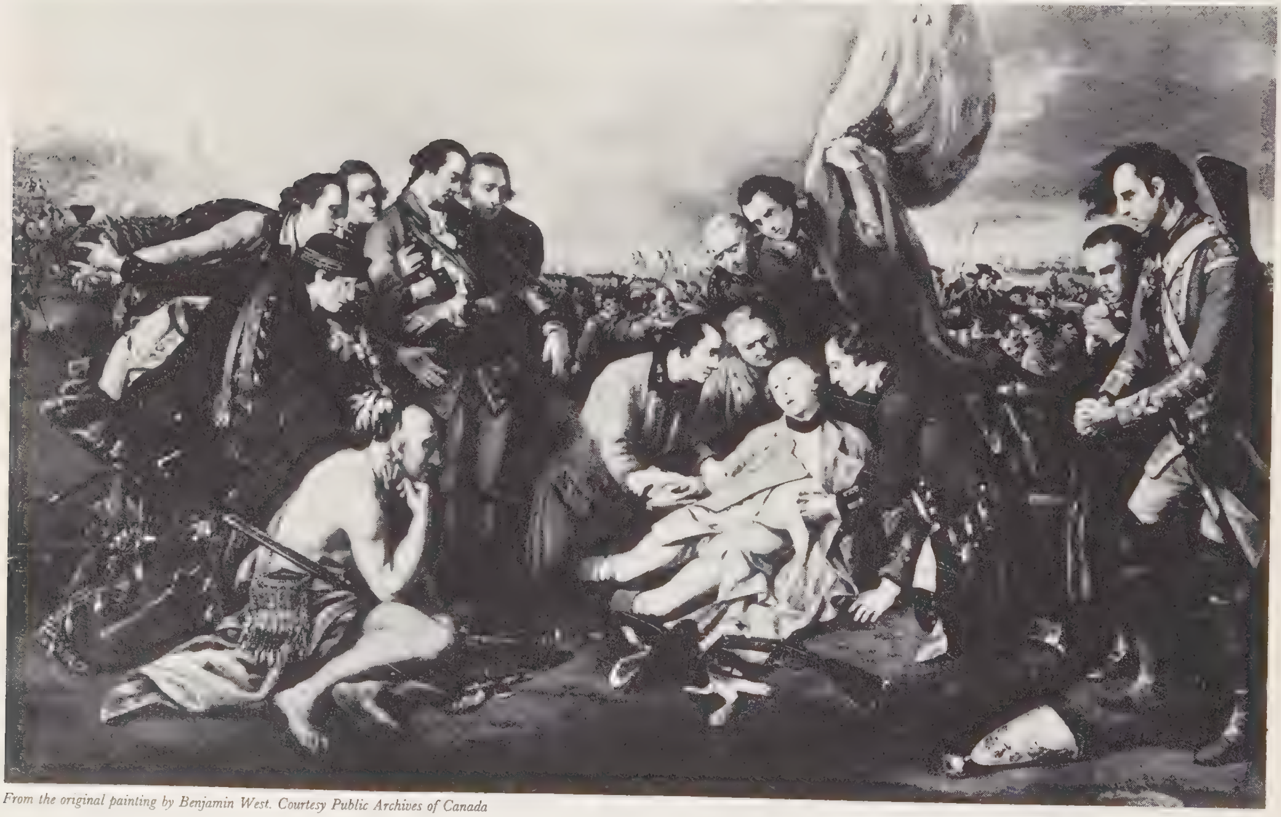
"Shewing the manner of debarking the English Forces & of the resolute scrambling of the light Infantry up a Woody Precipice to dislodge the Captains post, which defended a small entrenched path, through which the Troops were to pass. Also a view of the signal Victory obtained over the French regulars, Canadians and Indians, which produced the surrender of Quebec." This drawing, made by an unknown combat artist with General Wolfe's forces, is here published for the first time since November, 1797.

## Battle on the Plains of Abraham, September 13, 1759

"On the 13th of September, 1759, the English reached the Plains [of Abraham] coming from the side of the Anse des Mères. The French, surprised, engaged in a battle that lasted almost all day and ended with their defeat and the death of the two generals Wolfe and Montcalm. On the 17th Quebec surrendered."



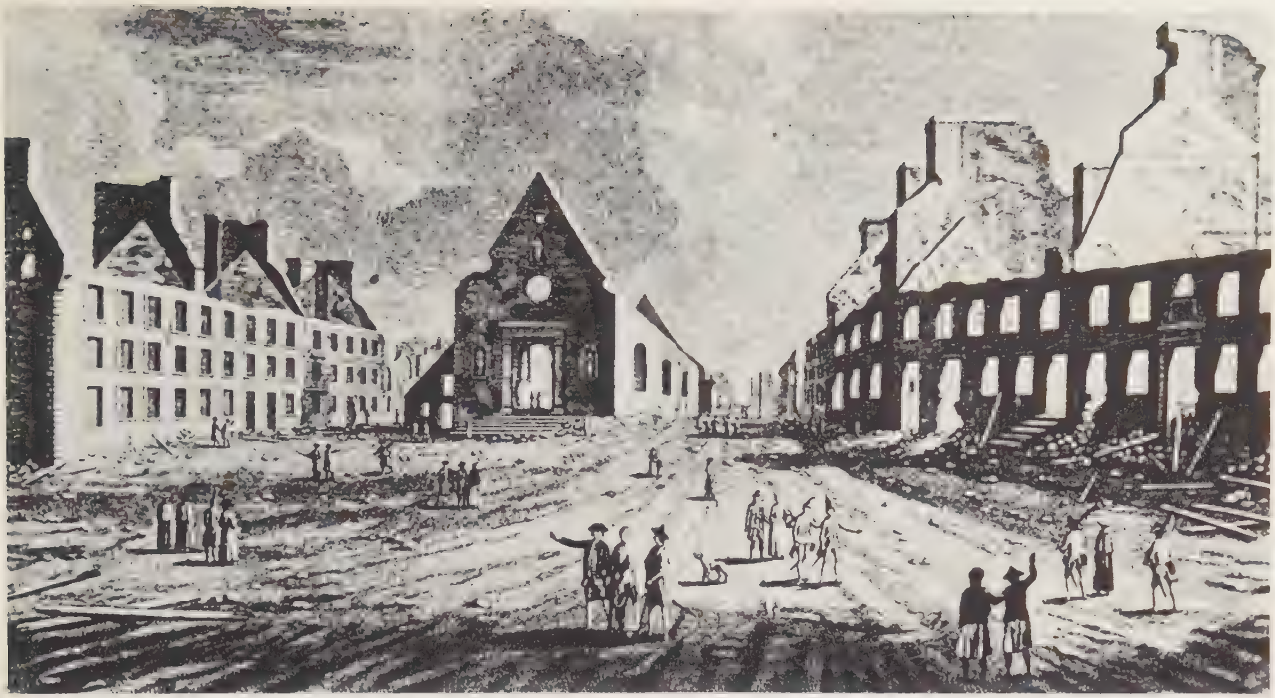
*From a rare original print, published for the first time, in possession of the late Sir Arthur Doughty, Dominion Archivist*
*Courtesy Public Archives of Canada*



*From the original painting by Benjamin West. Courtesy Public Archives of Canada*

## Death of General James Wolfe, Quebec, September 1759

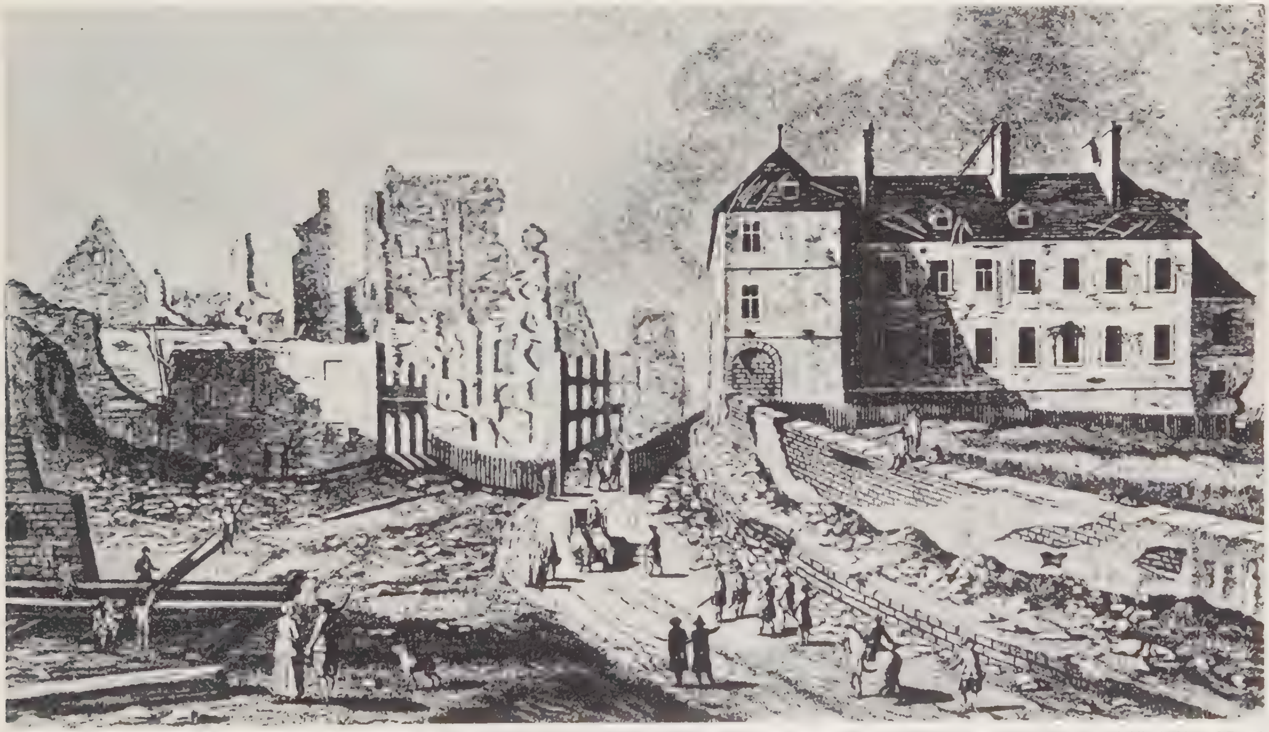
Sir Joshua Reynolds had suggested to West that he paint the subjects of his masterpiece dressed in "classical clothes" instead of their uniforms. West replied "that the event intended to be commemorated took place on 13th of September, 1759, in a region of the world unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and at a period of time when no such nations nor heroes in their costumes existed."



*From an engraving by A. Benoist, after a drawing by Richard Short. Courtesy Public Archives of Canada*

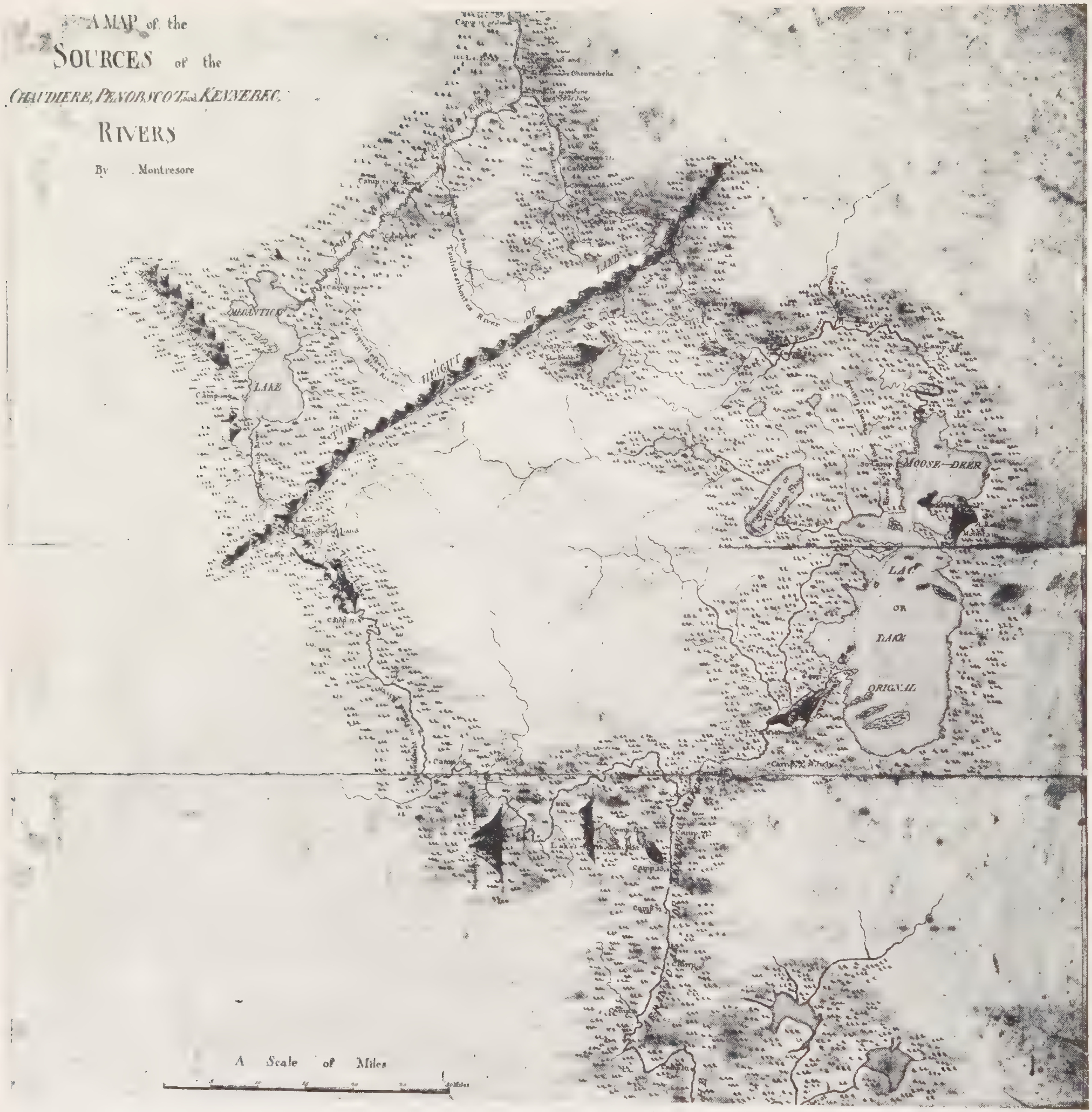
A View of the Church of Notre Dame de la Victoire

Showing the destruction caused by the shelling from the artillery of General Wolfe.



*From an engraving by A. Benoist, after a drawing by Richard Short, 1759. Courtesy Public Archives of Canada*

A View of the Bishop's House and the Ruins as They Appear in Going Up the Hill from the Lower to the Upper Town


A MAP of the
SOURCES of the
CHAUDIERE, PENOBSCOT and KENNEBEC
RIVERS
By Montresore
THE HEIGHT OF LAND
MEGANTIC
LAKE
MOOSE—DEER
LAC
OR
LAKE
ORIGNAL
A Scale of Miles

Courtesy Map Division, Library of Congress. Original in the British Museum, London

Captain John Montresor's Map of the Sources of the Chaudière, Penobscot, and Kennebec Rivers, 1761

The original of this map is in color, 22½" x 18½", and shows the terrain along the rivers, the route of exploration and survey, and the campsites, numbered consecutively.

The second map, of which the original is in the British Museum, covers the same area as the one described above, but is in a much larger scale and appears as an inset on another map. The scale of the first map is about 1:390,000. The second is on a scale of about 1:129,000.

Colonel Benedict Arnold followed these maps on his great march to Quebec. He was misled by omission of the swamps, but his foresight and warning, "By no means keep to the brook which will carry into the swamp, out of which it will be impossible for you to get," went unheeded, and a detachment of his command almost paid with their lives for their disregard of his orders.

# 2

# "Disperse, Ye Rebels!"

## *War of the American Revolution*

## 1775–1783

On a quiet Sunday, November 28, 1773, when the wharves and docks of Boston were deserted, there sailed into the harbor the English merchantman *Dartmouth,* with a consignment of tea belonging to the British East India Company. Behind this deceptive mask of tranquillity a large body of American colonists broke their traditional observance of the Sabbath to meet in a warehouse a short distance away to find means of legally preventing Captain Rotch of the *Dartmouth* from landing his cargo.

To Samuel Adams and 5,000 enraged Bostonians it was a meeting of necessity. Overtones of violence alarmed the committee when cries of "throw it overboard!" were heard, but the demonstration was held in check long enough for the committee to arrive at the decision that the tea would not be landed. Day and night designated individuals watched the *Dartmouth* to prevent any attempt to land the tea. Thirteen days later an order was issued by the committee, now swelled to 7,000, that the tea would be sent back to London. There remained, however, the task of obtaining from Governor Thomas Hutchinson an order to allow the *Dartmouth* to clear port and pass the King's ships on guard at the harbor entrance. On December 16, Captain Rotch was ordered by the committee to apply to Governor Hutchinson for the pass to clear his ship, and while Captain Rotch sought his clearance papers some of the committee members went to church to await the Governor's reply. But the Governor refused to issue the sailing order.

In defiance of the Governor, 50 men, disguised and painted as Mohawk Indians, raised the war whoop at the church and under cover of darkness descended on the wharf where the *Dartmouth* was moored, climbed aboard, and in three hours emptied 340 chests of tea into the dark waters of Boston Harbor. Bostonians slept peacefully that night, deluded in the thought that the affair was nothing more than an amusing prank. By morning, many Bostonians felt, the tea dumping would be forgotten.

But British reaction to the demonstration was immediate and decisive. When news of the confiscation reached the British Government, the Lords of the Council were called into session to decide what punitive measures would be taken to prevent similar incidents. During the heated session Dr. Benjamin Franklin, agent for the Colony of Massachusetts, had the temerity to present to the Council the Massachusetts Petition calling for the removal of the imperious Governor Hutchinson and Lieutenant Governor Oliver as unfit for their high offices. The Council, smarting under the humiliation of the Boston Tea Party, subjected Franklin to a torrent of abuse and invective, and some members laughed at his discomfiture. Franklin bore the insults with customary dignity and equanimity.

When the tongue-lashers had spent themselves, the Council coldly announced that the petition of Massachusetts was "groundless, vexatious, and scandalous." Two days later, Franklin was dismissed as colonial mediator and deputy postmaster general. Far from dismayed at the treatment of the Council, the sagacious Franklin later reflected that the cause in which he bore these insults was one of "the best actions of his life."

The rebellion's most outspoken advocate was fiery Samuel Adams. In a letter to Lord Dartmouth, British Colonial Secretary, Governor Hutchinson wrote that Samuel Adams "was the first person that openly, and in any public assembly, declared for total independence." To Governor Hutchinson Samuel Adams had full control of the people of Boston, the House of Representatives, and the Council and, consequently, "does as he pleases."

On April 19, 1775, the first gun was fired at Lexington and the War for American Independence began. The British General Thomas Gage, in an attempt to capture rebel military stores and supplies at Concord and seize the arch conspirators, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, sent a regiment of 800 troops to Concord in a night march from Boston. Paul Revere, a Boston silversmith, learning of Gage's sudden move, saddled his horse and rode to lasting fame that night.

Patriotic farmers and shopkeepers, shouldering their muskets and fowling pieces, gathered in a body, shot Gage's men up, marched to Boston, and besieged the British garrison. One month later, on May 10, 1775, the daring and capable Benedict Arnold and Ethan Allen, with a small company, attacked and captured Ticonderoga and Crown Point, two strong British fortresses on Lake Champlain. Later that same month three British generals, William Howe, John Burgoyne, and Henry Clinton arrived at Boston with reinforcements amounting to 10,000 men. The war was now more than a series of incidents.

The British regulars occupied Boston almost at once and the city was cut off from all outside communication. The British fleet of warships of 100 guns, swinging at anchor in the Charles River and Boston Harbor, watched, as did British generals Gage and Howe, the movements of the rebel army as it encircled the city, trapping the British army in the peninsula. John Trumbull, attached to General Joseph Spencer's First Connecticut Regiment as adjutant, marched with the regiment for Boston on the first of May. The following is an excerpt from his memoirs:

" . . . The regiment reached the vicinity of Boston early in May, and was stationed in Roxbury: the parade and alarm post was a field on the hill between the meeting-house and the then road, in full view of the enemy's lines at the entrance of Boston . . . On the 17th of June, I was out at daybreak, visiting the piquet-guard of the regiment, which was posted in full view of Boston and the bay behind it, when I was startled by a gun, fired from a small sloop of war, lying at anchor between the town and Letchmere's point, about where Cambridgeport bridge now is. It was the hour for the morning gun, but what, I thought, has this little thing to do with the morning gun, which is always fired by the admiral, on the other side of town. It was very soon followed by another, apparently from the *Somerset,* sixty four, which lay between the north end of Boston and Charlestown.

"It soon became apparent to us in Roxbury, that some movement was making in that quarter, but we knew not what. Although the distance between Roxbury and Charlestown, measured on the bay, on a direct line, might not exceed four miles, yet by road, over the bridge, and through the town of Cambridge, it was not far from twelve. As the day advanced the firing continued to increase, and our anxiety to know the cause was extreme; when at length, near noon, we learned that a detachment from Cambridge, had, during the preceding night, taken post on the hill behind Charlestown, and were engaged in throwing up a work. They had been discovered from the ships at daybreak, and fired upon. Charlestown and the hills behind it were in full view from the upper windows of headquarters, but the distance was too great for the naked eye to ascertain what was doing.

"It was about three o'clock when the firing suddenly increased, and became very heavy and continuous; and soon after, with the help of glasses, the smoke from fire-arms became visible along the ridge of the hill, and fire was seen to break out among the buildings of the town, which soon extended rapidly, and enveloped the whole in flames. We could ascertain by the receding of the smoke on the ridge of the hill, that our troops were losing ground, but we had no correct information of the result of the battle of Bunker's Hill, until late at night.

"In the meantime, when the firing became frequent and heavy, the troops in Roxbury were ordered under arms, and to their posts. General Spencer's regiment was drawn up on parade, in full view of the enemy's lines, and it was not long before we attracted their attention and their fire. Several of their heavy shot passed over us, and we were soon ordered to fall back to the hill above the meeting-house. It was my duty as adjutant to bring up the rear and pick up stragglers.

"The regiment fell back to the summit of the hill, and we there passed the night on our arms. Charlestown, at the time, contained six hundred buildings of various sizes, almost all of wood, and lay full in our view, in one extended line of fire. The British, victorious indeed so far as possession of the field went, but fearfully cut up, were apparently not without apprehensions that their obstinate enemy might rally and renew the action, and therefore kept up during the night a frequent fire of shot and shells in the direction of Cambridge. The roar of artillery—the bursting of shells, (whose track, like that of a comet, was marked on the dark sky, by a long train of light from the burning fuze)—and the blazing ruins of the town, formed altogether a sublime scene of military magnificence and ruin. That night was a fearful breaking in for young soldiers, who there, for the first time, were seeking repose on the summit of a bare rock, surrounded by such a scene. . . .

"Soon after that memorable day, General Washington arrived and assumed command of the army. A few days after his arrival, I was told by my eldest brother, the commissary general, that the commander in chief was very desirous of obtaining a correct plan of the enemy's works, in front of our position on Boston neck; and he advised me (*as I could draw*) to attempt to execute a view and plan, as a means of introducing myself (probably) to the favorable notice of the general. I took his advice and began the attempt by creeping (under the concealment of grass) so high that I could ascertain that the work consisted of a curtain crossing the entrance of the town, flanked by two bastions, one on the western and the other on the eastern side, and I had ascertained the number of guns mounted on the eastern, (their calibre was already known), when my further progress was rendered unnecessary by the desertion of one of the British artillery-men, who brought with him a rude plan of the entire work. My drawing was also known to the general, and their correspondence proved that as far as I had gone I was correct. This probably led to my future promotion; for, soon after, I was presented to the general, and appointed his second aide-du-camp. . . ."

Colonel Benedict Arnold's daring expedition to attack Quebec took place that year, its large aims the dual purpose of preventing an advance of the British southward through the valley of the Hudson River and of inciting rebellion among the British and French Canadians. Basing his decision on intelligence reports that the British strongholds in Canada were weakly garrisoned and that the population of the region was sympathetic to the American cause, General Washington, who conceived it, decided to put the plan in operation at once.

The route through the Maine wilderness to Quebec had been surveyed and mapped by Captain John Montresor, the talented British military engineer, in 1760. Colonel Arnold was in possession of this map. Arnold's plan was to move troops northward up the Kennebec River to the Carrying Place near the Dead River, turn westward on that river to the headwaters near Lake Megantic, thence down the Chaudière River northward to the St. Lawrence. Directly opposite the mouth of the Chaudière was the heavily fortified British military base, Quebec. Then began one of the most heartbreaking, most grueling military expeditions in history.

The energetic and capable Colonel Arnold, and his little army of 1,100 picked troops and riflemen, started on the difficult enterprise from Cambridge on September 16, 1775. From the start the rigors of the campaign contradicted all high hopes for its success. Through the inhospitable Maine woods, with winter coming on, trudged the soldiers of Arnold. Over rocky crevasses and carrying places, through swampy bogs struggled the weary men, often standing waist-deep in the rushing, icy waters of the Kennebec and the Chaudière. Before a week passed much of their food was either spoiled or lost at the bottoms of the racing, treacherous rivers.

Exerting supreme effort, without adequate food, their clothing in rags, and suffering from disease and exposure to the northern cold, Arnold's troops reached Quebec numbering only 800 of the original 1,100 who started from Cambridge. In the meantime, General Richard Montgomery, with another detachment acting in concert with Arnold's, engaged the forces of General Guy Carleton, defeated them, and captured Montreal. When Montgomery joined Arnold under the walls of Quebec, their total force numbered no more than 1,000 men. The Americans laid siege to the town and, on December 31, 1775, attacked the fortress and were repulsed with much loss. Montgomery was killed and Arnold received a painful wound in the leg. During the bitter winter the remnants of Arnold's army continued the siege, while the men of Carleton, well clothed and fed, watched the Americans freeze and starve below the walls. That spring, Washington dispatched reinforcements but it was too late; British reinforcements had arrived first. Arnold, his little army disintegrating before his eyes by smallpox, complication of wounds, and lack of food, retreated, the British army close on his heels in pursuit. At Deschambault, 40 miles up the St. Lawrence from Quebec, near Three Rivers, the rout was halted by General Thomas at the head of a detachment sent to assist Arnold in the retreat.

After the British withdrawal to Halifax, following the siege of Boston, Washington transferred his army to New York where it was expected the British would strike next. On June 28, 1776, General Howe landed his excellent army on Staten Island. Realizing that he could not hold New York, Washington wanted to withdraw his forces from the city in order to have more room for maneuver in the open. But the Continental Congress ordered the city held at all costs. Acting on these impossible orders, Washington divided his army, leaving a token force in New York; the greater part of his total strength he placed on Brooklyn Heights under the command of General Israel Putnam. In August the situation became critical. General Howe, with 15,000 men and 40 cannon, executing a skillful turning movement against Putnam, landed on Long Island, defeated and routed him. The British fleet was supposed to have sailed up the East River, but the wind, coming from the northeast, prevented the movement. Meanwhile, Washington, in an effort to extricate Putnam from his plight, arrived from New York with reinforcements. The vacillating Howe, his lack of effort almost amounting to treason, failed to consolidate his victory, and Washington, under cover of darkness and in a driving rain, succeeded in saving his army, getting them back to New York. Howe did not pursue but stayed in Long Island for two weeks while his officers wondered and chafed at his supineness.

Washington withdrew his little army to Harlem Heights, then outside New York. Howe finally crossed over to New York, took possession of the defenseless city, and, on September 16, 1776, attacked Washington at Harlem Heights and was repulsed with some loss. Leaving a small force to guard the fortifications of New York, Howe with a large force headed for Throgg's Neck to cut the American supply line based in Connecticut. Another force set sail up the Hudson River to prevent Washington from crossing into New Jersey.

But again Howe delayed. Washington, needing precious time to withdraw his army to White Plains, got the needed time when Howe took six days to cross a small creek which could have been waded. Washington fortified his position at White Plains and awaited Howe's attack, which came on October 28. The attack was repulsed, and Washington took up a stronger defensive position at North Castle, a short distance away. Howe meanwhile retired to Dobbs Ferry to await the arrival of Carleton with a force coming down from Canada.

Washington then took the initiative. Leaving General Charles Lee in command of 7,000 men to guard North Castle, Washington crossed to the west side of the Hudson River with 5,000 men, sending a small force to West Point to build forts and guard the northern approaches.

Returning from special duty at Crown Point and Ticonderoga where he assisted in the examination and strengthening of those fortifications, Trumbull started for Fort George. His narrative continues:

"Late in the night we reached Fort George, at the head of the Lake, and thence proceeded to Albany by land. There the general met an order from General Washington to hasten on with all disposable troops, and join him behind the Delaware River. The best troops were selected, (the remainder being discharged into winter quarters,) and with these we proceeded by water as far as Esopus [Kingston], thence by land through the then uncultivated country of the Minisink, nearly on the route of the present Delaware and Hudson Canal—inclining to the left to Sussex courthouse, in the hope of falling in with and joining the division of General Lee, which we learned was crossing Jersey. At Sussex, having learned of Lee's unfortunate capture, we inclined to the right, crossed the Delaware at Easton, and marched through Bethlehem to Newton, where we joined the commander in chief, a few days before his glorious success at Trenton."

In December, while the army set about refurbishing its equipment and replenishing its stores, Washington planned a surprise movement against Trenton and Bordentown. Colonel Johaan Gottlieb Rall with about 1,500 Hessian mercenaries held Trenton, while Colonel Carl von Donop, with a small force, occupied Bordentown. The entire maneuver was set for Christmas night, December 25, 1776.

The Delaware River, clogged with grinding, jagged blocks of ice, and with biting winter winds howling across it from the glazed snow-covered roads and fields, presented formidable obstacles to the operation. Undaunted by these difficulties, the Marblehead Regiment of Massachusetts fishermen under General John Grover began moving the troops in the memorable crossing. The river was high and flowing rapidly, great blocks of ice striking the long, narrow hulls of the "Durham" boats. It was not until three o'clock on the morning of December 26 that men and guns were landed on the Jersey shore. It was then near dawn, and there were still nine miles of icy roads to travel. The sole disquiet was whether or not the movement had been discovered by some alert sentry. But Washington's fears were groundless, for the Hessians were deep in a drunken carouse in celebration of Christmas. Thus far everything had gone without hitch. The night was terribly cold and the howling north wind swirled around the shivering troops as they stumbled down the glassy roads that rain and sleet had turned into jagged ribs of ice.

Just before daybreak the first vagrant streaks of dawn's light silhouetted the struggling, ghostlike troops of Nathanael Greene, still two miles from their objective. Greene's advance became slower as the wind-swept road became more treacherous with every drop of freezing rain. About eight o'clock the American advance column was challenged, the Hessians rushing into line firing a volley that went wild over the heads of the Continentals. The Hessians then fell back through the fields. Soon the sound of musket firing was heard to the south in the direction of John Sullivan's advance. Rushing cannon to the head of King Street and into battery, Henry Knox's men opened fire. Above the sound of the storm, solid shot screamed down King and Queen streets, ripping up and disorganizing the defense. The Continentals, entering into the spirit of the engagement, poured into town, and before long they were breaking into houses, routing out the Hessians who had taken refuge in them. One regiment of Hessians tried to form for a charge at the end of the street, bringing up their artillery as Washington had done, but this was soon broken up by Knox's men serving Washington's artillery. Things were going well and there was not a man in the Continental Army who did not realize what had come to pass. The surprise was complete.

Washington, apprised of the victory when the last Hessian regiment had surrendered, turned to Major James Wilkinson and said elatedly, "This is a glorious day for our country." A few days later, on January 3, 1777, Washington met the British at Princeton and defeated them. The balance of the winter was spent raiding British foraging parties. Beyond that nothing was done except for the everlasting effort of trying to fill the ranks with new troops.

A revealing incident occurred during the march on Trenton. Coming upon a ragged group of Continentals on the road, Captain Charles Willson Peale found his brother James, the miniature painter, as ragged as the rest and suffering with the intense cold. "He had lost all his clothes," wrote Peale, "he was in an old, dirty blanket jacket, his beard long, and his face so full of sores he could not clean it, which disfigured him in such a manner that he was not known to me at first sight."

Early in May, 1777, General John "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne, with an army of 10,000 men, started on an ill-fated march from Canada toward Albany in the high hope of making a junction with Lord Howe and Lieutenant Colonel Barry St. Leger coming up the Hudson and Mohawk valleys, its purpose to sever New England from the other warring colonies. Burgoyne crossed the Hudson River on September 13 and approached Bemis Heights, south of Saratoga, where the Continental Army had taken up a strong position. Burgoyne, fully prepared to sacrifice the last belt-buckle, opened an attack on the American left flank. The attack was met at Freeman's Farm by Arnold with a force of 3,000 determined Continentals. For two hours the discouraging battle swayed back and forth, neither side gaining the advantage. While the battle thus hung in the balance, Arnold begged Gates to send reinforcements. But the scheming Gates preferred to stay behind his fortifications with 10,000 men and do nothing. Had Gates co-operated with Arnold the victory would have been overwhelming. Despairing of any support from Howe, Burgoyne broke off the battle and camped on the field. On October 7, Burgoyne renewed the battle by attacking the American left wing again. "The struggle here was obstinate and sanguinary," wrote E. S. Creasy, ". . . but the Americans made good the ground which they had won, and captured baggage, tents, artillery, and a store of ammunition, which they were greatly in need of." After a retreat to Saratoga, Burgoyne, realizing the hopelessness of his position, opened negotiations for surrender. Gates received all the credit for the victory, but the victory was indeed Arnold's.

After the battles of the Brandywine and Germantown, Washington renewed his efforts to hold the forts of the Delaware and to reconcentrate his army, and, one week before Christmas, arrived at the new winter camp site—Valley Forge—located on the south side of the Schuylkill River, 18 miles to the west of Philadelphia. There, during those first days in winter encampment, the soldiers spent a pitiful Thanksgiving. For them it was starvation. There was no meat. There were no shoes. Many of the soldiers were naked altogether, with no more than a dirty blanket to cover them. Their plight moved Washington to draft a letter to Congress warning that ". . . unless some great and capital change suddenly takes place . . . this army must inevitably be reduced to one or other of these three things. Starve, dissolve or disperse in order to obtain subsistence in the best manner they can . . . three or four days bad weather will prove our destruction." All the Continental Army owned was the ground it camped on. Exposure of the men to the biting cold, rain, and snow increased sickness in the ranks, and there was so little medicine many men died from lack of it. Yet, while the fate of the Continental Army hung in the balance, the work of fortifying the position went on.

Strategically, at least, the location defied assault. Even General Howe admitted that fact. "The entrenched position was a strong point," he wrote, ". . . having good information in the spring that the enemy had strengthened his camp by additional works, I dropped all thoughts of attack."

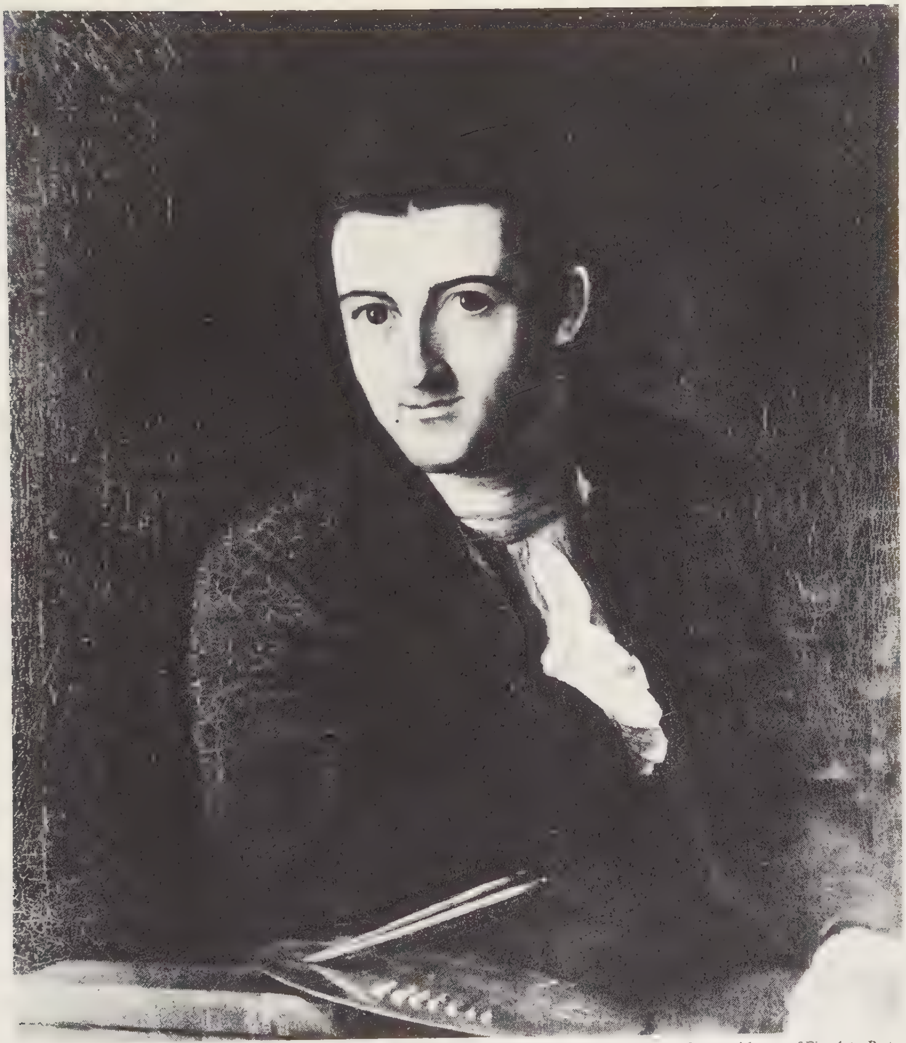
After Valley Forge little of military importance immediately occurred except for the resignation of Lord Howe. Sir Henry Clinton, placed in command of the British army in America, had every intention of conducting a far more vigorous campaign than did Howe. Accordingly, Clinton evacuated Philadelphia on June 18, 1778, marching his army across New Jersey. At Monmouth Clinton's and Washington's forces met and locked in battle. But for the treachery of General Charles Lee, Washington would have won a resounding victory. With victory within his grasp, Lee ordered a withdrawal at the critical moment and thus lost Washington the opportunity to destroy Clinton and end the war. Following the battle Clinton marched his army to New York. Washington marched his army to White Plains, and both armies were right back to where they had started two years before.

Then the emphasis of the war shifted to the south. On August 14, 1781, Lafayette sent Washington urgent word that "Cornwallis had established himself at Yorktown, where he had deep water on three sides of him and a narrow neck in front." Upon receiving the message Washington determined to move his army 400 miles to Virginia. Maneuvering his army in such a manner as to give Clinton in New York the impression that he was going to attack him, Washington crossed the Hudson at King's Ferry and began his march to Virginia.

The final action of the Revolution is set forth in General Richard Butler's account: "The batteries were opened and fired with great success, which silenced the chief of the enemy's batteries; many of their men were killed, and the whole of the garrison thrown into confusion. . . . the British spiked the guns of Captain Savage with the points of bayonets, but our smiths and artillerymen soon cleared all the guns, and in six hours chastised the enemy for their temerity with the same pieces. Our loss was very trifling, though the British really executed the sortie with secrecy and spirit."

In desperation Cornwallis tried to break out of the trap by transporting his army across the York River to Gloucester Point, with the idea of then marching overland to New York, but the attempt was doomed to failure. "As the boats were all on the York side of the river, in order to bring over the troops," wrote Colonel Tarleton, "it required some time to row them to Gloucester Point, to carry back the infantry of the first embarkation; but soon after daybreak they returned under fire of the enemy's batteries to Earl Cornwallis at Yorktown. Thus expired the last hope of the British Army."

The Marquis de Lafayette exulted in the victory. In a letter to M. de Maurepas and M. de Vergennes, on October 20, 1781, he wrote: "The play is over, Monsieur le Comte, the fifth act has just come to an end."



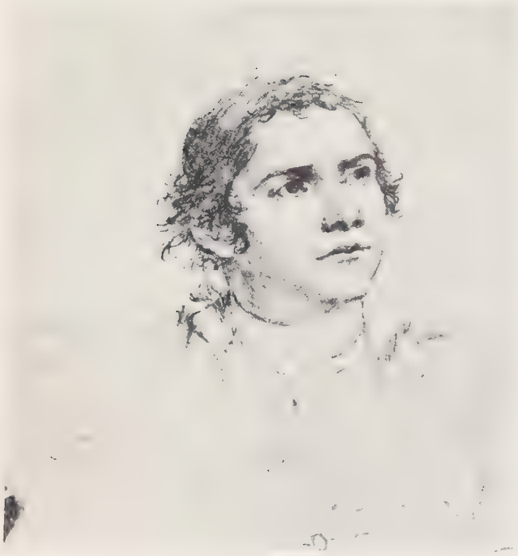
*From an original painting by Colonel Trumbull. Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*

## Colonel John Trumbull

Self-portrait painted by the young colonel after he resigned his commission in the Continental Army. Trumbull was then twenty-one years of age and living at Lebanon, Connecticut. The carefully planned palette, and the leather-bound volume of Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty,* form part of the composition of the picture.

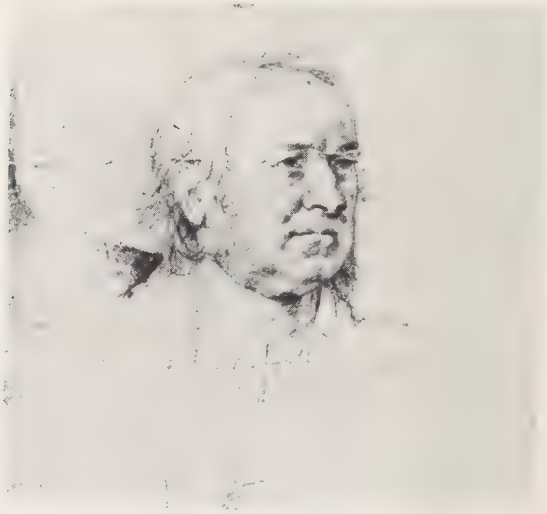
# *Colonel John Trumbull's Pencil Studies of Soldiers and Officers of the Continental Army*

Pencil studies of Major General Horatio Gates, General Arthur St. Clair, and soldiers of the Continental Army reveal the expert draftsmanship of Colonel Trumbull. The sketches were made by him in New York in 1790.



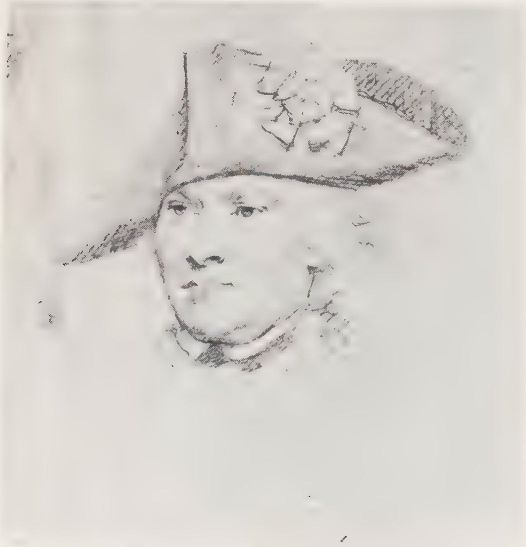
*From an original sketch by Trumbull. Courtesy Yale University Art Gallery*

Study of a Continental soldier, identity unknown



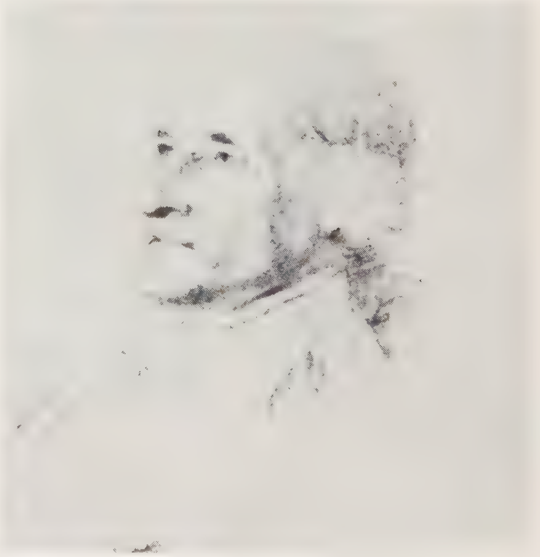
*From the original sketch by Trumbull made in New York, December 6, 1790. Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art*

Major General Horatio Gates, Continental Army



*From the original sketch made by Trumbull in New York in 1790. Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art*

Major General Arthur St. Clair, Continental Army

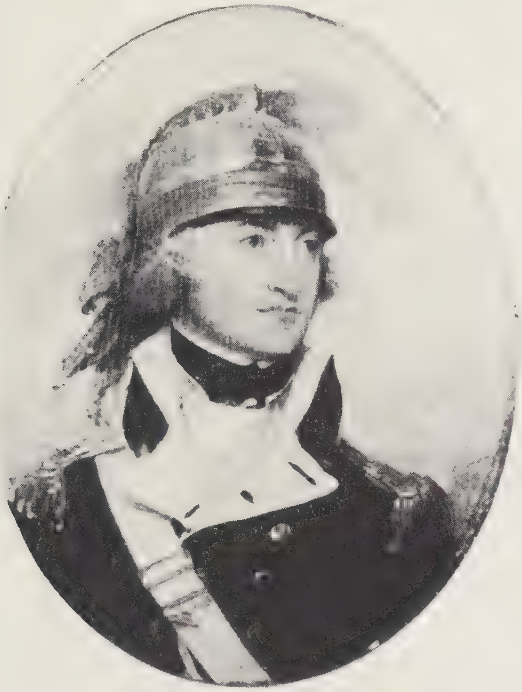


*Drawn by Colonel John Trumbull. Courtesy Yale University Art Gallery*

Pencil study of a Continental soldier, unidentified

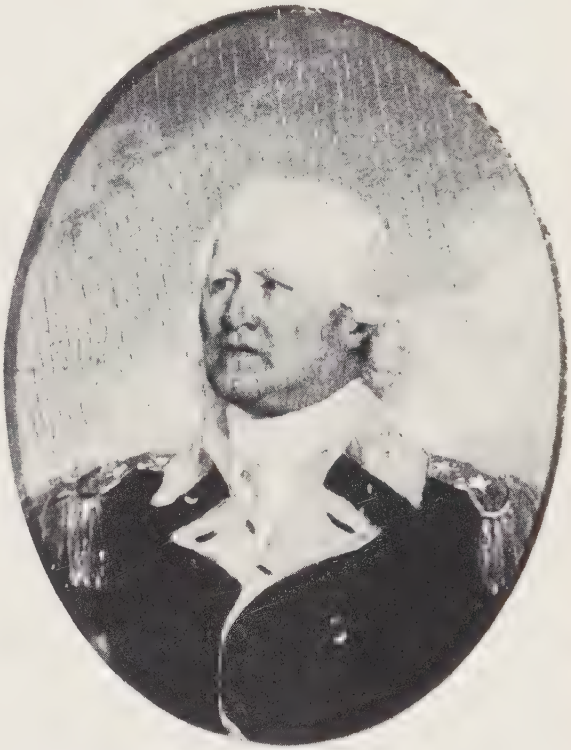
# *Two Major Generals and a Captain of Dragoons of the Continental Army*

These miniatures were executed by Colonel John Trumbull in 1790 and were probably used for studies for later paintings. They were done in oils on mahogany in the artist's most delightful manner.



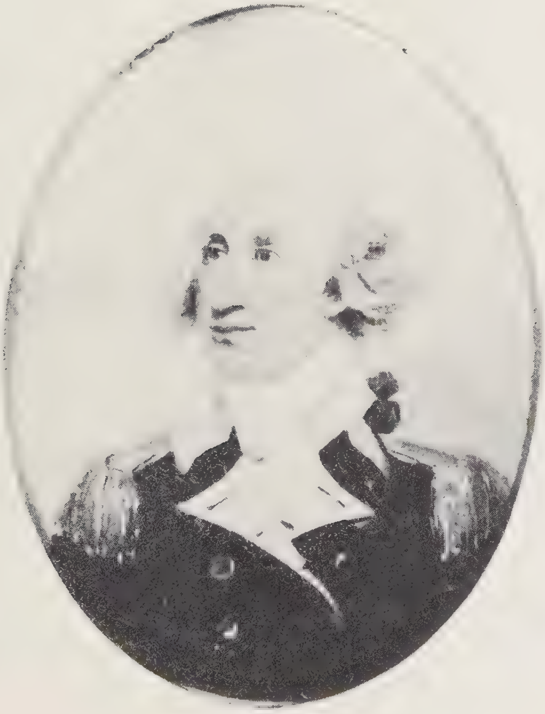
Captain Thomas Young Seymour,
2nd Continental Dragoons

*Courtesy Yale University Art Gallery*



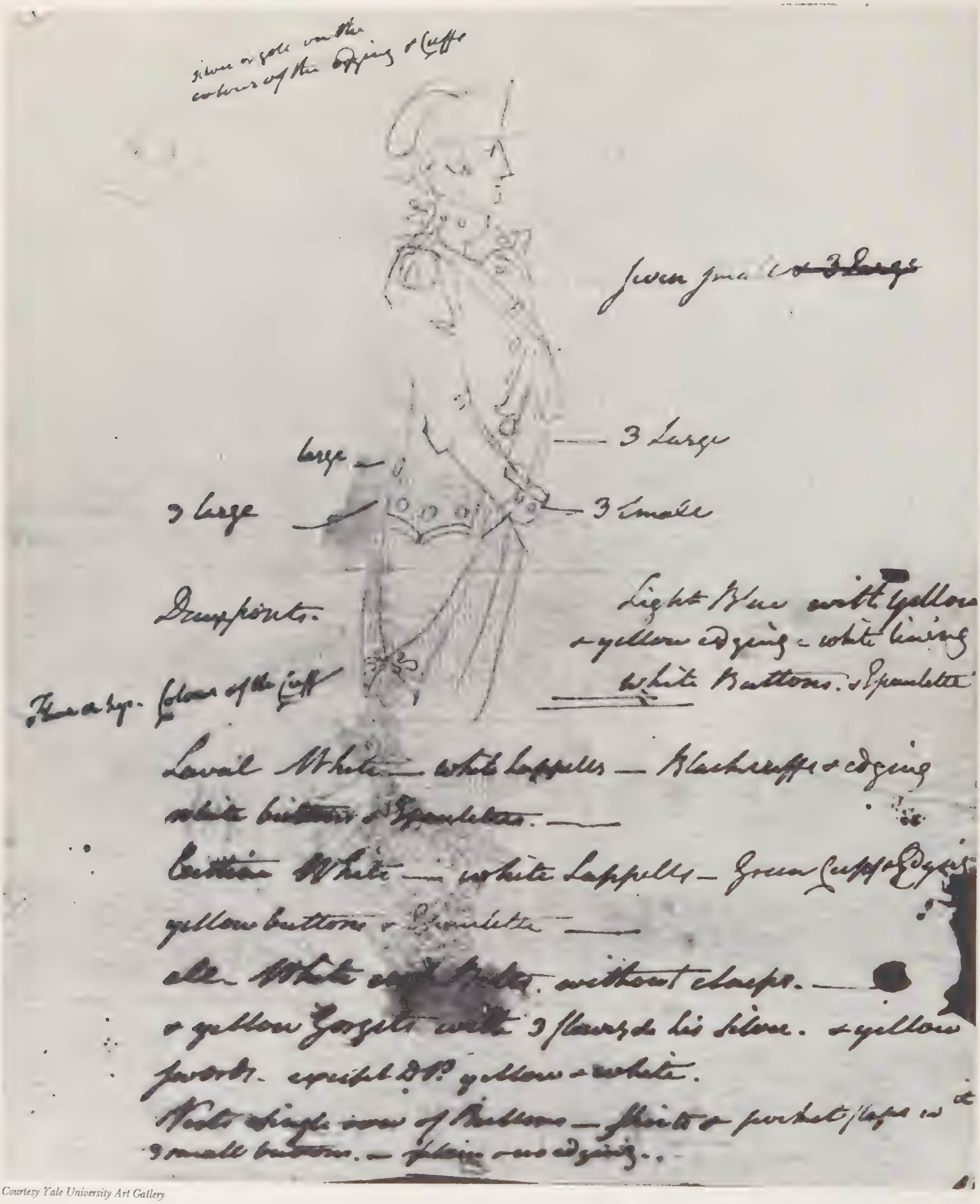
Major General Horatio Gates

*Courtesy Yale University Art Gallery*



Major General Philip Schuyler

*Courtesy Yale University Art Gallery*



silver or gold on the
colours of the edging & cuffs

seven small & ~~3 Large~~

3 Large

large

3 large

3 small

Deuxponts.

Light Blue with yellow
& yellow edging - white lining
white Buttons. & Epaulettes

Fleur de lys - Colour of the Cuff

Lavil White — white lappells — Black cuffs & edging
white buttons & Epaulettes. —
[illegible] White — white lappells — Green Cuffs & Edging
yellow buttons & Epaulettes —
all White [illegible] belts. without clasps. —
& yellow Gorgets with 3 fleurs de lis silver. & yellow
swords - [illegible] D.P. yellow & white.
Waist single row of Buttons — skirts & pocket flaps in it
3 small buttons. — plain — no edging. .

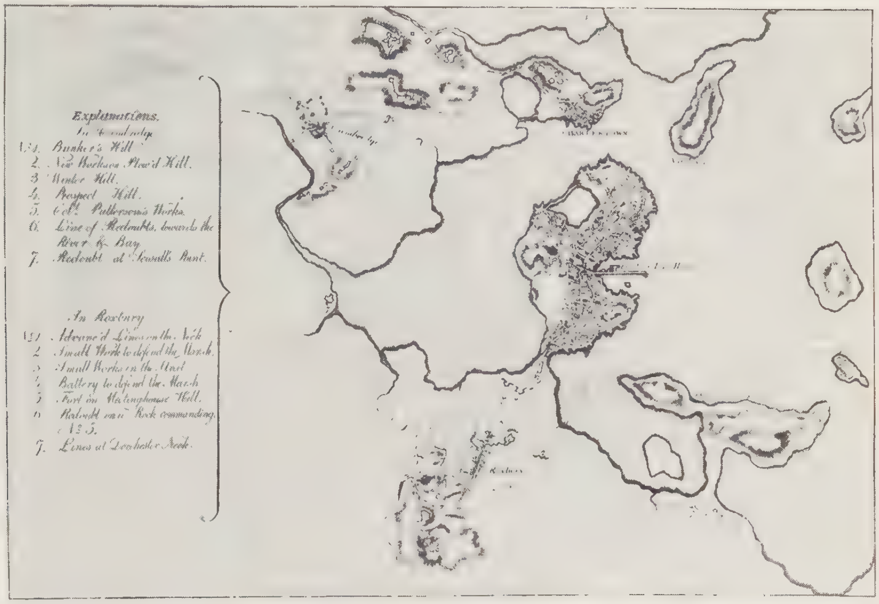
Courtesy Yale University Art Gallery

A Page from Colonel John Trumbull's Sketchbook

Showing a Continental infantryman, with notes on the coloring and trappings of the regulation uniform.

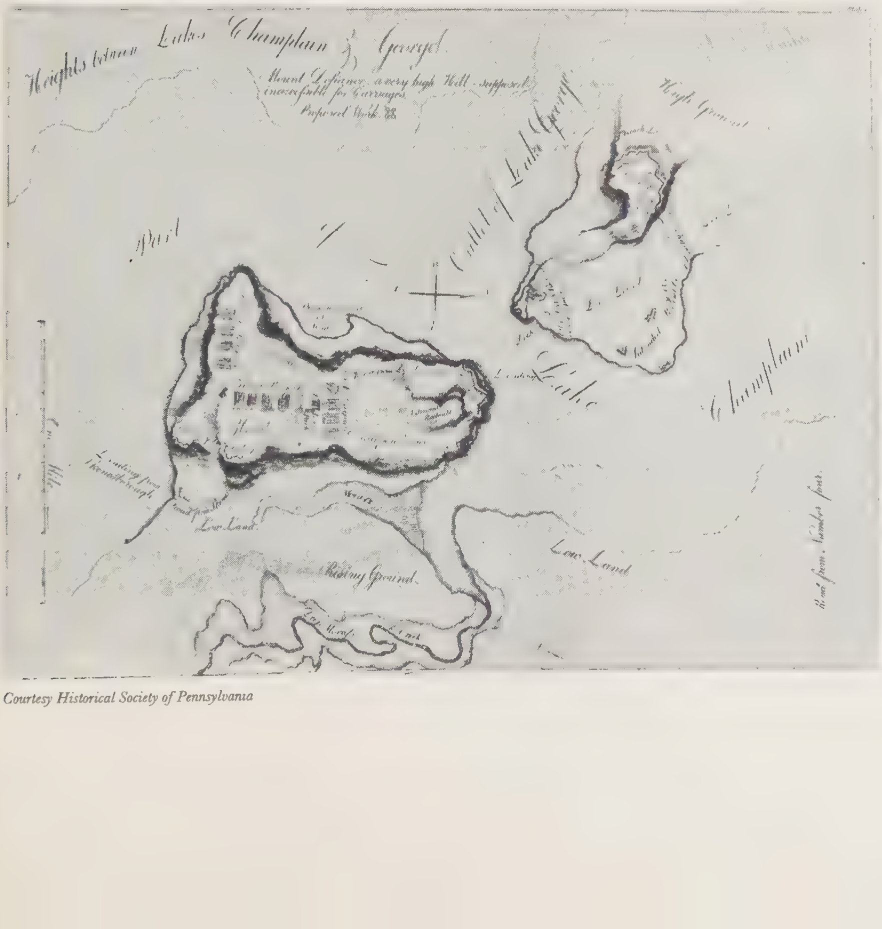
# *Two Military Maps Drawn by Colonel John Trumbull for General George Washington, 1775–1776*

These maps by Trumbull are excellent examples of his ability as a military cartographer. Trumbull's eye for ground and meticulous attention to detail brought him to the notice of General Washington. The general promptly recognized his talent and appointed Trumbull his aide.


Explanations.
In Cambridge
No 1. Bunker's Hill
2. New Works on Plow'd Hill.
3 Winter Hill.
4. Prospect Hill.
5. Col. Pattersons Works.
6. Line of Redoubts, towards the River & Bay
7. Redoubt at Sewall's Point.
In Roxbury
No 1. Advanc'd Lines on the Neck
2 Small Work to defend the March.
3 Small Works on the Road
4 Battery to defend the March
5 Fort on Meetinghouse Hill.
6 Redoubt on a Rock commanding No 5.
7. Lines at Dorchester Neck.

Boston and the Surrounding Country, and Posts of the American Troops, Sept. 1775, J.T.

*Courtesy Historical Society of Pennsylvania*

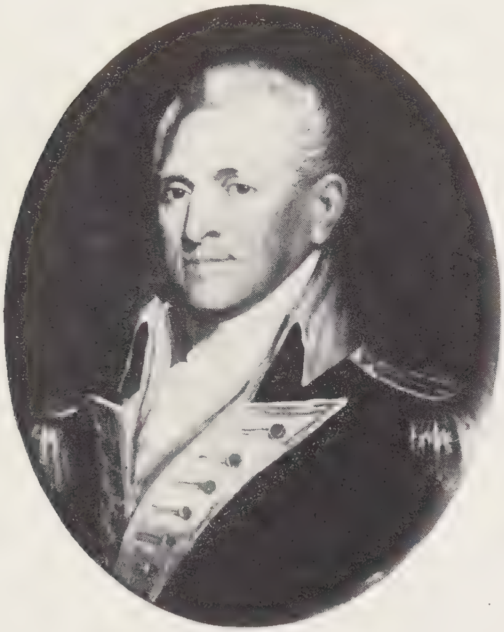

Heights between Lakes Champlain & George
Mount Defiance a very high Hill supposed inaccessible for Carriages
Proposed Work
Outlet of Lake George
High Ground
Lake Champlain
Low Land
Rising Ground
Low Land

Ticonderoga and Its Dependencies, August 1776, J.T.

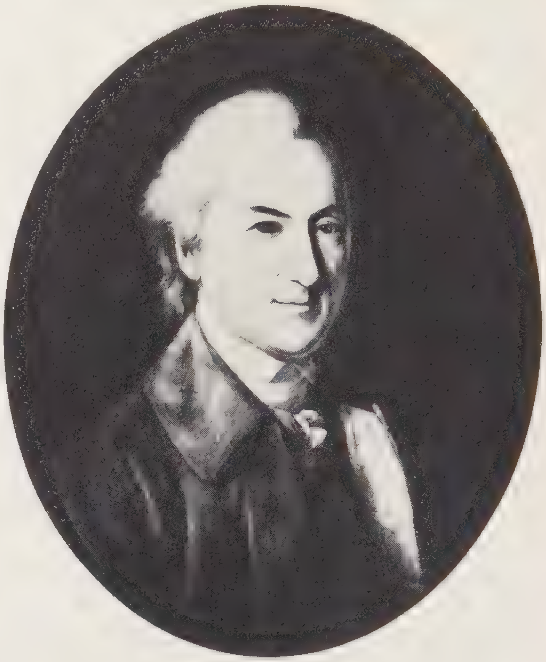
*Courtesy Historical Society of Pennsylvania*

## *Four Portraits of Revolutionary Army Officers by Captain Charles Willson Peale of the Pennsylvania Line, 1776–1790*

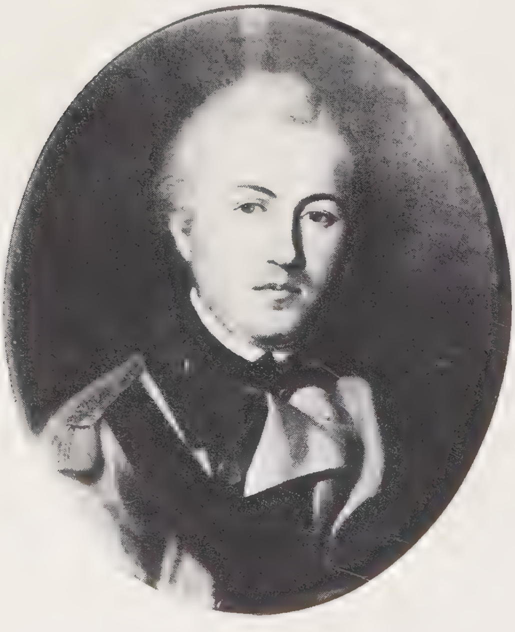
Courtesy Historical Society of Pennsylvania



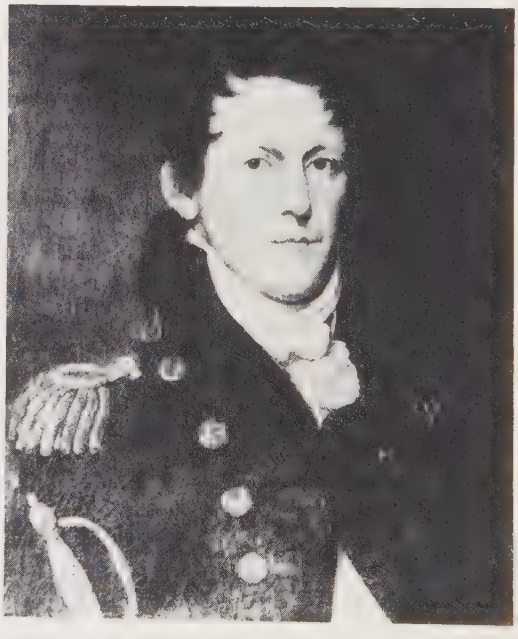
Colonel Andrew Porter,
4th Pennsylvania Artillery,
Continental Army, 1776–1790



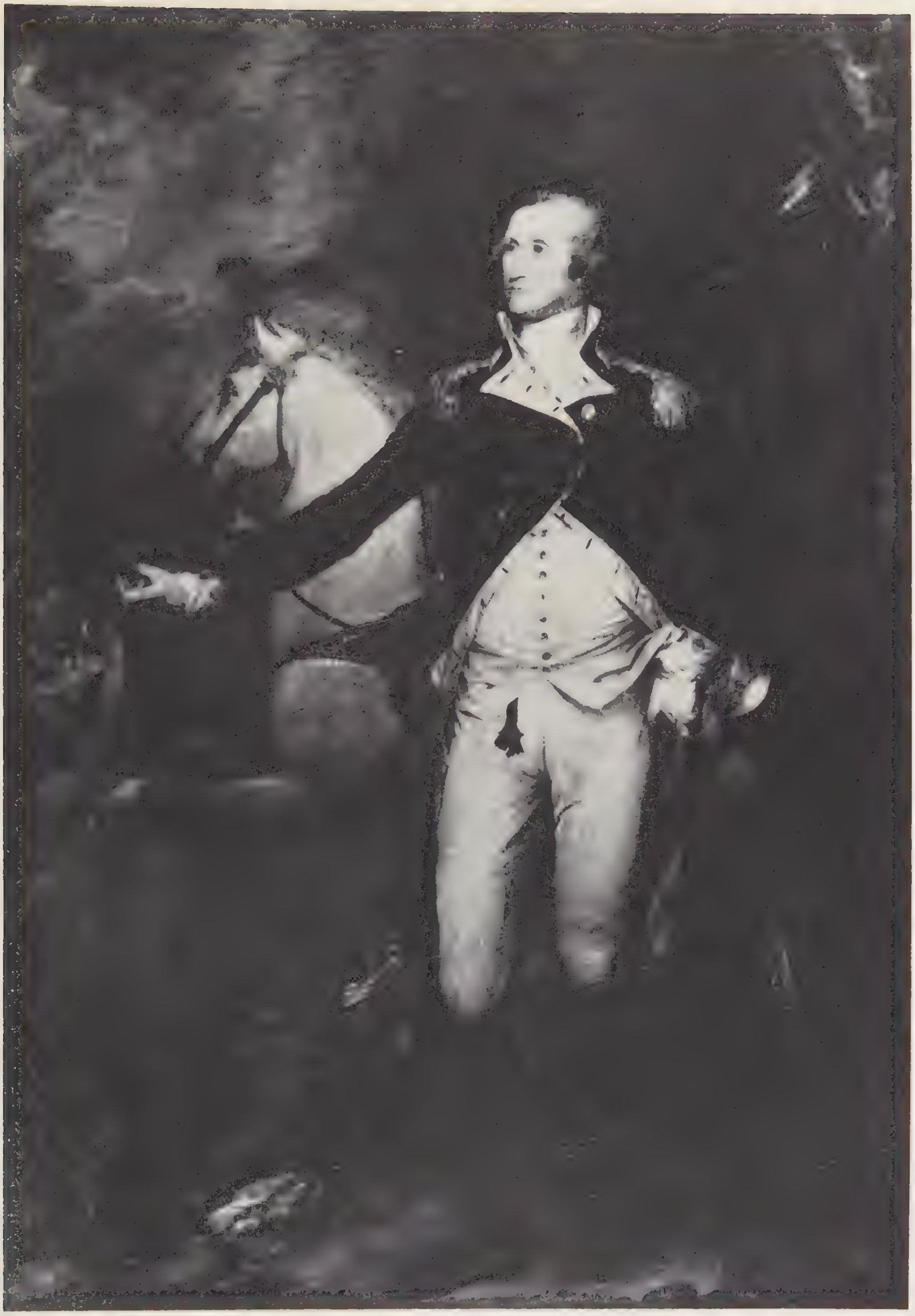
John Dickinson,
Continental Army, 1776



Colonel Henry Lee,
Continental Army, 1776



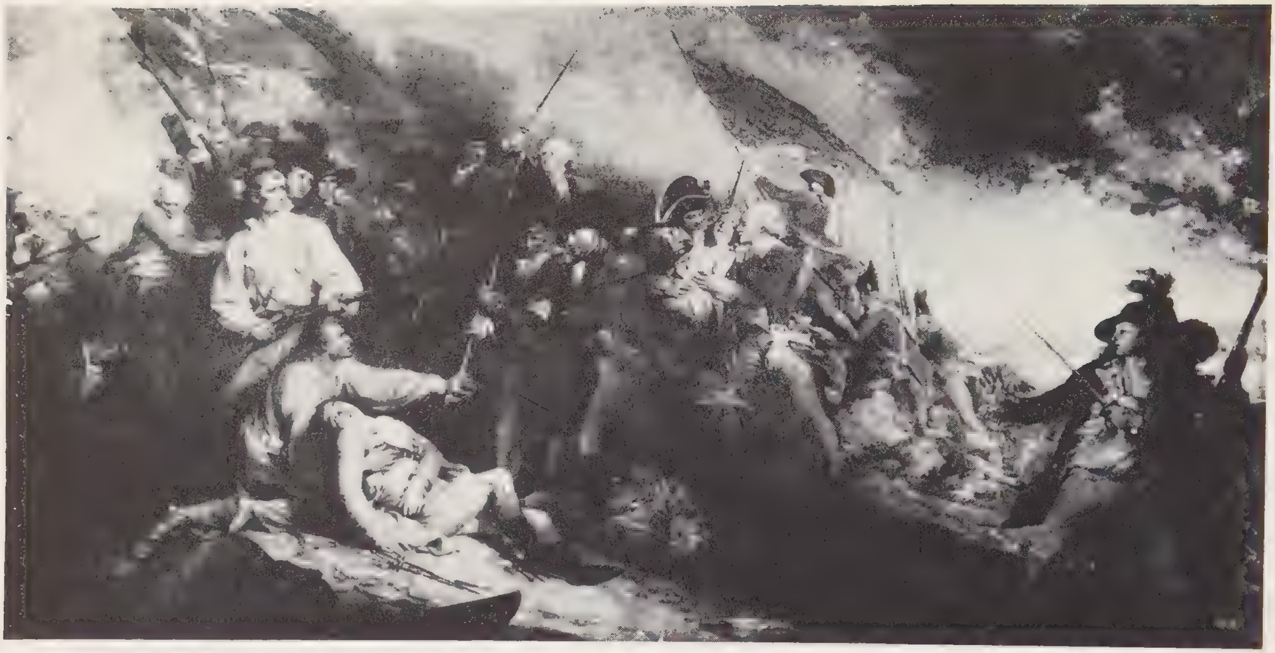
Captain James Biddle,
Continental Army, 1776



*From the original painting by Colonel John Trumbull. Courtesy Yale University Art Gallery*

General George Washington at the Battle of Trenton.
"First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of His Countrymen"

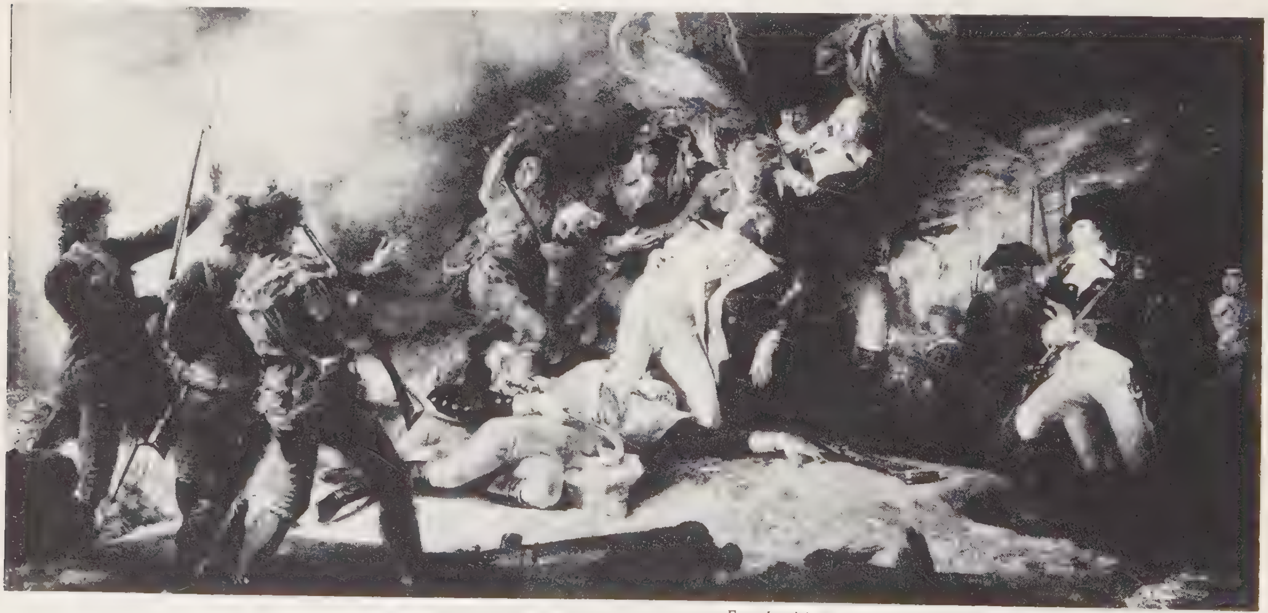
It was noted in Washington's diary that he sat for Colonel Trumbull five times in February, three in March, and four in July, 1790.



*From the original painting by Colonel John Trumbull. Courtesy Yale University Art Gallery*

## Death of General Warren at the Battle of Bunker's Hill

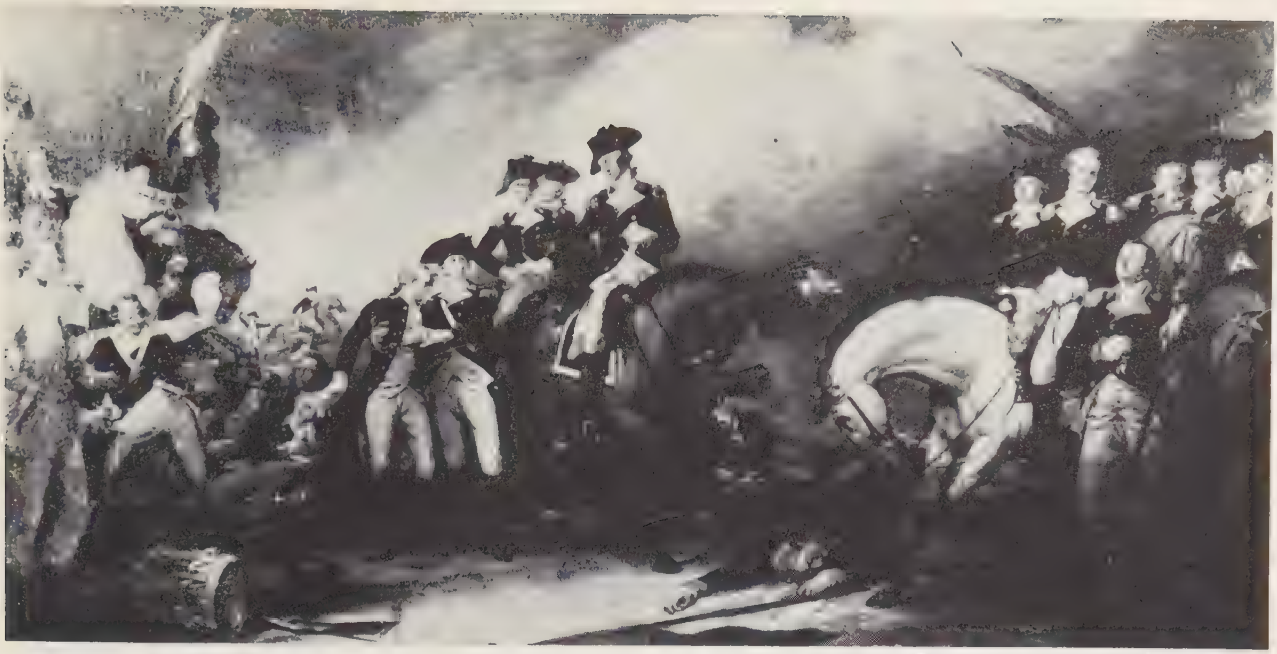
Bunker's Hill (actually Breed's Hill), near Boston, was defended by some 1,500 farmers and American Minutemen. It was attacked on June 17, 1775, by 2,500 British redcoats, after they had set fire to the suburb of Charleston to clear it of American snipers. Twice repulsed, the British finally won after a bayonet charge when the Americans ran out of powder. Almost half the British force was killed or wounded.



*From the original painting by Colonel John Trumbull. Courtesy Yale University Art Gallery*

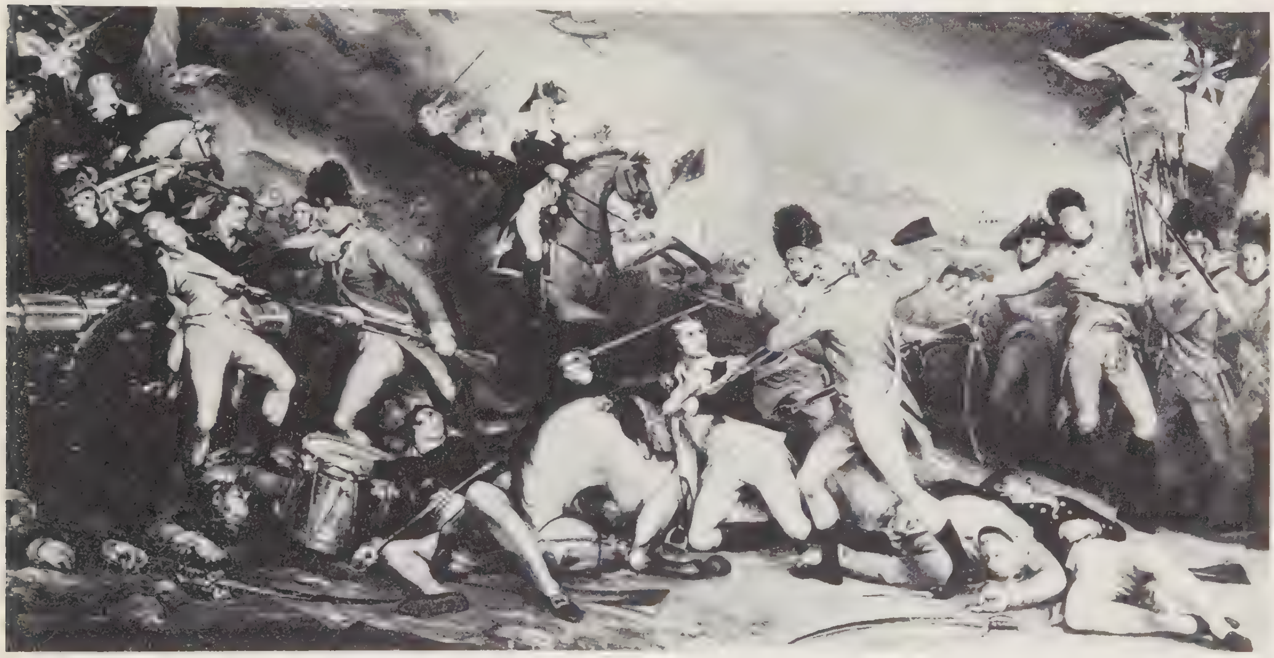
## Death of General Richard Montgomery at Quebec

Colonel Benedict Arnold and General Richard Montgomery received orders to attack the British stronghold at Quebec, in Canada. Colonel Arnold made the famous but ill-fated march through the wilds of Maine and Canada and reached his objective before Montgomery, but many of his men perished. With his small remaining force Arnold laid siege to Quebec but was unable to take it until supported by Montgomery. He finally captured the city, but was unable to hold it.



*From an original painting by Colonel John Trumbull. Courtesy Yale University Art Gallery*

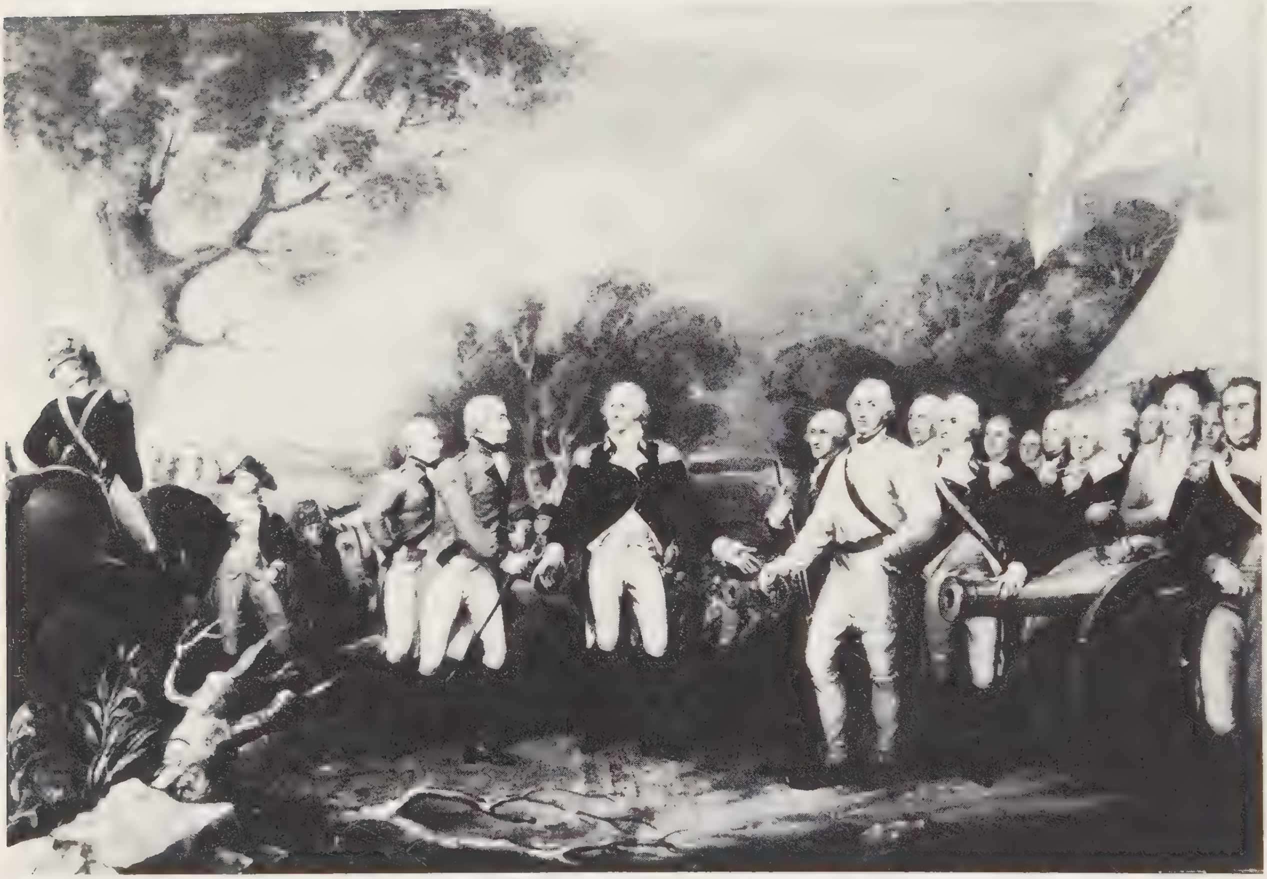
Capture of the Hessians by Washington's Continentals at Trenton, New Jersey, Christmas Night, 1776



*From an original painting by Colonel John Trumbull. Courtesy Yale University Art Gallery*

Death of the American General Hugh Mercer at the Battle of Princeton

Most of the fighting at Princeton took place south of the town. Here on the open fields the British fought in the well-disciplined, close-order-formation type of fighting at which they were superb. General Mercer was killed in the engagement.



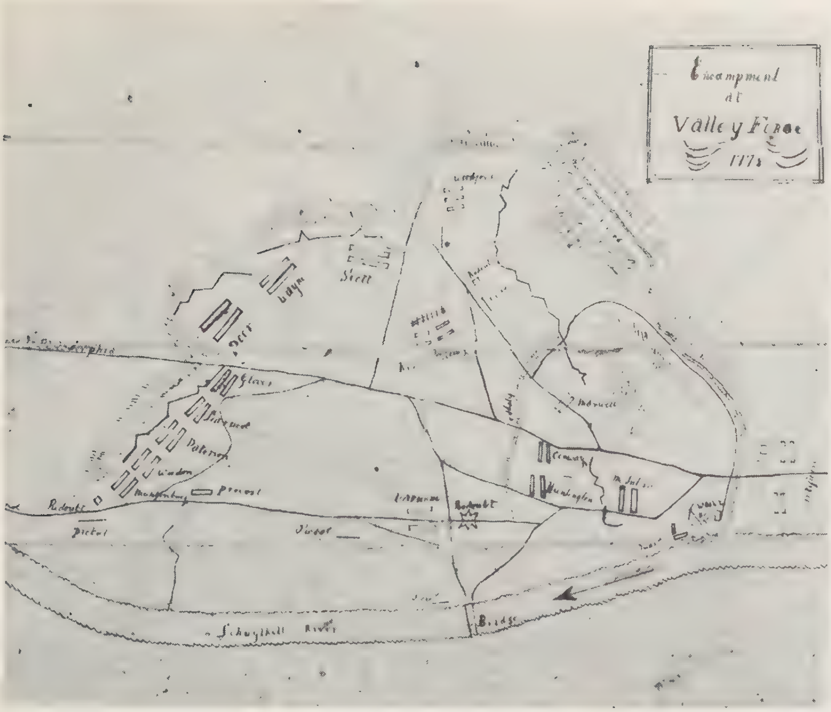
*From an original painting by Colonel John Trumbull. Courtesy Yale University Art Gallery*

## Surrender of General John "Gentleman Johnnie" Burgoyne at Saratoga

The Battle of Saratoga, one of the decisive victories of the Revolutionary War, was made possible by the impromptu rally and charge by General Benedict Arnold. Burgoyne began his advance down the Lake Champlain waterway, while Colonel Barry St. Leger advanced up the St. Lawrence, intending a junction at Albany. Neither army got there. Burgoyne slogged his way through the forest to Saratoga, his army in poor shape to fight after the grueling march. In the final engagement the Americans, under General Horatio Gates, but led by Arnold in a classic charge, defeated the British. The great victory caused the French to ally themselves with the Americans. But the victory belonged to Arnold.

Curiously enough, the flag appearing atop the tent in the background is unlike previously noted likenesses of the American flag. The Continental Congress, on June 14, 1777, authorized that the "Flag of the United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white, that the Union be thirteen stars white on a blue field, representing a constellation."

Colonel Trumbull has placed these stars, representing the thirteen original colonies, along the edges of the rectangle with one star in the center. This representation has apparently not been noted before, the stars always appearing in a circle. Colonel Trumbull was a meticulous worker, he having spent a number of years doing research for his military paintings. It is highly unlikely that he would have been mistaken about his arrangement of them.


Encampment at Valley Forge 1778
Schuylkill River
Bridge
Redoubt
Picket
Provost

## Manuscript Military Map of the Encampment at Valley Forge on the Schuylkill River, near Philadelphia

This map by an unidentified military cartographer, made for General Washington, shows the command of Major General Lord Stirling, including the positions of the Carolina Brigade, Virginians, La Fayette Brigade, and Valley Forge road. It is probably an early, and scantily detailed, map of the Valley Forge encampment.

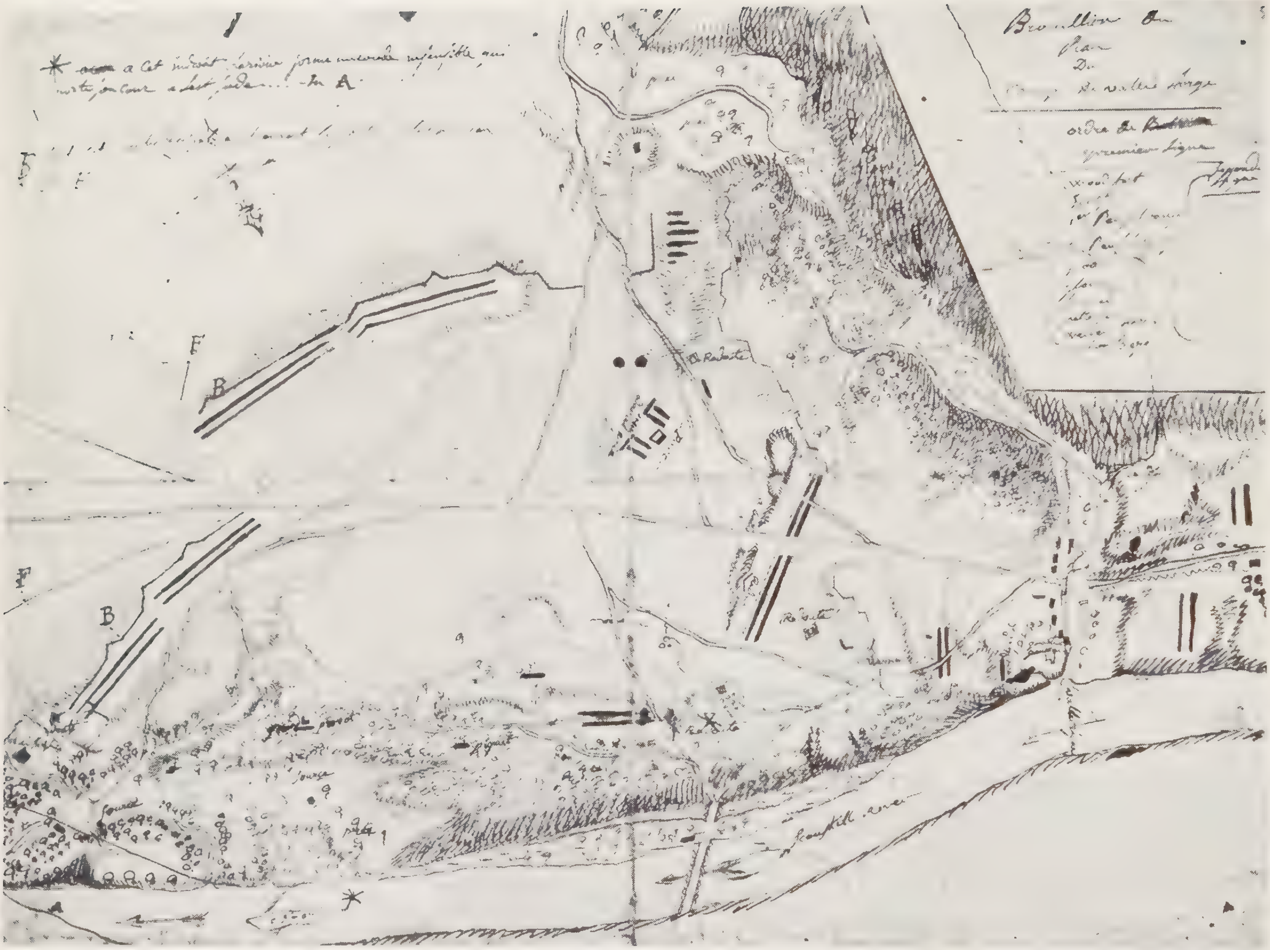
*Courtesy Historical Society of Pennsylvania*

PART OF THE JERSEY
PART OF THE SOUND
PART OF LONG ISLAND
REFERENCES

## Manuscript Military Map of the Lower New York and Jersey Combat Zone

Made for General Washington's personal use, the map is the only one of its kind in existence. The cartographer is unknown.

*Courtesy Historical Society of Pennsylvania*

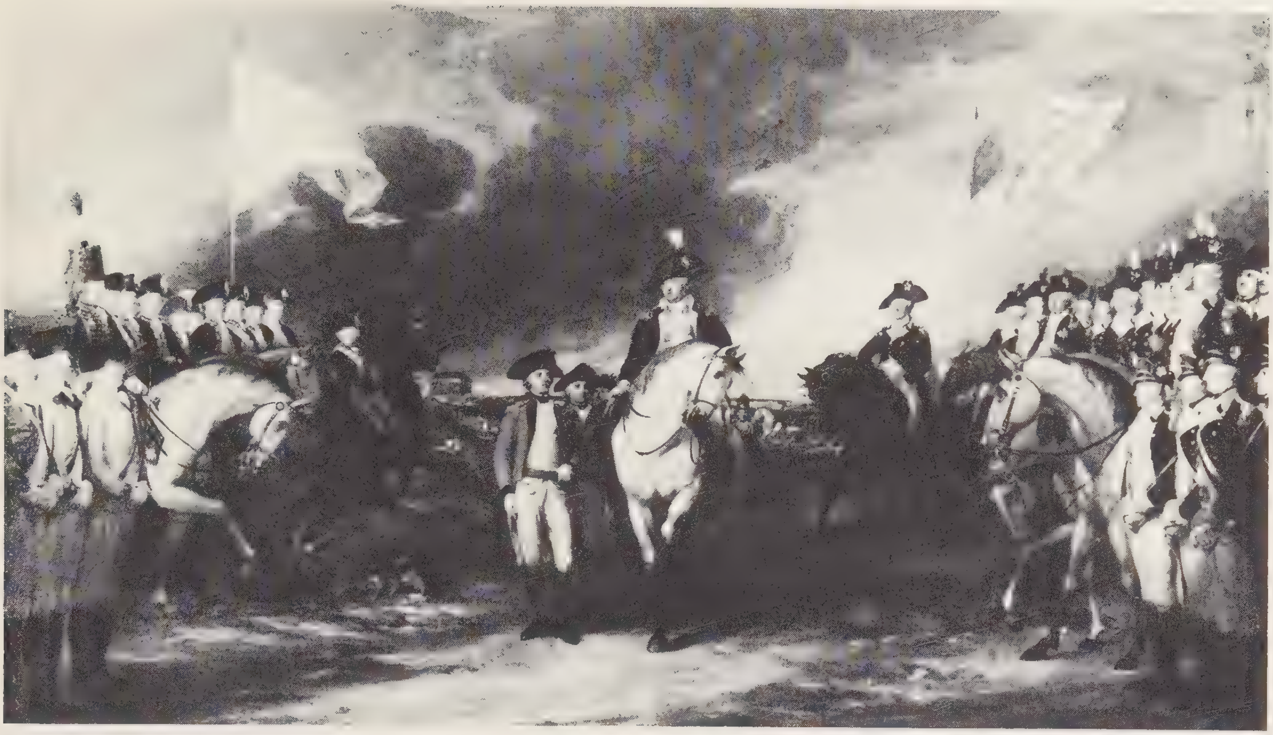


*Courtesy Historical Society of Pennsylvania*

Brigadier General Louis du Portail's Map of the Defenses of Valley Forge

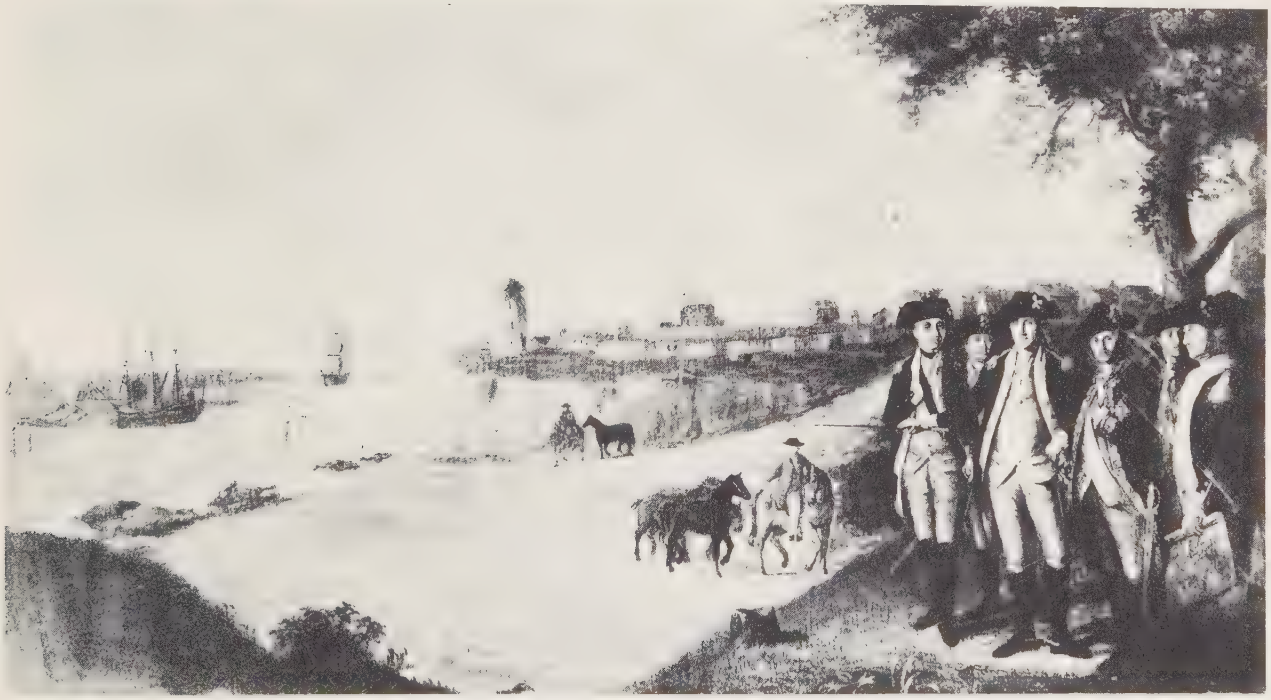
This military map by the Chief Engineer of the Continental Army, Brigadier General Louis Le Beque du Portail, is an excellent example of this officer's ability and talent. He was the best military engineer in the army and was beloved by Washington.

The map of Valley Forge, though probably incomplete, shows definitely where the defenses should be—and were later—located. His notes on the map are written upside down, but are precise in detail. The only contemporary map of real accuracy, it can be compared with the map on page 61.



*From an original painting by Colonel John Trumbull. Courtesy Yale University Art Gallery*

Surrender of Lord Charles Cornwallis to General George Washington at Yorktown, Virginia



*By James Peale of the Continental Army. Courtesy The Maryland Historical Society*

Meeting of the Generals of the American and French Armies at Yorktown after the Surrender

# 3

# The Girls They Left Behind Them

## *The War of 1812*

The War of 1812 was mainly a naval war, immediately resulting from the indiscriminate impressment of American merchant seamen by British men-of-war on the high seas. The United States Navy was small then, almost insignificant when compared with the British fleet. But this lack of capital ships, strangely enough, did not alter the face of the war at sea. Rather, it embellished it. A new type of fighting seaman was introduced—the privateersman. Fast brigs, built in New England and outfitted with naval guns, were commissioned, along with their captains, by the United States government to augment the regular fleet.

The new privateersmen learned their lessons of war well and quickly. Before long they made themselves felt by their slashing attacks and hit-and-run tactics against British shipping. The British called it piracy, but they were powerless against it.

It was left to the frigates *Constitution* and *Constellation* to cope with the British men-of-war. Soon these great ships, with their superior seamanship and gunnery, reduced to burning hulks some of the finest warships of the British Navy. After the failure of the British fleet in 1814 to subdue Fort McHenry at Baltimore, Great Britain made no further attempt to subjugate the young nation.

The four artists most prominent for their work in delineating the War of 1812 in paintings and drawings were Captain David Porter, William Bainbridge Hoff, Thomas Birch, and Nicolas Pocock. Since the war was fought mainly on the sea, most of these artists' paintings depicted the many naval actions which took place over the vast ocean territory. The United States Navy, at the declaration of war, comprised only four ships of the line: the *Constitution,* "the ship that was a navy," the *United States,* the *Constellation,* and the *Essex.*

Captain David Porter, of the United States frigate *Essex,* was a man who knew where he stood in life to an altogether unusual degree. He had a profound knowledge of navigation and seamanship. As commander of a ship of war, his daring, his strategic judgment, and his shrewd and careful handling of his men followed in the finest tradition of American naval history.

A remarkably versatile man, he wrote a *Journal* of the celebrated cruise of the *Essex* which was later published by the firm of Bradford and Inskeep of Philadelphia in the spring of 1815. The *Journal* was wonderfully illustrated with engravings of drawings by Porter's own hand. The stirring events pictured in these drawings were those of an active participant with a retentive memory, who could describe in charcoal and white chalk American naval battles in the South Pacific.

Although Captain Porter's *Journal* is a serious professional Navy man's work, the events in the story read like fiction. Never in any narrative has a man's personality been more pronounced than in the pages of this remarkable book. His character and personality are apparent on every page. Porter's reflections on life among the natives of the Marquesas Islands, and of the habits of these unclad children of nature, are made unforgettable by his loving description of them. He wrote as he sketched, forcibly and with broad sweeping strokes and plain unvarnished language. David Porter, a naval officer, was telling exactly what he had seen of war at sea and of life in the lush islands of the South Pacific.

Porter was compelled, in the second edition of his *Journal,* to make some revisions. The vivid description of the natural habits, morals, and general behavior of the Marquesans was all too shocking for the sensitive minds of patrician gentry of his day. Yet the book aroused a great deal of interest at home and abroad and was later translated into Italian and published in a three-volume edition in Milan in 1820. Porter's *Journal* is an extremely rare book, for it was suppressed soon after publication by the American government because of a mutiny that took place on board his ship, a mutiny which the resolute Porter put down single-handed.

## THE *ESSEX* IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

### 1812–1814

In October, 1812, Captain David Porter was given secret orders to rendezvous with the *Constitution,* under the command of Commodore William Bainbridge, at the island of Fernando de Noronha off the Brazilian coast. That same day the *Essex* left the mouth of the Delaware River bound for South America.

The ship, in view of the long voyage, wrote Captain Porter, "had on board stock, vegetables, and other stores, in as large quantities as could be stowed." The realization that he might run into acute difficulties when he reached the Brazilian coast, and the somber prospect of sailing alone in the mid-Atlantic without support or escort of any kind, compelled Porter to overload his ship. "The ship being very deep," he wrote, "we found her unusually laborsome and uncomfortable; her straining occasioned by her deep rolling opened her waterways, and kept the berthdeck full of water, where many provisions were stored."

Once clear of the American coast the *Essex* was alone on the great Atlantic. Neutral ports were closed to her officially. Only by the personal favor of local officials of small ports along Porter's route could he depend on bases where he could put in for repairs and supplies. Porter's wise precautions and foresight were manifest when, "previous to leaving the river [Delaware] the crew had been put on allowance of half a gallon of water." The bread ration reduced to half, an extra portion of potatoes and apples was issued in its place. Wrote Captain Porter, "Every other article of provisions were reduced one-third, excepting rum."

On March 3, while cruising in search of the *Constitution,* the *Essex* ran into a heavy gale. Much of the food and provisions on board were spoiled. "An enormous sea broke over the ship," wrote Porter, "and for an instant destroyed every hope. Our gundeck ports were burst in; both boats on the quarterdeck stove; our spare spars washed from the chains; our headrails washed away, hammock stanchions burst in, and ship perfectly deluged and waterlogged, immediately after the tremendous shock."

The desperate need of fresh food for his crew compelled Captain Porter to head for the Portuguese Cape Verde Islands, the port of Porto Praya. While en route, the *Essex* overhauled and captured a Peruvian privateer, the *Neyreda.* Porter learned from the Peruvian crew that "an embargo had been laid on American vessels in the Brazils on the news of the war." The place was approached with extreme caution, the *Essex* standing offshore before the anchor was dropped. Porter sent Lieutenant Downes ashore to report to the Governor that the ship was "an American Frigate wanting supplies." But to Porter's complete surprise, the Governor of Porto Praya was very co-operative. The islanders were badly in need of bread because of the cessation of American commerce brought on by the war, and Porter, the diplomat, taking advantage of the chance their plight afforded, sent the Governor "a barrel of flour and one of pork." The gift won over the Governor, and the *Essex* was permitted to take on board large quantities of water and fresh fruit. The *Essex* again set sail for the Brazilian mainland. On the way to Brazil, Porter's main concern was for the physical welfare of his men. "My chief care was now the health of my people," he wrote, "and all means that suggested themselves to my mind to effect this great object were adopted." The utmost cleanliness was required. The crew was mustered on the deck every morning and "strictly examined by their officers."

Porter now sailed to keep his rendezvous with the *Constitution.* But the great warship failed to arrive at the appointed time. While cruising in the vicinity of the place of rendezvous, Porter overhauled a small British ship. "She proved to be His Majesty's Ship *Nocton,*" wrote Porter, "bound to Falmouth, of ten guns and thirty-one men." A careful search of the cargo disclosed that the *Nocton* "had on board $55,000 in specie."

Porter, after putting a prize crew of fifteen aboard the *Nocton,* continued his search for the *Constitution* and again failed to locate her. Finally, on December

13, the *Essex* arrived at Fernando de Noronha, the first rendezvous fixed by Bainbridge.

Taking no unnecessary chances, Porter disguised his ship as a merchantman, and Lieutenant Downes was again sent ashore, this time in civilian clothes. Downes obtained secret instructions left by Bainbridge to rendezvous with the *Constitution* at Cape Frio, farther south. Porter, meanwhile, went on a concerted hunt for British whalers reported to be in those waters. Soon thereafter, he again became in need of food and water and put in at the island of St. Catherine's.

While there, he heard rumors of a superior British naval force prowling the vicinity. Upon receiving this disquieting intelligence and fearing a blockade, Porter "left port after dark on January 25th, leaving two stragglers ashore." Having no base in that part of the world, Porter had now to decide between returning home or continuing the cruise to disrupt British shipping. The alternative of returning to the United States was eliminated at once; to return home "at a season of the year when our coast would be swarming with the enemy's cruisers," he wrote, "would be running too much risk." Moreover, such action was directly contrary to his orders. Porter then toyed with the idea of "going off to St. Helena's to intercept returning British Indiamen." But the state of his food supplies precluded this bright prospect.

Porter "therefore determined to pursue that course which would be best calculated to injure the enemy and would enable me to prolong my cruise. This could be done by going into a friendly port, where I could increase my supplies without the danger of blockade, and the first place that presented itself to my mind was the Port of Conception, on the coast of Chile. The season, to be sure, was far advanced for doubling Cape Horn; our stock of provisions was short, and the ship in other respects not well supplied with stores for so long a cruise; but there appeared no other choice for me, except capture, starvation, or blockade."

Having made his decision to round the Horn, Porter took immediate measures to conserve his existing supplies. He devised a special arrangement for catching rain water; one half-gallon of water was a week's allowance for each man. Bread rations were reduced to one half. All other rations were reduced one third with the exception of extra potatoes and "a full rum ration."

Desperately in need of a base from which to operate, Porter had no choice other than to round Cape Horn, despite the bad season for such an attempt. It took a dangerous cruise of three weeks for the *Essex* to round the Horn. Stopping at Mocha, an island off the Chilean coast, Porter took care of immediate supply needs. He then "found it necessary to again reduce the allowance of rum, in the same proportion as the salt provisions. Every man in the ship refused to receive any of that precious liquor unless he could get full allowance; stating that when there should be no more on board, they would willingly go without; but so long as it lasted they wished their full allowance. However, as there was but a small quantity in the ship, and believing that a sudden privation of it altogether would cause dejection and sickness among them, I determined that the grog-tub should be upset fifteen minutes after they were called to grog; the consequence was that every man hastened to the tub for fear of losing his allowance. After this no further complaint was made."

Porter and his crew found Mocha uninhabited except for droves of wild horses and hogs, replenishing his food supply from the latter. He then set sail for Valparaiso. According to Porter the ship looked like "a latter day Noah's Ark," for the deck was loaded with squealing hogs and chattering wild fowl. After an uneasy trip up the west coast of South America, the battered *Essex* arrived with her ragged and hungry crew at Valparaiso, Chile, in March, 1813, having by-passed Concepción in a dense fog.

Porter sent Lieutenant Downes ashore with a message to the Governor that they "were an American frigate greatly in need of supplies of every kind . . ." Instead of finding reluctant assistance, he found an ally. Chile, having thrown off the yoke of Spain, "looked up to the United States of America for example and protection."

The Chilean government had been constantly harassed by Peruvian privateers sent out by the Spanish viceroy, and several American ships had also suffered capture by these marauders. The friendly Chileans liberally restocked the *Essex*. After a week of repairs, the ship was able to sail for the Galápagos Islands. British whalers habitually cruised among those islands, and Porter accordingly proceeded to this vicinity, arriving there on April 17, 1813, and put into the harbor of Charles Island (now known as Santa María).

When they landed on the island, they found sea lions and green turtles in countless numbers. The turtles were easy to catch as they came up on the beaches at night to lay their eggs. Moreover, a short exploratory trip around the island disclosed an acre of giant iguanas. These lizards were found to be quite edible, having a taste like chicken when cooked. Giant tortoises, almost six feet long and four feet across the back, also proved edible, and many were captured and stored in the hold for food. The Galápagos Islands were green though arid, and the water surrounding them had bewildering currents and calms and was alive with whales and tortoises. They were everywhere. In his *Journal* Porter wrote, ". . . land tortoises are to be found in great numbers, which are esteemed for their excellence, and remarkable for their size, weighing from 300 to 400 weight each."

Fresh drinking water was still a serious problem, and Porter solved it by the capture of the British whaler *Atlantic,* which "had on board about one hundred tons of water, an article of more value to us than anything else. . . . "

The *Essex* had, to date, captured in all twelve British whalers, which included the *Montezuma, Georgianna, Policy, Atlantic,* and *Greenwich,* nearly half the total in the Pacific. These ships were larger than the average merchant ship and were exceedingly "well found." The *Atlantic,* a fast sailer and a "smart ship," which had been pierced for only six guns, was rebuilt above decks to carry a battery of twenty, and became the *Essex Junior,* under the command of Lieutenant Downes.

From the rest of his prizes Porter obtained "an abundant supply of cordage, canvas, paint, tar, and every other article necessary for the ship, all of which she stood in great need, as our slender stock brought from America had now become worn out and useless." After six months of cruising in the Galápagos Islands Porter found the *Essex* urgently in need of extensive overhauling. To make matters worse she was overrun with giant rats which could be killed only by smoking out the ship. The rats destroyed food, clothing, sails, and water casks, according to Porter, "even getting into the magazine and destroying our cartridges."

Porter's nearest base was 11,000 miles away and to solve his problems of refitting and repair he chose the Marquesas Islands as a base. "The repairs and smoking of my ship were paramount to every other consideration," he wrote, "and I knew of no place where I could be more likely to do it undisturbed." On the way to Callao, Peru, Porter ran down a Peruvian privateer which had captured two U. S. whalers. Overtaking her, he had his men strip the ship of her guns, throwing them overboard, and sent the Peruvian home with a warning to the viceroy. At the entrance to Callao the *Essex* again recaptured an American whaler from a Peruvian prize crew, after which she proceeded to the Marquesas Islands. In October, 1813, the *Essex* dropped anchor in the harbor of Nuku Hiva (Nukahiva) with her prizes, the first ship instrumental in establishing an American South Pacific naval base.

The natives were friendly, and they paddled out in dugout canoes and outriggers to greet the ship. But this friendliness did not last long. Porter immediately established an armed fort on shore, everything from the flagship being removed in order that extensive repairs could be at once undertaken. Porter then placed the natives under requisition, compensating them for all the fresh provisions they could bring to camp. The tribe whose village was near the new naval base was frequently attacked by the Happas natives who inhabited a near-by valley on the island.

Despite Porter's warnings, the depredations continued. Taking a small detachment of his men, which included a number of Marines, together with a six-pounder, Porter went in search of the troublesome Happas. Seeing this determined show of force, the Happas quickly established good relations with the American seamen. Meanwhile, Porter took formal possession of the island for the United States on November 19, 1813, renaming it Madison's Island. He named the stockade Fort Madison, the native village Madisonville, and the harbor Massachusetts Bay. With all due ceremony Porter read the formal declaration, and the Stars and Stripes was hoisted over the fort and saluted with seventeen guns.

"Nukahiva," admits Porter, "had many charms for the sailor." The easy, lush, island living attracted the sailors of his crew to the charms of native life, and it was not surprising that the men felt disposed to settle there for the rest of their lives.

The free and easy habits of the native girls were a constant source of temptation to Porter's men difficult to overcome. These women were straight and lusciously golden; high-breasted, proud, handsome, and well formed. Flirtatious daughters of chiefs and petty chiefs, from the ages of twelve to eighteen, roamed at will and gave their full attention to the pursuits of pleasure, offering their favors to whom they pleased. The girls spent their time swimming and bathing naked. They ornamented themselves so as to be more attractive to the man of the moment who held their fancy, and they overran Porter's ships, consorting with the crew. For the price of a whale's tooth a sailor could have any wench he desired. All in all the native girls were playful, willing, and by habit wore no more clothes than Aphrodite. Some of the crew formed permanent attachments with these native girls.

Porter found the men of Nuku Hiva to be generally handsome and well made, and of a curious copper color except where their bodies were covered with intricate tattooing. Shades of skin varied so that many were no darker than many of Porter's crew members who had spent time in the sun.

Before long trouble again began brewing among the Typees, a warlike tribe living on the coast, but separated from Madisonville by high mountains. Their disaffection spread rapidly to the friendly tribes near-by. The situation became so serious, wrote Porter, "that it was absolutely necessary to bring the Typees to terms or endanger our good understanding with the other tribes, and consequently our own safety."

In an effort to quell the rebellious natives, Porter took a small detachment of his men with him, expecting the friendly natives to join the expedition, but he made the mistake of employing too small a force and his detachment of thirty-five sailors and Marines had to do all the fighting despite the "support" of five thousand friendly natives. Porter's naval detachment, upon reaching the jungle, was greeted with a shower of stones hurled by several thousand entrenched Typees. In this attack the loyal Lieutenant Downes, commanding the advance, had his leg bone shattered and had to be carried to the rear.

After the fight in the tropical thickets had lasted several hours, the detachment was safely withdrawn. The withdrawal convinced Porter that, unless American prestige was quickly restored, the friendly natives would immediately go over to the enemy. In full expectation of this, Porter quickly organized a force of 200 picked men and again marched into the jungle against the Typees. The detachment met with determined resistance, and it was only after two days and three nights of hard fighting, and the necessity of burning most of the Typees' villages, that peace with the unruly natives was established.

By early December the repairs to the *Essex* were completed, and Porter made preparations for another foray against the British. This time the *Essex Junior* was to accompany the flagship. One of the captured prizes, the *New Zealander,* was dispatched to the United States. The others, the *Greenwich,* the *Seringapatam,* and the *Hammond,* wrote Porter, "were safely moored under the fort, and placed under the charge of Lt. Gamble of the Marines, who, with Midshipman Feltus and twenty-one men, volunteered to remain until my return, or until they should receive further orders from me.

"On the ninth of December," Porter continued, "I had all my provisions, wood, and water on board, my decks filled with hogs and a most abundant supply of cocoanuts and bananas with which we had been furnished by the liberality of our Nooaheevah friends, who had reserved for us a stock of dried cocoanuts, suitable for taking to sea, and calculated for keeping for three or four months.

"I now found it necessary to restrain liberty I had heretofore given to my people, and directed that every person should remain on board, and work late and early to hasten the departure of the ship. But three of my crew swam on shore at night, and were caught on the beach and brought to me. I immediately caused them to be confined in irons, and determined to check any further disobedience of my orders by the most exemplary punishment. Next morning I had them punished at the gangway, and set them to work in chains with my prisoners. This severity excited some discontent and murmurings among the crew, but it effectually prevented a recurrence.

"Nooaheevah had many charms for a sailor; and had part of my crew felt disposed to remain there, I knew they would not absent themselves until the moment before my departure. This severity had the desired effect; whatever might have been their disposition, none thought proper to absent themselves except a lazy negro, whom I took on board through charity at Tumbez. This affair had, however, liked to have ended seriously; my crew did not see the same motives for restraint as myself; they had long been indulged, and they thought it now hard to be deprived of their usual liberty."

Restless, discontented, and unhappy, Porter's crew began to show signs of disaffection and rebellion. Their situation, they said, was worse than slavery, and one Robert White declared, on board the *Essex Junior,* that the crew of the *Essex* had come to a resolution not to weigh her anchor, or if they should be compelled to get the ship under way, in three days time after leaving the port to hoist their own flag. When this situation was reported to Porter he recognized that it had become vitally necessary to take heed, and with none but quick energetic measures. "I was willing to let them ease their minds by a little grumbling," wrote Porter. "It was no more than what I expected, but a threat of this kind was carrying matters rather too far."

David Farragut, at that time a midshipman of twelve years and five months, wrote his account of the mutiny from memory many years afterward: "I suppose from having received some intimation that the ships were about to sail, dissatisfaction was expressed, as the sailors were loath to give up the demoralizing pleasures of the island.

"On Monday morning I saw that all was not right. The Captain took his cutlass in his hand, which he laid on the capstan. He then, though shaking with anger, addressed the crew, who had been mustered on the larboard side of the deck with forced composure. 'All of you who are in favor of weighing the anchor when I give the order, pass over to the starboard side; you who are of a different determination, stay on the larboard side.' All of them, to a man walked over to the starboard. He called up a man named Robert White, an Englishman, and said to him in a severe tone: 'How is this? Did you not tell them on board the *Essex Junior* that the crew of this ship would refuse to weigh anchor?' The man tremblingly replied: 'No, sir.' 'You lie, you scoundrel,' said the Captain. 'Where is the list of the men who visited the *Essex Junior* on Sunday?' He then made several of them step forward and put the question to them one after the other: 'Did you not hear of this thing on board the *Essex Junior?*' 'Yes, sir,' was the response. Then, turning to White, he exclaimed: 'Run, you scoundrel, for your life!' and the fellow went over the starboard gangway. I believe Captain Porter would have killed the man at the moment, if he had caught him, but it was equally evident he did not make any great exertion to do so. White got into a passing canoe, and we never saw him again. Captain Porter then addressed the crew in a hearty manner, praising their good conduct, and holding up to reprobation such miserable villainies. At the same time, he gave them to understand that he always intended to act summarily when such disgraceful affairs came to his notice, and intimated to them that he 'would blow them all to hell before they should succeed in a conspiracy.' Having delivered his address, he wheeled around and ordered them to man the capstan and the music to play 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.' The fiddle struck up, the anchor fairly flew to the bows, and we made sail and stood out to sea. Taken altogether, it was the most exciting scene I had ever witnessed, and made such impression on my young mind that the circumstance is as fresh as if it occurred yesterday."

With the island secured, Porter, on December 9, 1813, sailed for Mocha, which had been his first anchorage after rounding Cape Horn almost a year before. Thence he cruised toward Valparaiso on the lookout for prizes. Upon his arrival in February, the Chileans again showed their engaging hospitality. Porter, holding a scrupulous regard for Chilean neutrality, was put to great provocation with the arrival of the British frigate *Phoebe,* and her consort, the *Cherub.*

Captain Hillyar of the *Phoebe,* bent on trouble even though in a neutral port, inexcusably almost fouled the *Essex* as he came into the harbor. Porter realized at once that he was in imminent danger of having to face a powerful British naval concentration in the South Pacific. The American commander "had gained certain intelligence that the *Tagus,* rated 38 guns, and two other frigates" were heading in from the Atlantic. Also known to Porter was intelligence that the *Raccoon* was sailing from the northwest United States. Sifting this information and realizing its portent, Porter wisely decided to escape at the first opportunity. On March 28, "the wind came on to blow fresh from the south, when I parted my larboard cable and dragged my starboard anchor directly out to sea." This initial attempt to escape the British failed when "a heavy squall struck the ship and carried away her main topmast, precipitating the men who were aloft into the sea who were drowned." This accident delivered the *Essex* into British hands.

With her main topmast gone, her speed broken, the gallant *Essex* gave the best that was in her in a furious battle with the two British vessels, both carrying heavier and longer range guns. The gallant *Essex* gave a great account of herself, and struck her colors only when there was nothing left to surrender but a burning hulk. Thus in the printed word and masterful drawings of two great naval officers is left to American heritage the history of a gallant ship, a gallant crew, and a brilliant American naval officer—Captain David Porter.

There were many major naval engagements between the heavier ships of the line, notably between the U. S. S. *Constitution* and H.M.S. *Guerrière* and *Java,* and the frigates *United States* and *Macedonian.* These famous naval battles were delineated in oil on canvas by Thomas Birch in a series of beautiful paintings, faithful in every degree to fact.

The thrilling and decisive battle between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière* was fought off the coast of Nova Scotia on August 4, 1812. The *Constitution,* commanded by Captain Isaac Hull, sailed from Boston Harbor on August 2, on a patrol of the coast "in hopes of falling in with some British cruisers." After cruising along the coast of Nova Scotia to Newfoundland, the *Constitution* took up a station off Cape Race. Before long Captain Hull made out a large sail "bearing E.S.E. and to leeward." The day was cloudy with a strong wind blowing from the northwest. Soon the *Guerrière,* commanded by Captain J. R. Dacres, came within range and hoisted her ensigns. The *Constitution* accepted the challenge by running up her colors "one at each mast-head and one at mizzen-peak." The *Guerrière* opened the battle, coming in on the starboard tack, "wore round," and fired her port broadside.

To quote Admiral Jurien de la Gravière: "In an engagement which terminated in less than half an hour, the English frigate *Guerrière,* completely dismasted, had fifteen men killed, sixty-three wounded, and more than thirty shot below the water line. She sank twelve hours after the combat." The other naval events depicted by Thomas Birch ended in much the same manner, in favor of the ships of the young United States Navy.

"The *United States* took an hour and a half to capture the *Macedonian,*" wrote Admiral de la Gravière, "and the same difference made itself felt in the damage suffered by the two ships. The *Macedonian* had her mast shattered, two of her main-deck and all her spar-deck guns disabled; more than a hundred shot had penetrated the hull, and over a third of the crew had suffered by hostile fire. The American frigate, on the contrary, had to regret but five men killed and seven wounded; her guns had been fired each sixty-six times to the *Macedonian's* thirty-six." Admiral de la Gravière goes on to say: "The combat of the *Constitution* and the *Java* lasted two hours, and was the most bloody of these three engagements. The *Java* only struck when she had been razed like a sheer hulk; she had twenty-two men killed and one hundred and two wounded."

The military engagements of the War of 1812 brought forth once again the familiar names of Oswego, Fort Erie, and Niagara as battlegrounds. Most of these sporadic engagements could not lightly be termed "battles," but General Winfield Scott's forces fought a "struggle of the most desperate character" at Niagara, or Lundy's Lane, in which Scott was defeated. Moreover, the seacoast of the United States was harried by small British raiding parties, but for the most part the war was fought on the sea and on the Great Lakes where Oliver Hazard Perry earned everlasting fame in the battle of Lake Erie.

A small British army raided and burned Washington, and the British Navy attacked, but failed to take, Fort McHenry near Baltimore. And "The Star-Spangled Banner" was born.

One of the smaller battles, smaller by virtue of the number of casualties sustained by both sides, took place on October 5, 1813, at the Moravian Settlement near the town of Oxford, on the Thames River, Ontario, Canada. An American army composed of 3,000 Kentucky volunteers, led by General William Henry Harrison, engaged a British force, under General Proctor, numbering about 650 whites and some 2,000 Indians led by Tecumseh. The British had been retreating before the American force for several days, pursued by Harrison and his riflemen, before they decided to make a stand.

The battle opened with an American cavalry charge that all but ended the engagement as it began. The British broke and fled under the weight of the charge, General Proctor leading the rout. Tecumseh and his Indians put up the only serious resistance, a show of valor which cost the Indian chieftain his life. Tecumseh's death settled the matter and gave the victory, such as it was, to Harrison. The victory had little bearing on the outcome of the war, but it did have a profound nullifying effect on the powerful Northwestern Indian confederacy against the United States.

One major land battle of the War of 1812 was fought at Lundy's Lane on the Canadian side of the border near Niagara Falls. The battle was fought on July 25, 1814, between General Winfield Scott's forces and a large British contingent commanded by General Riall. That afternoon the American army, comprising about 1,300 men, stationed at Chippewa, made its cast into Canadian territory by advancing on Queenstown.

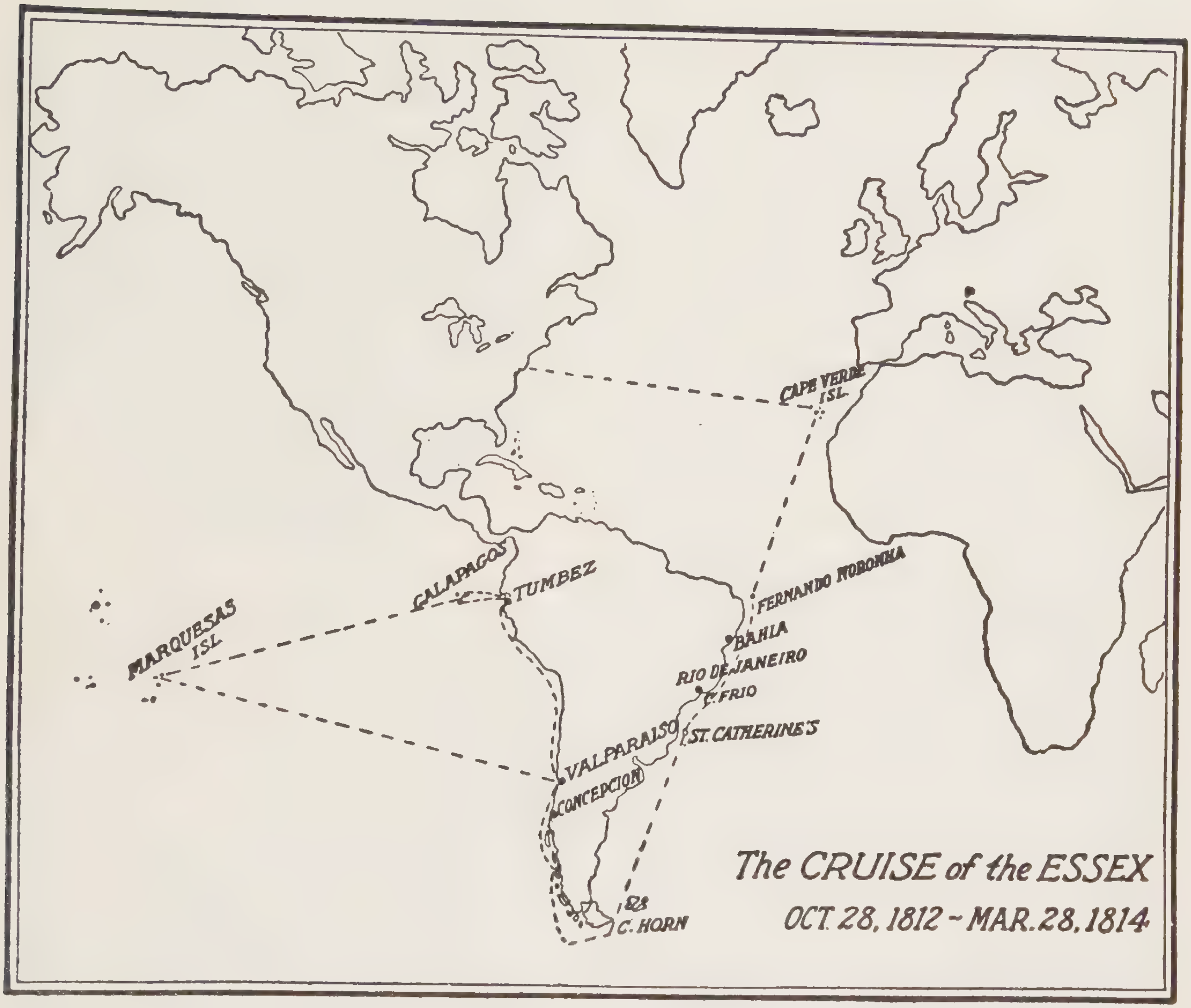
It was late in the afternoon when the American forces, after marching two miles, suddenly flushed the superior British army in line of battle in the little road known as "Lundy's Lane." Scott opened the attack at once, turned the British left flank, and captured some prisoners, including General Riall. Although the American forces put up a stiff battle, no gain was made by either side. Scott's army held the initiative for about an hour and at nightfall broke off the engagement and retired to its original position at Chippewa. No further advance was made into Canadian territory.

The battle of New Orleans, the most decisive battle of the land war, was fought at Chalmette, near New Orleans, on January 8, 1815. The first signs of the impending engagement arrived at Borgne Bay on December 10, 1814, when a British fleet of 50 warships and transports, carrying 7,000 troops, arrived at the entrance to Lake Borgne. Two weeks later, a division of British troops, guided by a Spanish fisherman, trudged its way through Bayou Bienvenu on the right bank of the Mississippi River, eight miles below New Orleans.

The American forces under Major General Andrew Jackson, aware of the British invasion, inflicted considerable loss on the British troops in a night attack, later falling back and establishing lines behind an old mill race that stretched along a strip of dry land, the only solid ground at the edge of a cypress swamp. There Jackson threw up earthen field works, not breastworks of cotton bales as was once believed. The only cotton bales on hand were those used as artillery embrasures.

On January 8, 1815, Major General Edward Pakenham opened the engagement with a heavy bombardment of the American lines which failed of its purpose. Pakenham then began an attack on one of Jackson's batteries on the right flank, at the same time ordering two British columns to attack the left. The British attack was delivered with precision, but the veterans of Spain were no match for Jackson's Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen. In less than thirty minutes 2,000 British soldiers and three British generals, including Pakenham, were dead in the Louisiana swamps. Jackson's losses were eight killed and thirteen wounded.

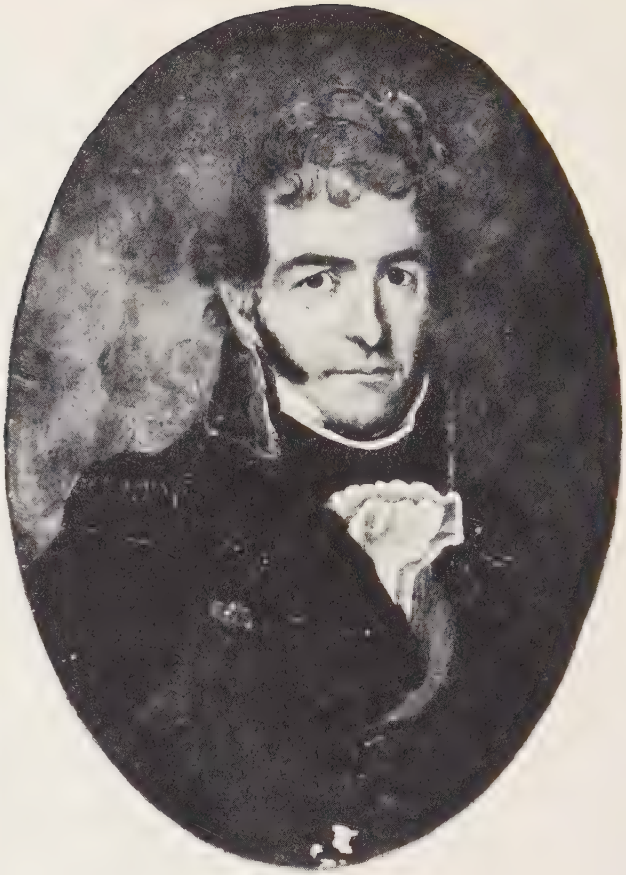
The battle was unnecessary, for the peace treaty had been signed at Ghent on December 24, though the news did not reach America until the middle of February. Ten days after the battle, the British troops had embarked on their ships never to return. "The English had thrown for high stakes," wrote Theodore Roosevelt, "and had lost everything, and they knew it."


MARQUESAS ISL.
GALAPAGOS
TUMBEZ
CAPE VERDE ISL.
FERNANDO NORONHA
BAHIA
RIO DE JANEIRO
C. FRIO
ST. CATHERINE'S
VALPARAISO
CONCEPCION
C. HORN
The CRUISE of the ESSEX
OCT. 28, 1812 - MAR. 28, 1814

*From The Porter Collection. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

Cruise of the United States frigate *Essex*
to the South Pacific, October 28, 1812–March 28, 1814

This map, from Captain Porter's *Journal,* shows the route sailed by the *Essex* in her raids on British shipping in the War of 1812.



Commodore David Porter,
U. S. Navy, Commander of the frigate *Essex*

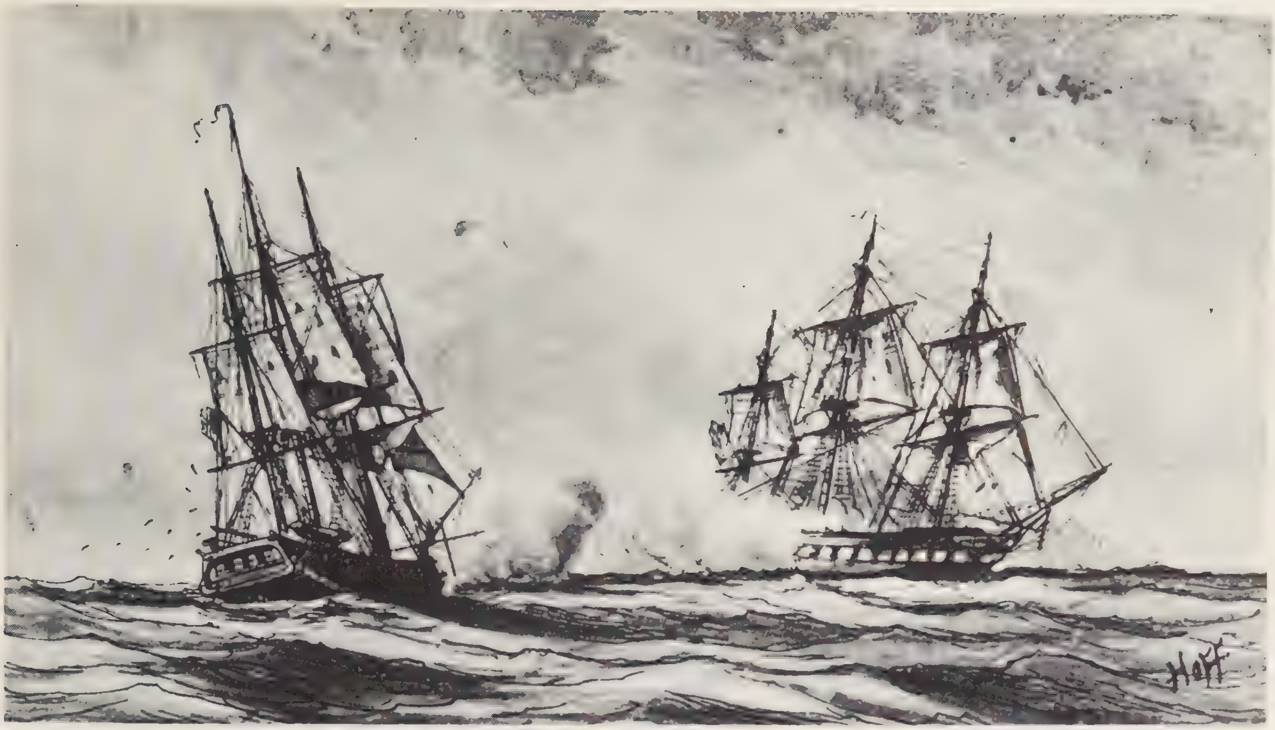
From a hand painting on ivory, artist unknown. The original of this painting is owned by Mr. William Porter, April, 1930.

*Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

*From a photograph by Mathew B. Brady. Author's collection*

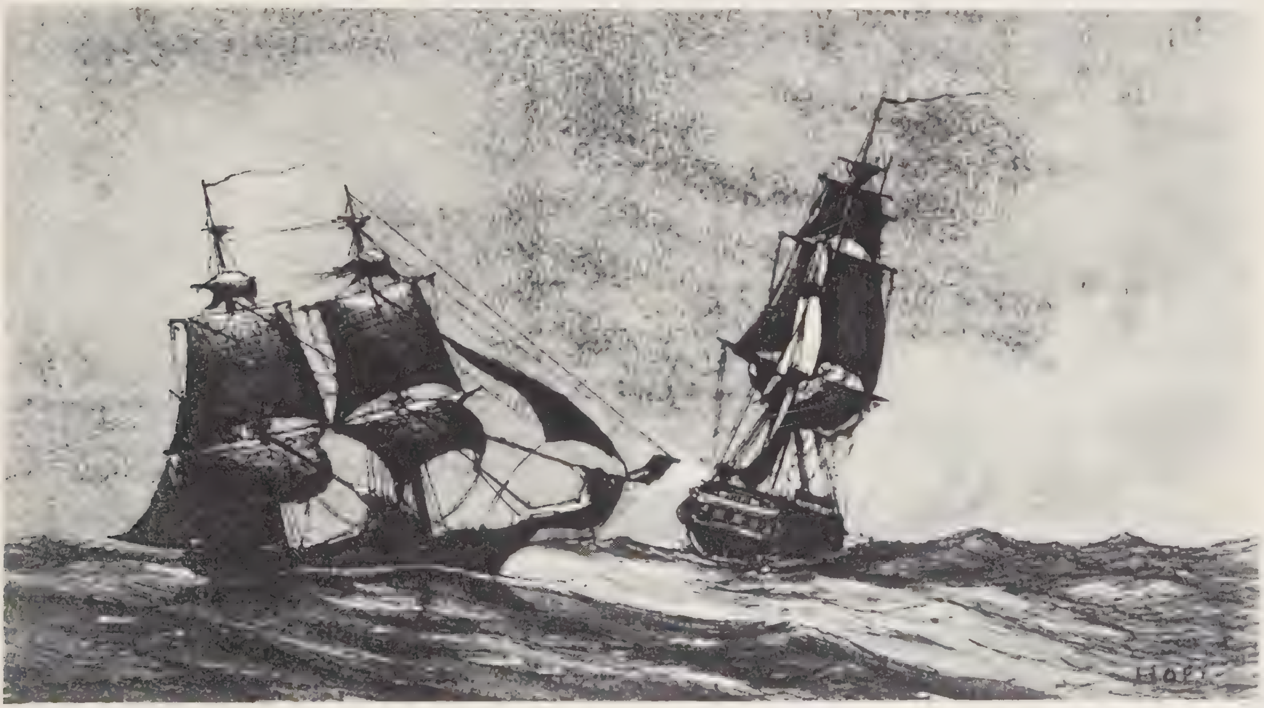
Admiral David Farragut, U. S. N.

Commander of the United States Fleet in the Civil War, he was a midshipman on the *Essex* during the cruise to the South Pacific in 1812.



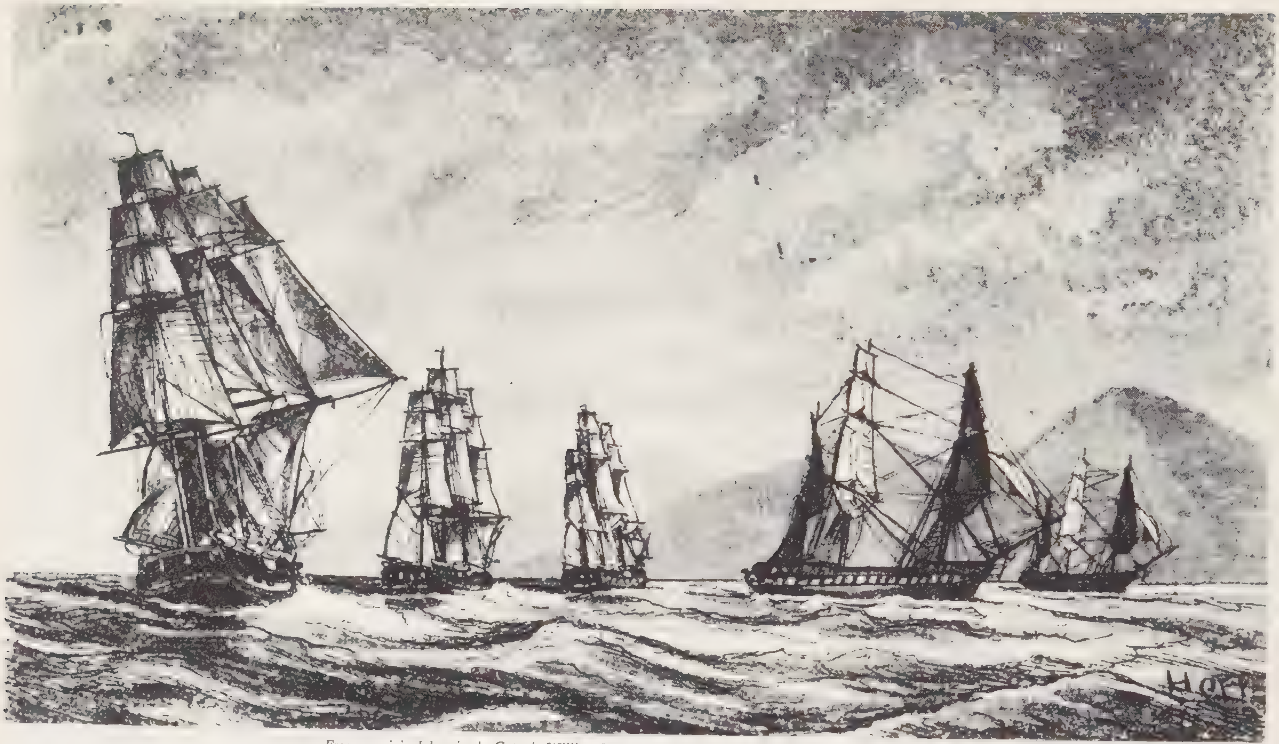
*From an original drawing by Captain William Bainbridge Hoff in The Porter Collection. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

United States frigate *Essex* capturing the *Alert* off the coast of South America, 1812



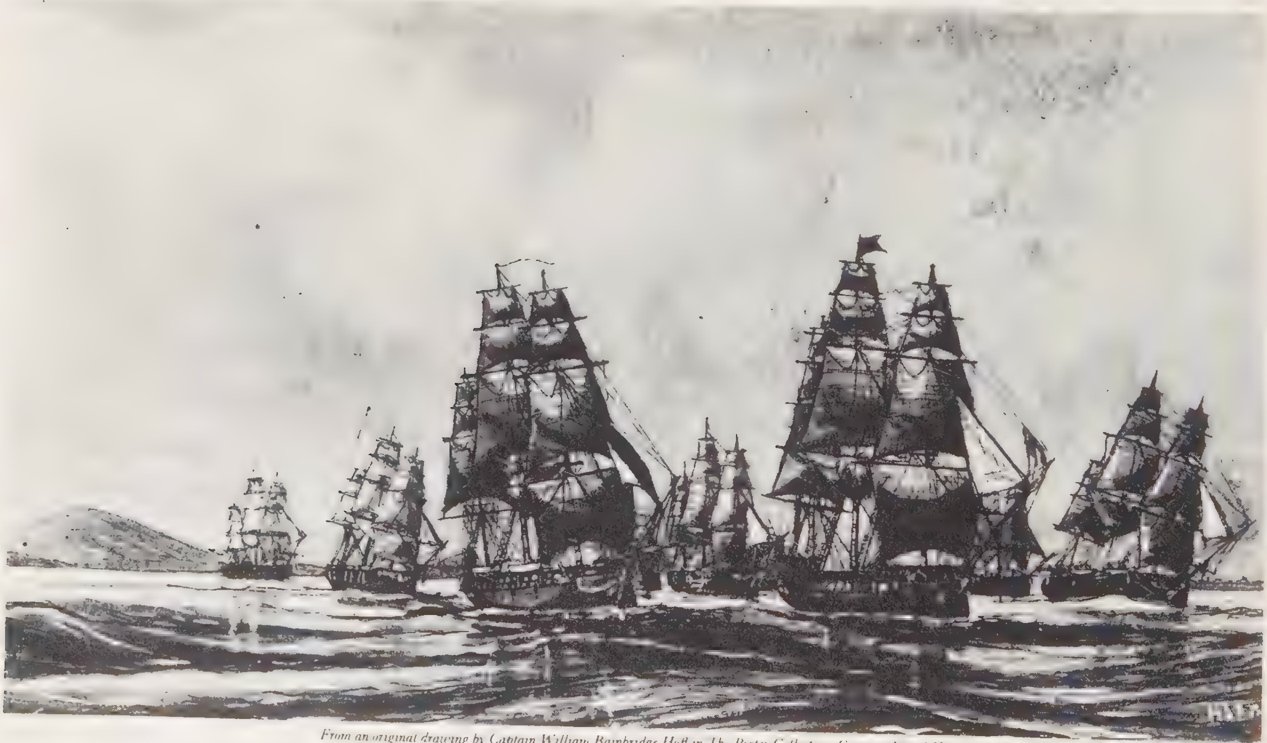
*From an original drawing by Captain William Bainbridge Hoff in The Porter Collection. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

United States frigate *Essex* capturing the *Nocton,* South Pacific, 1812



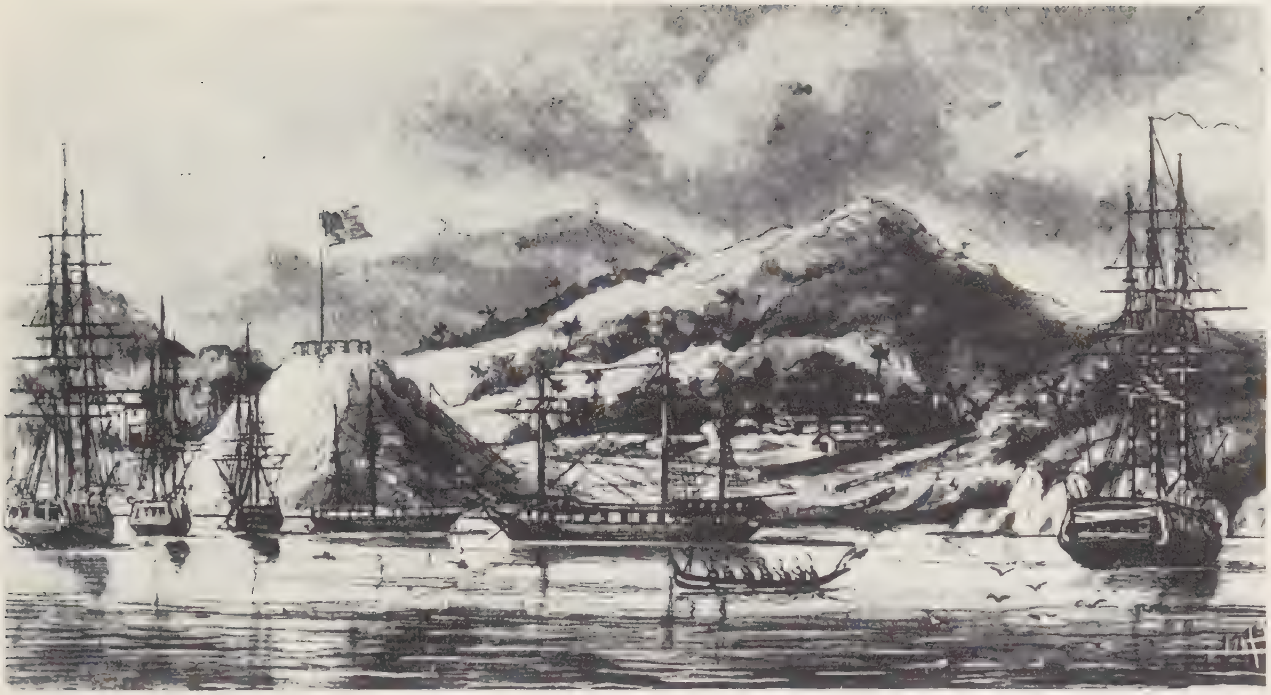
*From an original drawing by Captain William Bainbridge Hoff in The Porter Collection. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

United States frigate *Essex* and her prizes making Washington Island, South Pacific, 1812



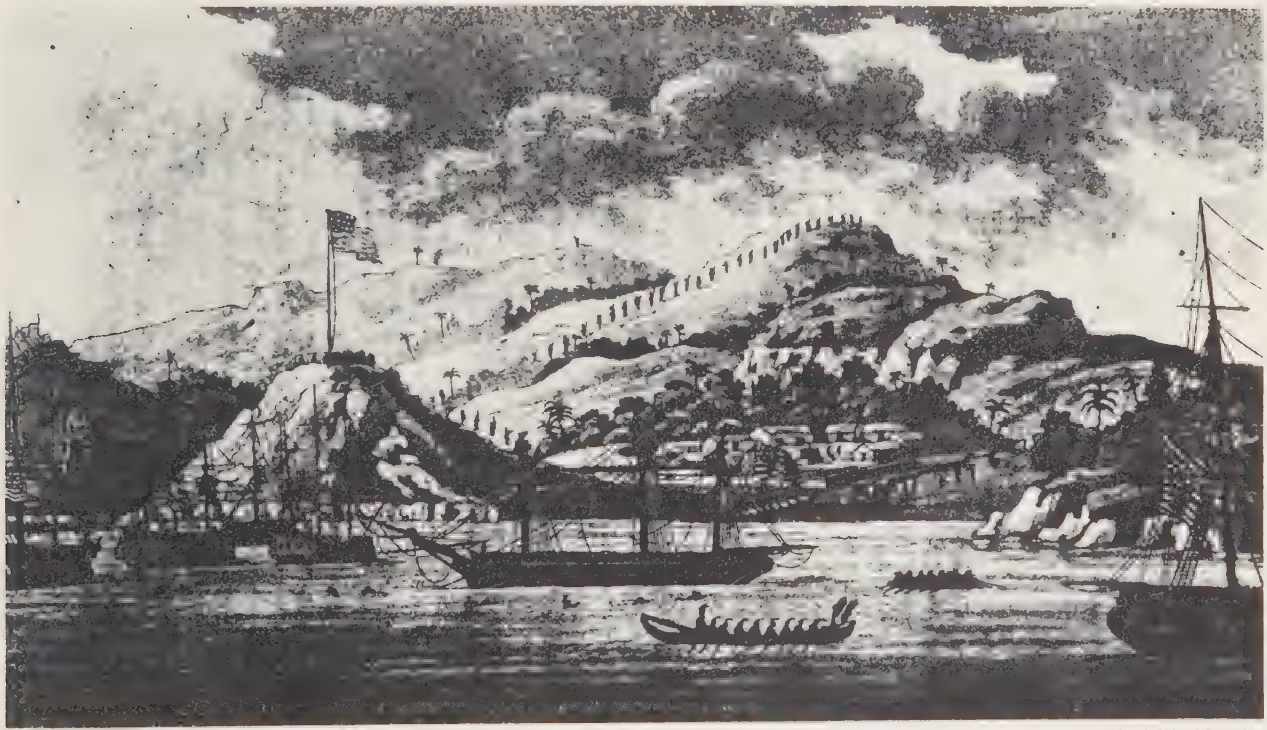
*From an original drawing by Captain William Bainbridge Hoff in The Porter Collection. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

United States frigate *Essex* and her prizes leaving Tumbez Bay, South Pacific, 1812



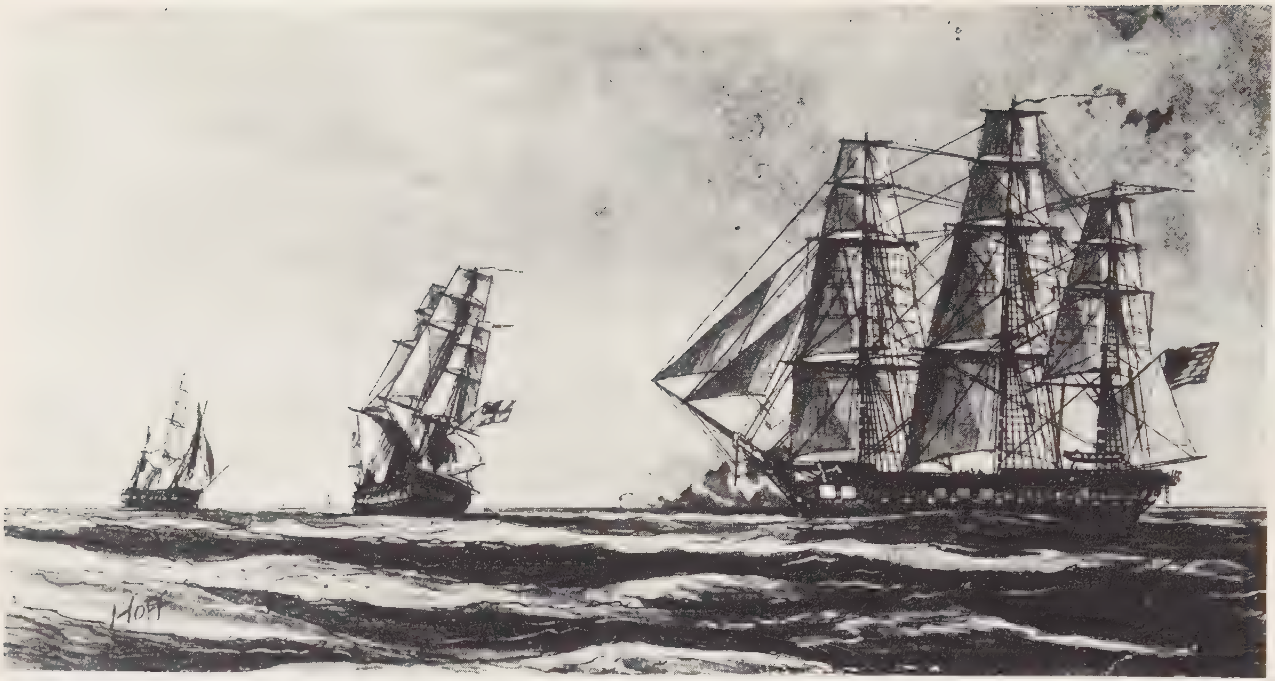
*From a drawing by Captain William Bainbridge Hoff in The Porter Collection. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

United States frigate *Essex* and her prizes at Markahewah (Nukahiva), South Pacific, 1812



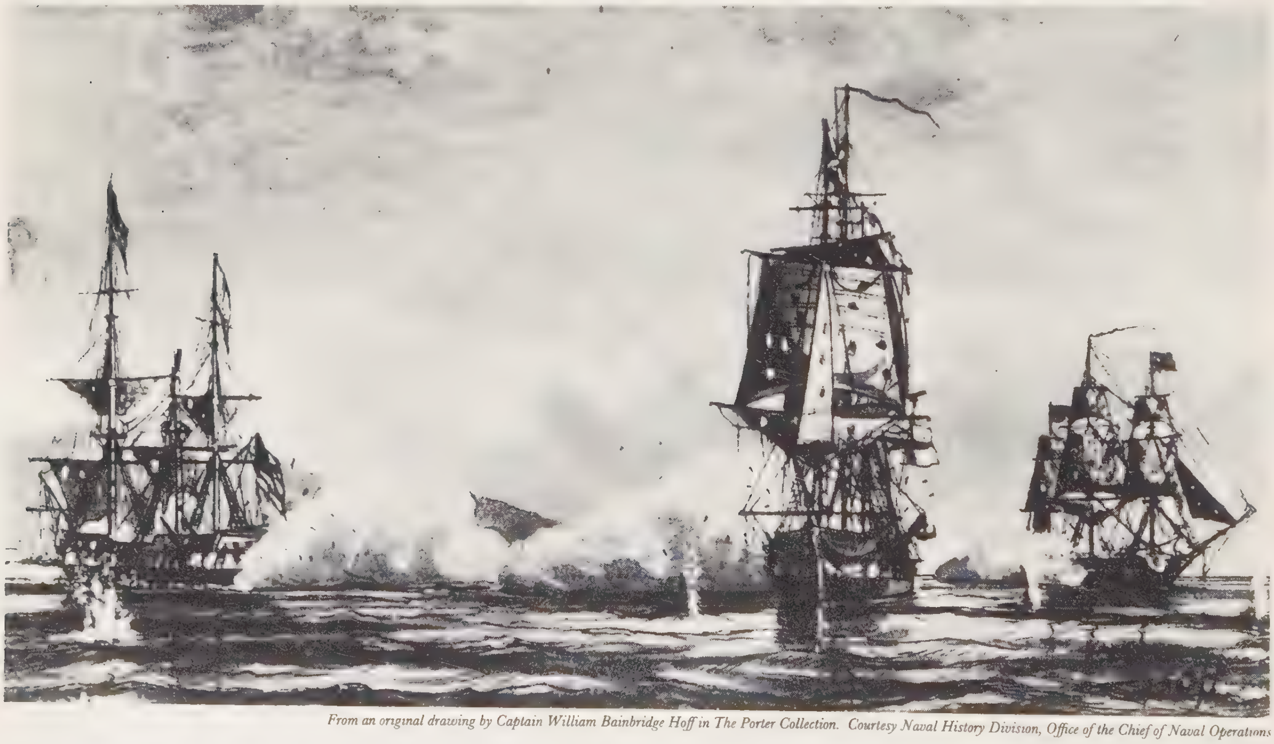
*From an engraving after an original drawing by Captain Porter in his* Journal, *Vol. II, 1812–1814. From The Porter Collection. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

United States frigate *Essex* at anchor in Massachusetts Bay,
Nukahiva Island, the Marquesas group, South Pacific, 1812



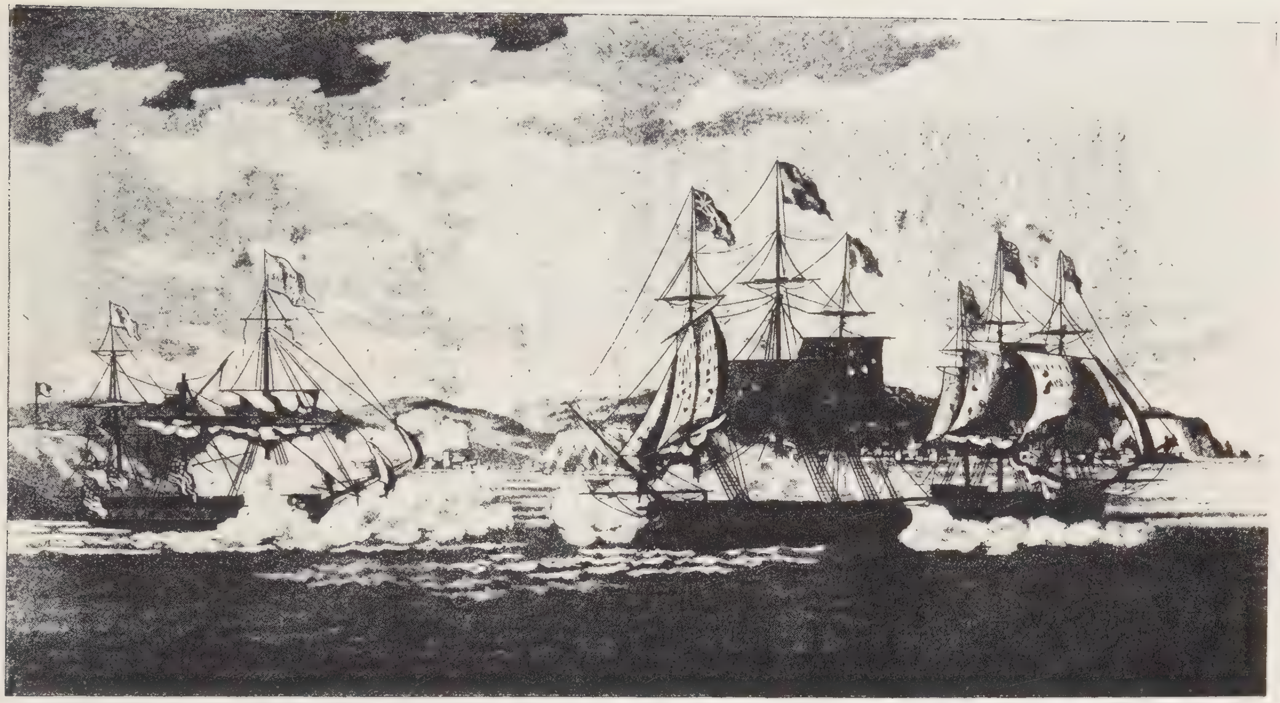
*From an original drawing by Captain William Bainbridge Hoff in The Porter Collection. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

United States frigate *Essex* offering battle to the British frigates, *Phoebe* and *Cherub,* South Pacific, 1812



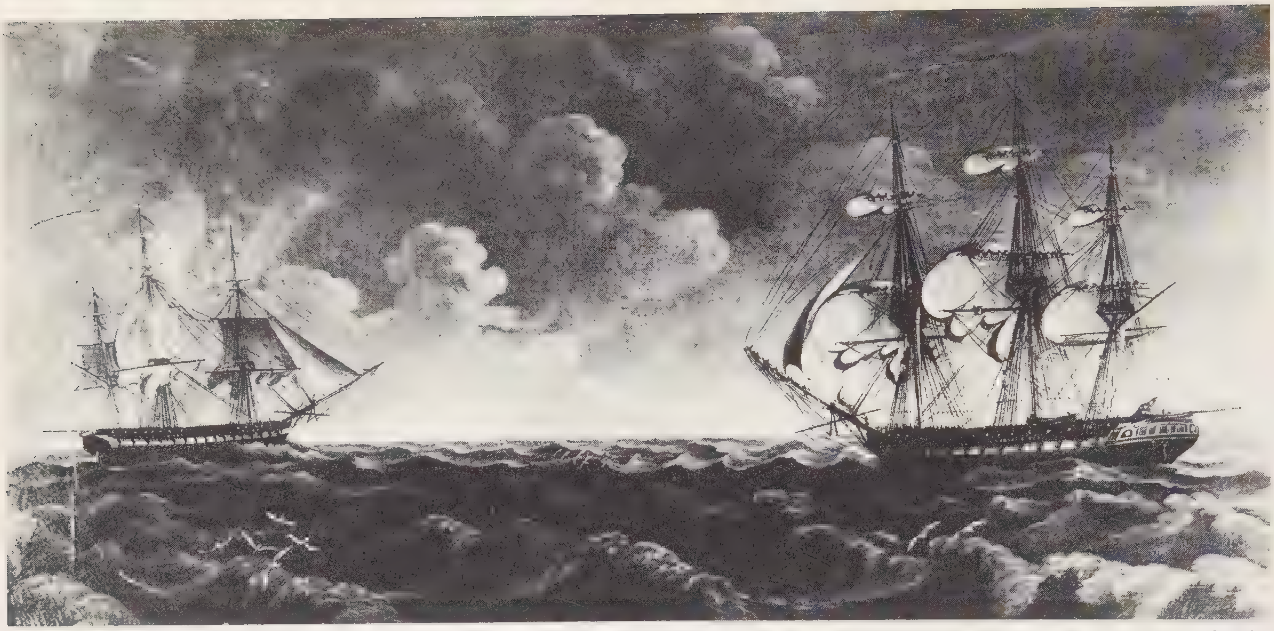
*From an original drawing by Captain William Bainbridge Hoff in The Porter Collection. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

Battle between the United States frigate *Essex* and British frigates *Phoebe* and *Cherub* in Valparaiso Harbor, 1812



*From an engraving of an original drawing of the event by Captain Porter, commander of the* Essex.
*Copied from his* Journal, *Vol. II, 1812–1814. From The Porter Collection.*
*Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

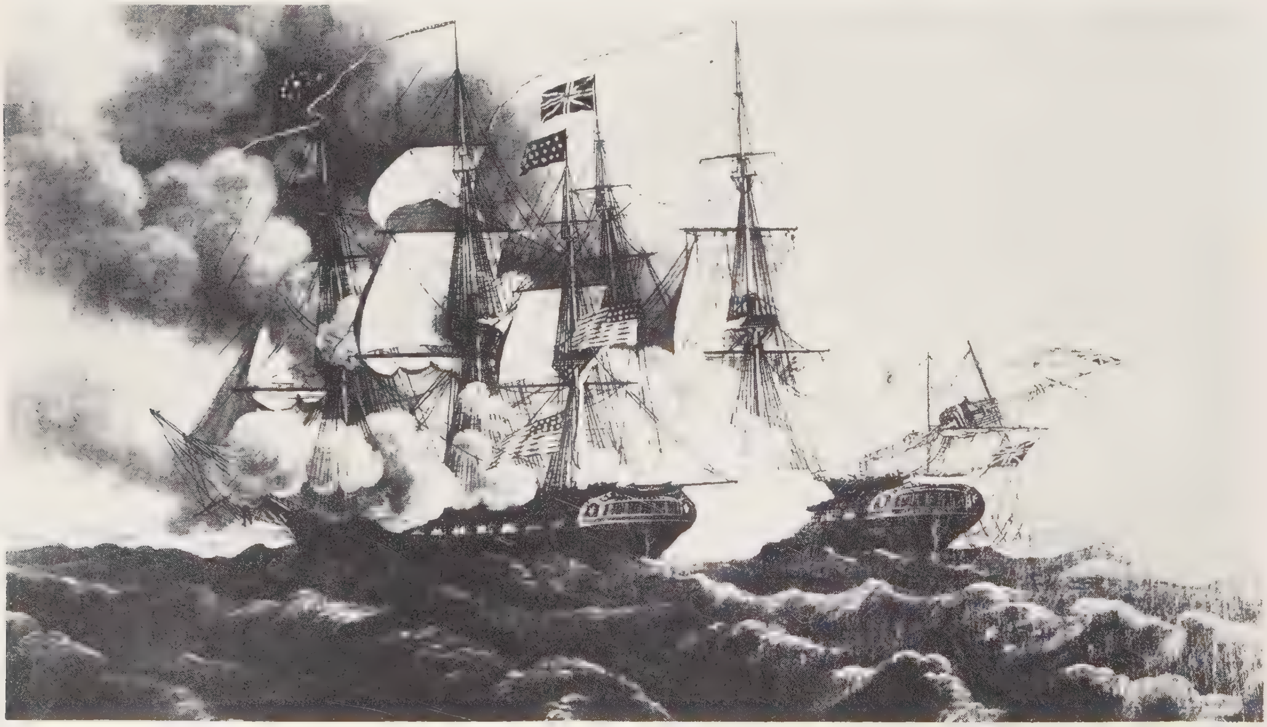
The Victory: battle between the United States frigate *Essex* and the British frigates *Phoebe* and *Cherub,* Valparaiso Harbor, Chile, 1812



*From an original painting by Thomas Birch in the Naval Academy Museum. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

Opening of the battle between the U.S.S. *Constitution* and H.M.S. *Guerrière,* 1812

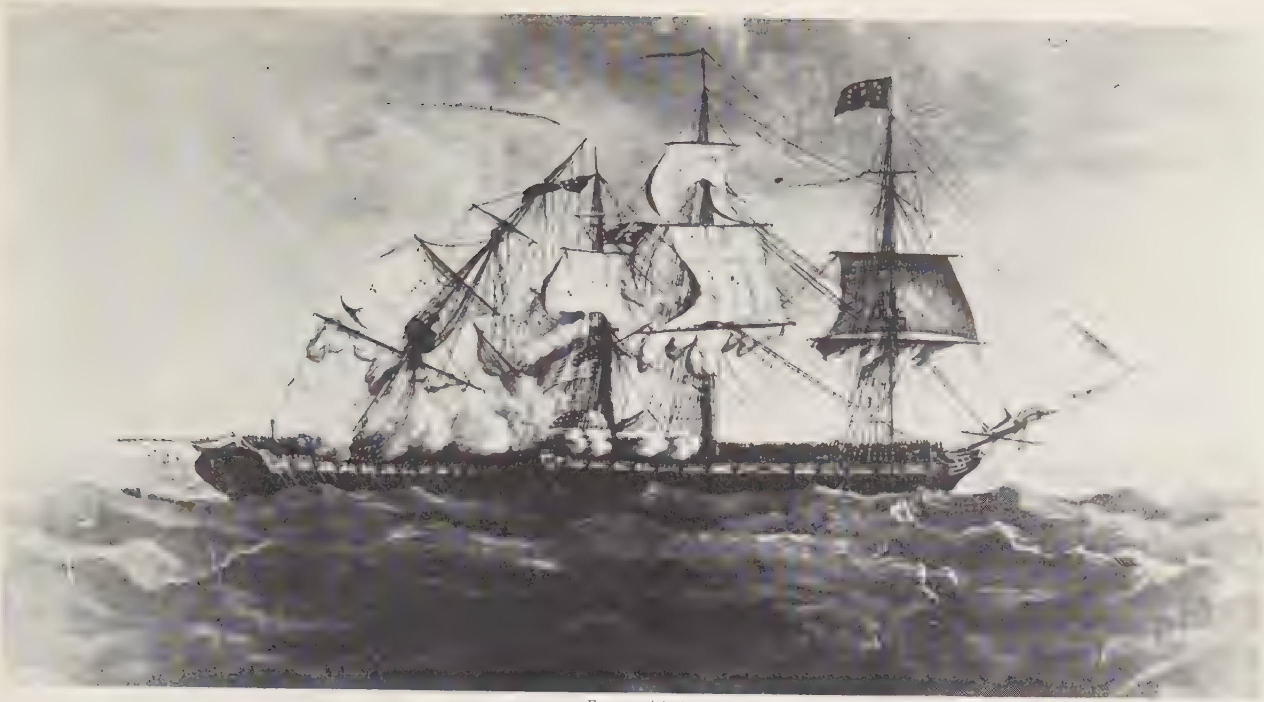
The frigate *Constitution* and British man-of-war *Guerrière* circle for raking position as they prepare to engage in battle.



*From an original painting by Thomas Birch in the Naval Academy Museum. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

Battle between the U.S.S. *Constitution* and H.M.S. *Guerrière,* 1812

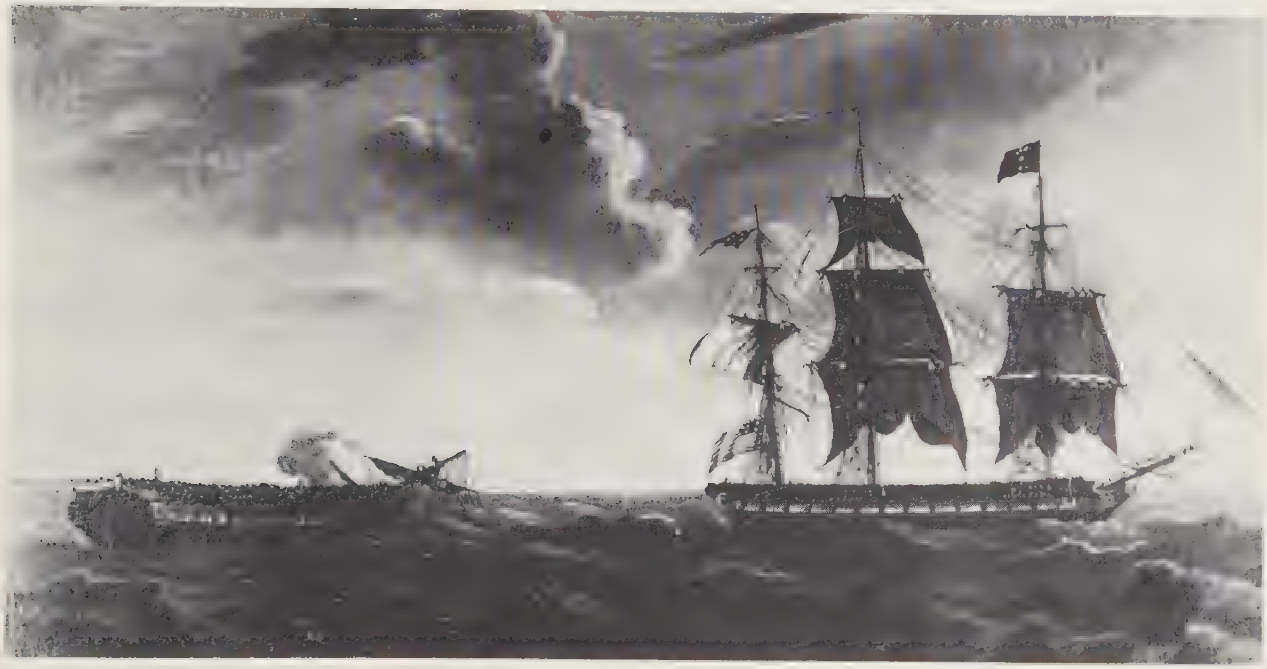
The *Constitution* and *Guerrière* exchange broadsides as both ships sail into position.
The *Guerrière* is losing her mizzenmast in the first encounter.



*From an original painting by Thomas Birch. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

“Falling Astern”: battle between the U.S.S. *Constitution* and H.M.S. *Guerrière*

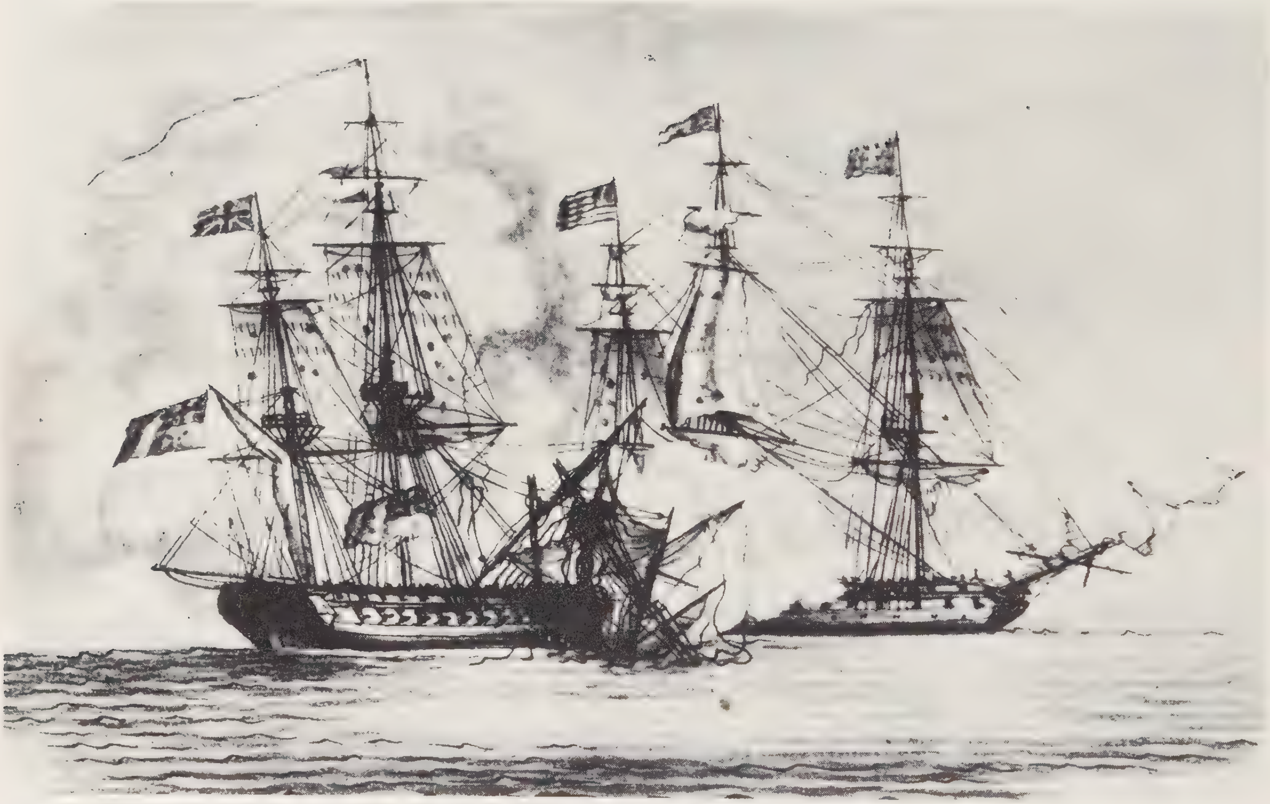
Her mizzenmast falling into the sea, the *Guerrière* drops astern of the *Constitution* after taking a raking broadside from the *Constitution's* “Long Toms.” The fighting, becoming personal, has developed into exchanges of rifle fire between the Marines aboard the two vessels. The battle is over in less than twenty minutes.



*From the painting by Thomas Birch in the Naval Academy Museum. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

The wreck of the H.M.S. *Guerrière*

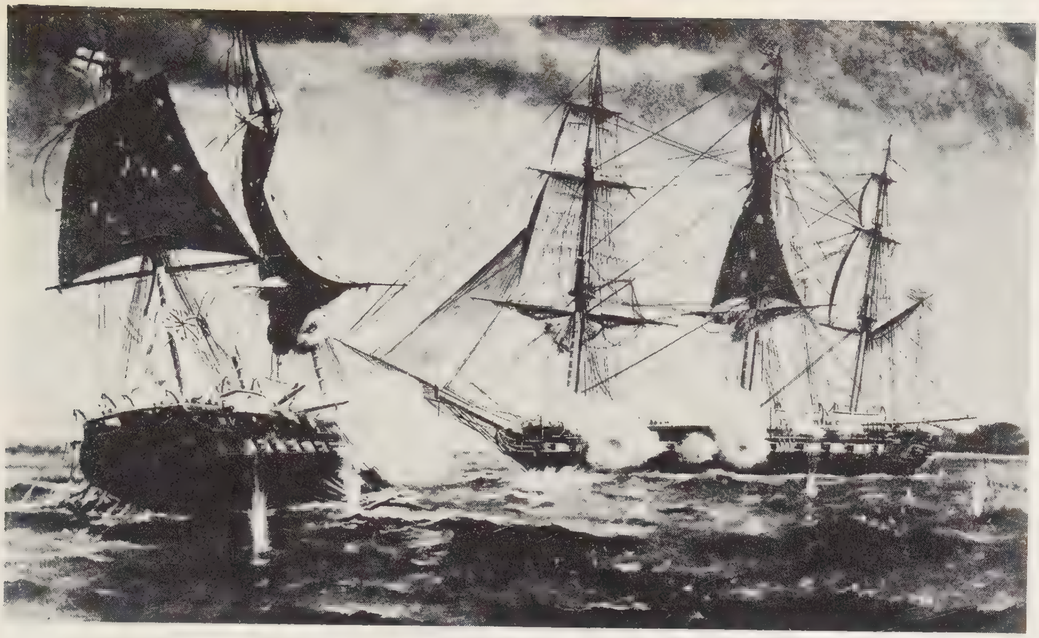
End of the battle between the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*. The *Guerrière,* her rigging torn away, is a smoking wreck.



*From an original drawing by Corne in the Naval History Collection. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

Battle between the U.S.S. *Constitution* and H.M.S. *Java,* 1812

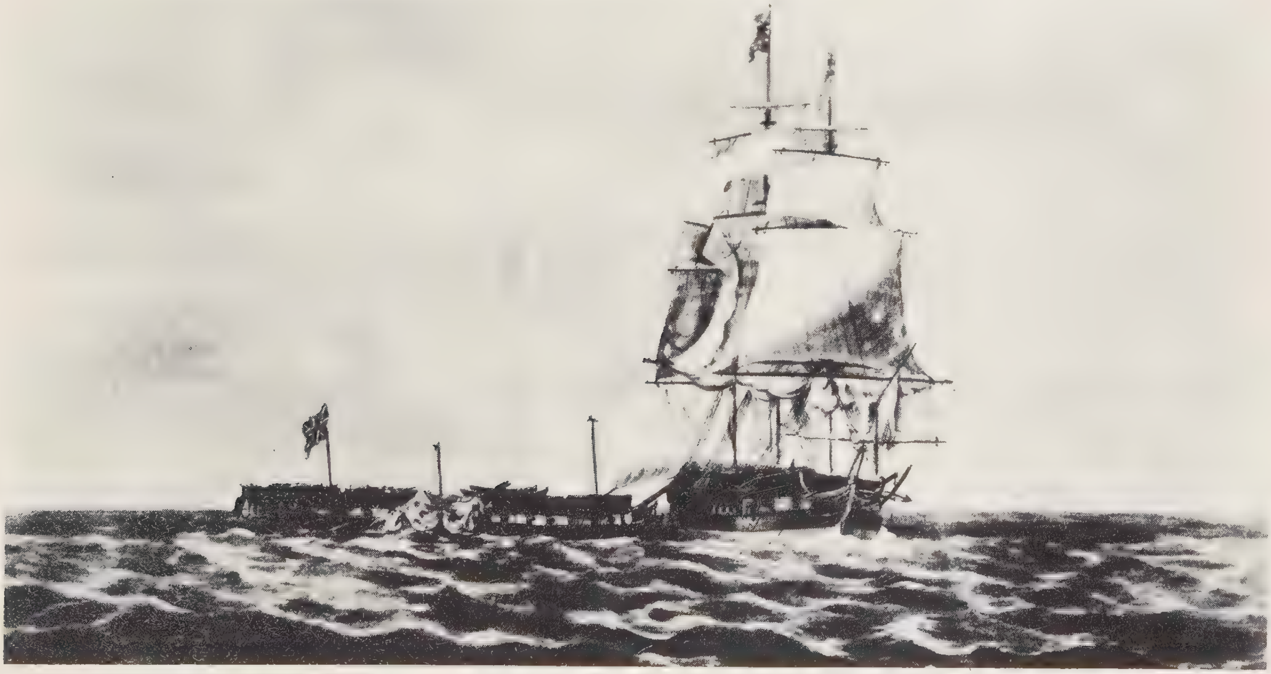
The engagement opens as the *Constitution* cuts across the bow of the *Java* and fires a broadside with her starboard battery which rakes the British man-of-war, toppling her foremast.



From an old print, artist unknown. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations

Battle between the U.S.S. *Constitution* and H.M.S. *Java,* 1812

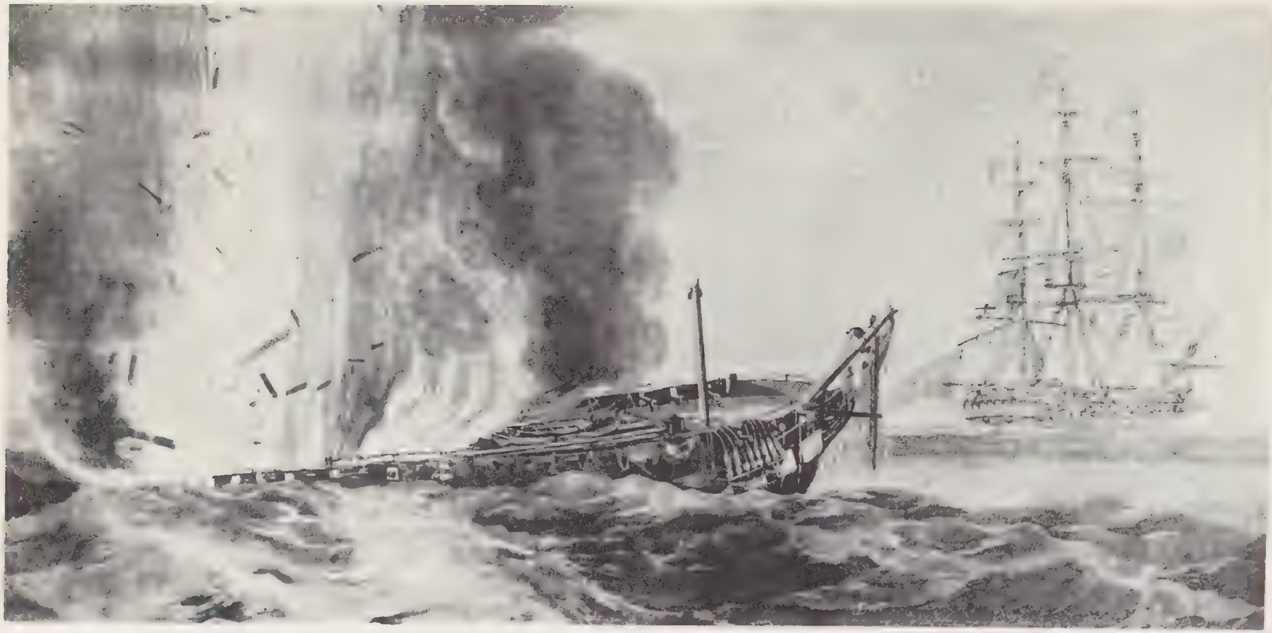
The *Constitution* coming up on the *Java's* starboard quarter, fires a salvo from her port battery. The *Java,* her foremast gone, has difficulty in maneuvering.



From an engraving drawn and etched by Nicolas Pocock after an original sketch by Lieutenant Buchanan. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations

Battle between the U.S.S. *Constitution* and H.M.S. *Java,* 1812

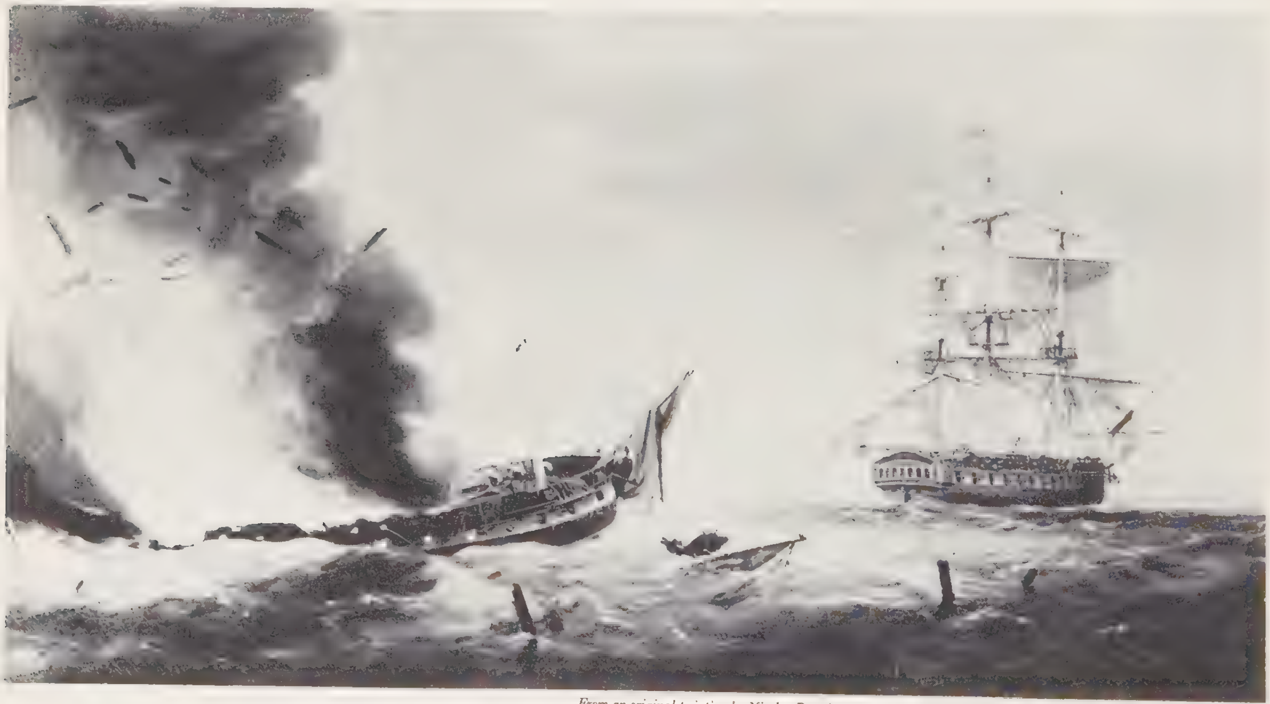
The *Java,* totally dismasted, endeavors to steer by the assistance of a jury staysail hoisted to the stump of the foremast and bowsprit. The *Constitution* crosses the *Java's* bow in a raking position and compels her surrender at "50 minutes past 5."



*From an engraving drawn and etched by Nicolas Pocock after an original sketch by Lieutenant Buchanan. Courtesy of Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

Battle between the U.S.S. *Constitution* and H.M.S. *Java,* 1812

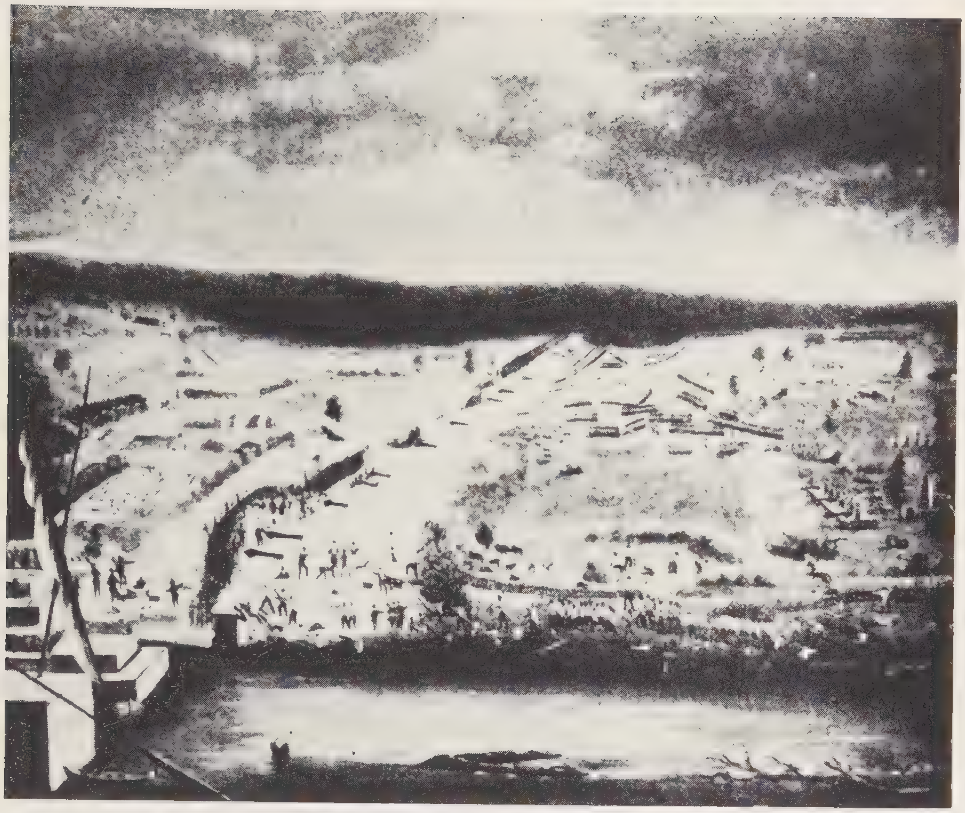
The *Java,* in a sinking state, blows up as the fire reaches her magazine. The *Constitution,* standing by some distance ahead, "laying to," unbends her sails, repairing her rigging: evening of December 29, 1812.



*From an original painting by Nicolas Pocock. Courtesy Naval History Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations*

End of the battle between the U.S.S. *Constitution* and H.M.S. *Java,* 1812

The *Java,* her stern awash and bow rising out of the water, awaits her final plunge to the bottom. Fires have just reached her powder magazine. In the distance the *Constitution* "lays to" ready to pick up the survivors, while her crew repairs damage done to the rigging.



*"Drawn on the battlefield and painted in 1815." By H. de Laclotte. From a copy of a lithograph*

The Battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1814

# 4

# Forts on the Prairie

## *The Western Frontier*

Fort Crawford, a few miles above the mouth of the Wisconsin River, typified the frontier military posts of the middle of the first half of the nineteenth century. It stood near the left bank of the Mississippi, on low ground close to the ancient Indian village called by the French Prairies du Chien, or Dog Plains. "Prairie du Chien," wrote George Catlin, "was the concentrating place of the Winnebagoes and Menomonees who inhabit the waters of the Ouisconsin and Fox Rivers, and the chief part of the country lying east of the Mississippi and west of Green Bay."

John Carver, an English Army officer, "traveling through the interior parts of North America," came upon the large Indian town. Carver wrote the village contained a total of something like "three hundred families;—the houses are well built after the Indian manner. . . ." He adds, "The town is a great mart." Shortly after Carver's visit, a group of French colonists from Canada established their own village for the purpose of trading with the Indians and maintained a garrison in the vicinity for several years.

Fort Crawford, begun in 1816, was designed and built by Major Stephen H. Long, who "spent the day in measuring the planning of Fort Crawford and its buildings." The work was a "square of 340 feet upon each side; and constructed entirely of wood, as were all its buildings, except the magazine, which was of stone; it accommodated five companies of soldiers." The thriving French village near-by soon became a center for Indian trading and an important gathering place for tribes that received annuities. From far and near came Menominees, Winnebagos, and Foxes, then occupying the lands east of the Mississippi, as well as the Sioux tribes from farther up the river. H. R. Schoolcraft, the historian, gathering data for his history of the American Indian, visited the fort soon after its construction.

"While at Prairie du Chien," wrote Schoolcraft, "the murder of twenty-six Menomonee Men, Women and children, by a War Party of Sacs and Foxes, which had transpired a few days previous, was the subject of exciting interest. It was narrated in all its atrocious circumstances. A flag waved over the common grave of the slain, and several of the wounded Menomonees, who had escaped massacre, were examined and conversed with. This affray unparalleled for its boldness and turpitude, having occurred in the village of Prairie du Chien, within the hearing of its inhabitants, and in sight of the fort, was made the subject of demand by the Government for surrender of the murderers, and produced the concentration of troops on that frontier which eventuated the Indian Act of 1832."

Lieutenant Seth Eastman, stationed at the fort with the First Infantry beginning in late summer, 1829, had many opportunities to make sketches and drawings of the Indian tribes that visited the fort. Eastman's earliest sketch, later the subject of one of his greatest paintings, was made as he watched a game of ball played between the Menominee squaws and the squaws of another tribe. The game, somewhat resembling today's modern game of lacrosse, was also observed by Major Zebulon Pike when he visited the Indian village in 1806, attending a council of the Winnebago chiefs. "They had a great game of Cross on the Prairie," he wrote, "between the Sioux on one side, and the Puants [Winnebagos] and Reynards [Foxes] on the other. The ball is made of some hard substance and covered with leather, the cross sticks are round and net work with handles of three feet long. In the game which I witnessed, the Sioux were victorious, more I believe, from the superiority of their skill in throwing the ball than by their swiftness, for I thought the Puants and Reynards the swiftest runners."

George Catlin had visited the fort in 1835, after Eastman was stationed there. "Wa-be-sha's band of Sioux came there," Catlin wrote, "and remained several weeks to get their annuities. A day came when the men wanted a little more amusement, and felt disposed to indulge the weaker sex in a little recreation also; it was announced amongst them, and through the village, that the women were going to have a ball-play! For this purpose the men, in the very liberal trades they were making and filling their canoes with goods delivered to them on a year's credit, laid out a great quantity of ribbons, calicos and other presents well adapted to the wants and desires of the women; which were hung on a pole on crotches, and guarded by an old man, who was to judge and umpire the play which was to take place among the women, who were divided into two equal parties, and were to play a desperate game of ball, for the valuable stakes that were hanging before them."

Lieutenant Eastman remained at Fort Crawford for about a year, and during that time made a number of spirited sketches and drawings of military and Indian life on the prairie. In the late fall of 1829 Lieutenant Eastman packed his drawing material and his baggage and, with his regiment, moved to Fort Snelling, an outpost located at the junction of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers. He traveled with his regiment by water from Fort Crawford, up the Mississippi River to the mouth of the Minnesota. The edges of the river banks were luxuriant with vegetation typical of the country, and his sketchbook is filled with material believed to have been noted while he was traveling to his new base. Lieutenant Eastman had easy traveling, the canoes and boats gliding over the smooth waters along the same route Father Marquette had traveled many years before.

Fort Snelling, in appearance, differed little from Fort Crawford, except for its location on the summit of a high cliff at the junction of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers. The fort had been constructed in 1817 by Major Long, who had built Fort Crawford, and who had, long before, recommended the establishment of a military post at the confluence of these streams. Lieutenant Leavenworth, with a detachment of the Fifth Infantry, arrived at the mouth of the Minnesota River September 17, 1819, "and on the 10th of September, 1820, the cornerstone of Fort St. Anthony was laid." Shortly thereafter Colonel Josiah Snelling arrived at the new post and relieved Leavenworth, and the name of the fort was later changed in honor of its new colonel.

Lieutenant Eastman remained at Fort Snelling for about a year and occupied what time he had free from military duties making sketches and drawings of the fort and its surroundings. Eastman was soon ordered "on topographical duty," however, a special assignment which kept him busy until 1833, when he was recalled to the Military Academy to fill the post of assistant teacher of drawing.

Early in 1836 he began the preparation of some paintings for exhibition. In Eastman's day every city of consequence had an art association. New York, being the largest, had, as might be expected, the largest and most important National Academy of Design. A satellite of the New York Academy of Fine Arts, it was born during a revolt instigated by Samuel F. B. Morse. Sometimes these institutions were helpful to young artists, providing a reference library and lectures. All had picture galleries, and exhibitions were made up entirely of the works of members. Asher B. Durand, Thomas Cole, and followers of the "Hudson River School" were the leading artists of the era, and large paintings were the rage—the larger the better. Seth Eastman's paintings of the American West were something of an innovation at the Academy. For natural subject matter they were the finest and most authentic Western scenes to have been painted up to that time. The exhibition was a success, and Eastman's paintings were exhibited every year from 1836 to 1840. The exhibition of 1838 included Eastman's paintings of Fort Snelling and Fort Crawford, done from original sketches made in 1830 or 1831 when Eastman was stationed there. That they were successful is evidenced by the fact that he was elected an honorary member of the National Academy while he was still an instructor at West Point.

At the outbreak of the War with the Seminoles in Florida, Lieutenant Eastman was assigned to active duty. ". . . In the Florida War, 1840–1841, whereabouts unknown" says the entry in the record.

Major General Alexander Macomb, Commander in Chief of the Army, left Washington, D. C., on March 22, 1839, "for Garey's Ferry, on Black Creek in Florida." General Macomb arrived on April 5. His main purpose in coming to the peninsula was to make peace with the Seminoles. Indian runners were sent to all the Seminole tribes throughout the Everglades to notify the scattered, hostile Indians of the General's arrival and to request the tribal chiefs to meet in a council of peace at Fort King. But the chiefs did not respond to the call as readily as expected, which was not strange, since only a year and a half before the Seminoles' military leader Osceola had been captured at just such a meeting and died in prison three months later. Not until the middle of May did "Lt. Colonel Harney, accompanied by Chitto Tustenuggee, the great war chief of the tribes associated with Arpeika, attended by Ochi-Hajo, a brother of Blue Snake, arrive from Cape Florida the day before council." The council was held on May

18. Later that same day, after the Indians had met the Army officers in council, General Macomb issued the following General Orders:

> *"Headquarters Army of the U.S.*
> *Fort King, Florida*
> *May 18, 1839*
>
> "The Major General, Commander in Chief, has the satisfaction of announcing to the army in Florida, to the authority of the Territory, and to the citizens generally, that he has this day terminated the war with the Seminole Indians by an agreement entered into with Chitto Tustenuggee, principal chief of the Seminoles and successor to Arpeika, commonly called Sam Jones, brought to this post by Lieutenant Colonel Harney, 2nd Dragoons, from the southern parts of the peninsula . . ."

General Macomb's sensational report of peace was premature; because of hostile action on the part of the Indians, quiet was not restored for months afterward. This document, however, served to "identify Sam Jones as the Great Chief of the Seminoles, Chitto-Tustenuggee."

Captain Eastman visited the southern part of Florida during the Army's occupation and made several sketches in pencil and water colors of picturesque subjects that interested him. One is a view of "Sam Jones's Village," showing a group of shelters, typical of those seen in the Everglades, with roofs of palmetto thatch supported by upright posts set in the ground. These primitive native structures are surrounded by semitropical vegetation, with the open water in the distance. A large wooden mortar and pestle are shown in the extreme lower right hand corner of the drawing, with a large venomous-looking snake on the left. The exact location is unknown, but it is probably far south on the Florida peninsula.

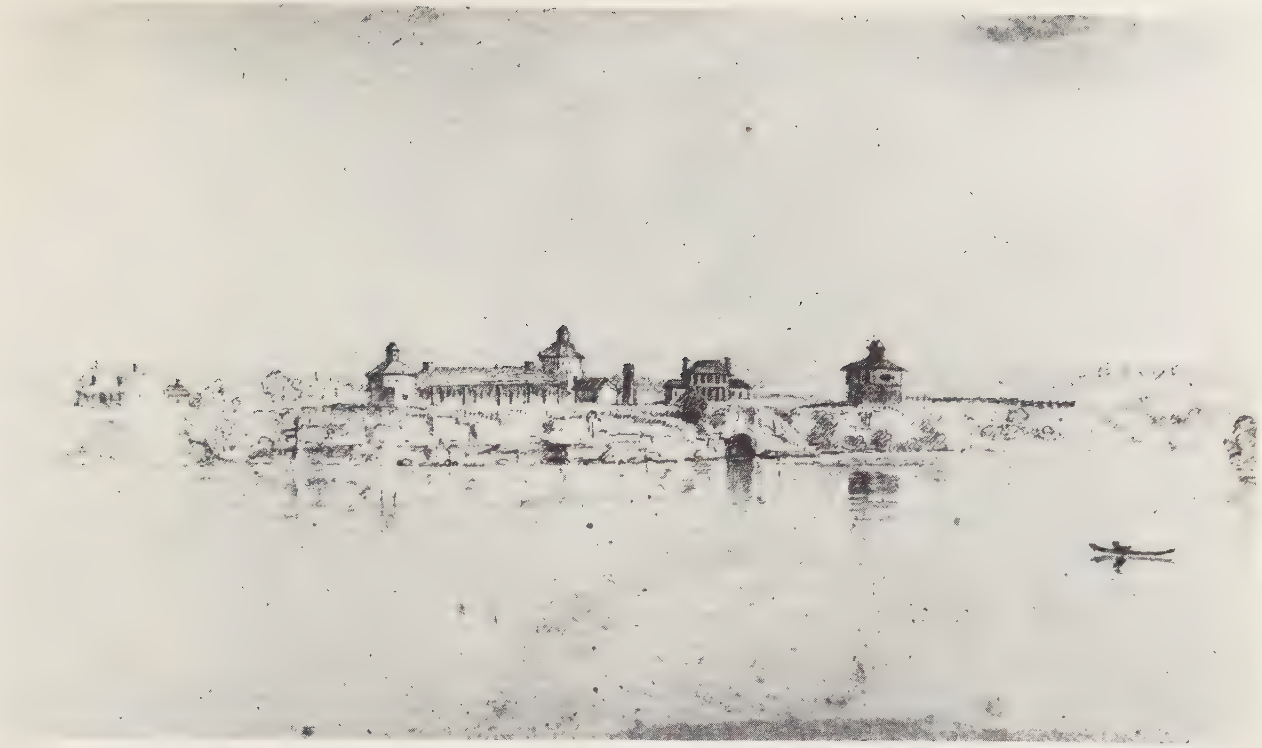
Regrettable it is that Captain Eastman did not keep a journal of his adventures in the Indian Country and in Florida. His writings would have been an invaluable adjunct to his wonderful paintings and drawings. Captain Eastman's meticulous descriptions of his paintings in the vivid captions attached to them show his attention to accuracy and detail, thanks to his training at the Military Academy.

When war with Mexico was declared in 1846, Captain Eastman was assigned to recruiting service for the Army. Just exactly what his duties were in this regard is not set forth in the record. But, we again find him on active duty as commandant at Fort Snelling. From the standpoint of drawing output, this period was probably the most productive and interesting part of his life. Many of the sketches Eastman made while on this tour of duty served him as reference drawings for paintings in the years that followed.

Unscrupulous individuals, and some of the post traders, had introduced whisky into the tribes. The problem had apparently fallen into the lap of Captain Eastman. A letter written from Fort Snelling, Indian Territory, to Major Thomas H. Harney, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, on August 6, 1848, and signed "S. Eastman, Captain 1st Infantry, Commanding Fort Snelling," mentioned "means as will effectually stop the Indians from smuggling ardent spirits into the country." Just what those "means" were and whether or not they were effective was never reported.

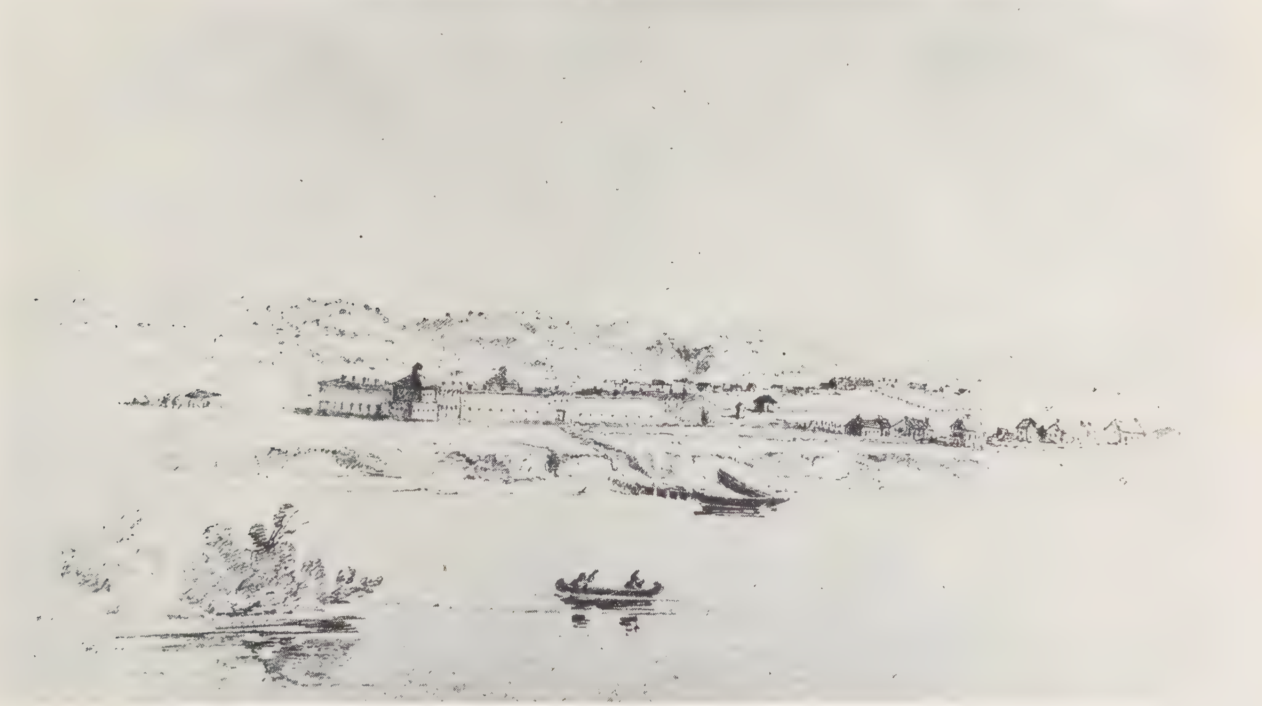
Eastman remained at Snelling until October, 1848, when he left for New Orleans. Four weeks later he arrived in San Antonio, Texas, where he remained a very short time preparatory to traveling to Camp Houston. Following his short stay in San Antonio, Captain Eastman left that historic city and traveled to Camp Sam Houston, 65 miles away. He remained at this army post near Fredericksburg until March 10, 1849, taking part in the march from San Antonio to Fredericksburg and the Nueces River—a march which seemed more a transferring of troops than an operation. When Captain Eastman returned to Washington in the winter of 1849, he was assigned to undertake the preparation of a series of illustrations for Schoolcraft's *History, Conditions, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States.* To illustrate this monumental work, he executed a great number of water-color illustrations done from the original pencil sketches made during service in the Western Territories. Not until 1855 did he return to active duty, "with his regiment at Forts Duncan and Chadburn, Texas."

Eastman attained the rank of lieutenant colonel in 1861 and served in various capacities during the Civil War, but there is no evidence of his having seen action in any of the great battles. In 1867. he retired to his home in Washington, D.C. On March 6 Congress jointly resolved ". . . if the President shall deem it proper to assign Brevet Brigadier General Seth Eastman, of the United States Army, now on the retired list, to duty, so as to entitle him to full pay, emoluments, and allowances of his lineal rank . . . " The main purpose of returning General Eastman to active duty was to have him execute a series of oil paintings for the rooms "of the Committee on Indian and on Military Affairs of the Senate and House of Representatives" under the supervision of the architect of the Capitol. General Eastman completed this assignment, but while he was engaged on another project, that of painting a series of forts, he was stricken and died in Washington.



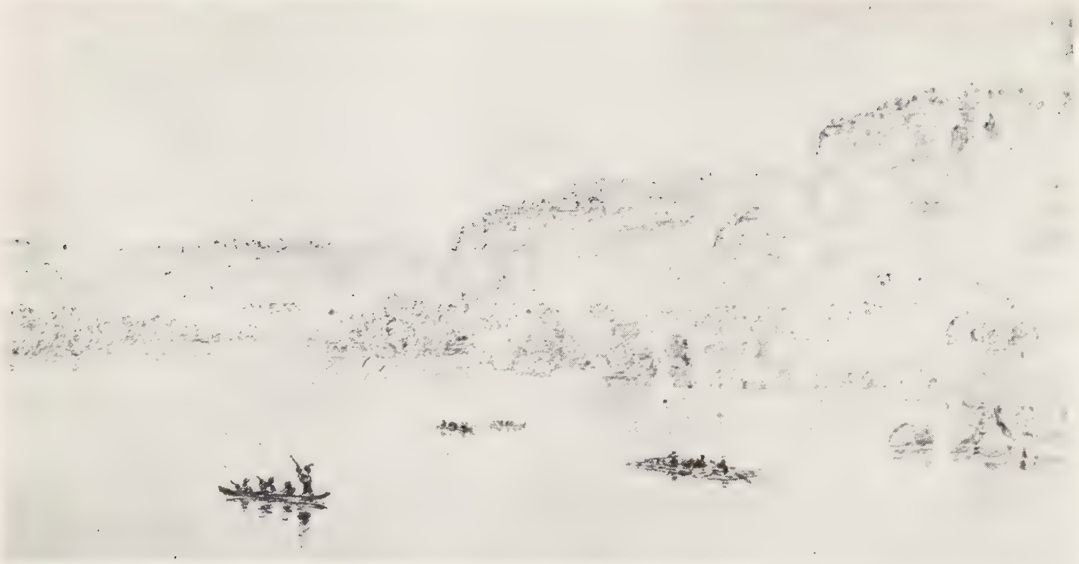
*Drawing by Lieutenant Seth Eastman. Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University*

Mississippi River, Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, 357 miles above St. Louis



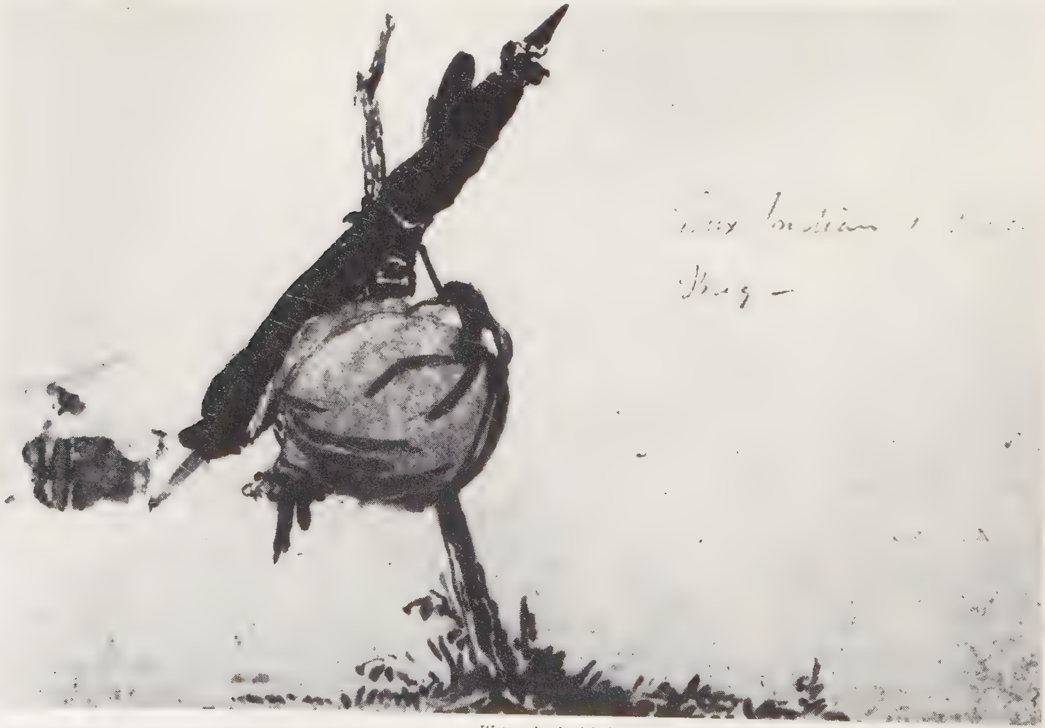
*Pencil sketch by Lieutenant Seth Eastman. Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University*

Mississippi River, Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, 557 miles above St. Louis



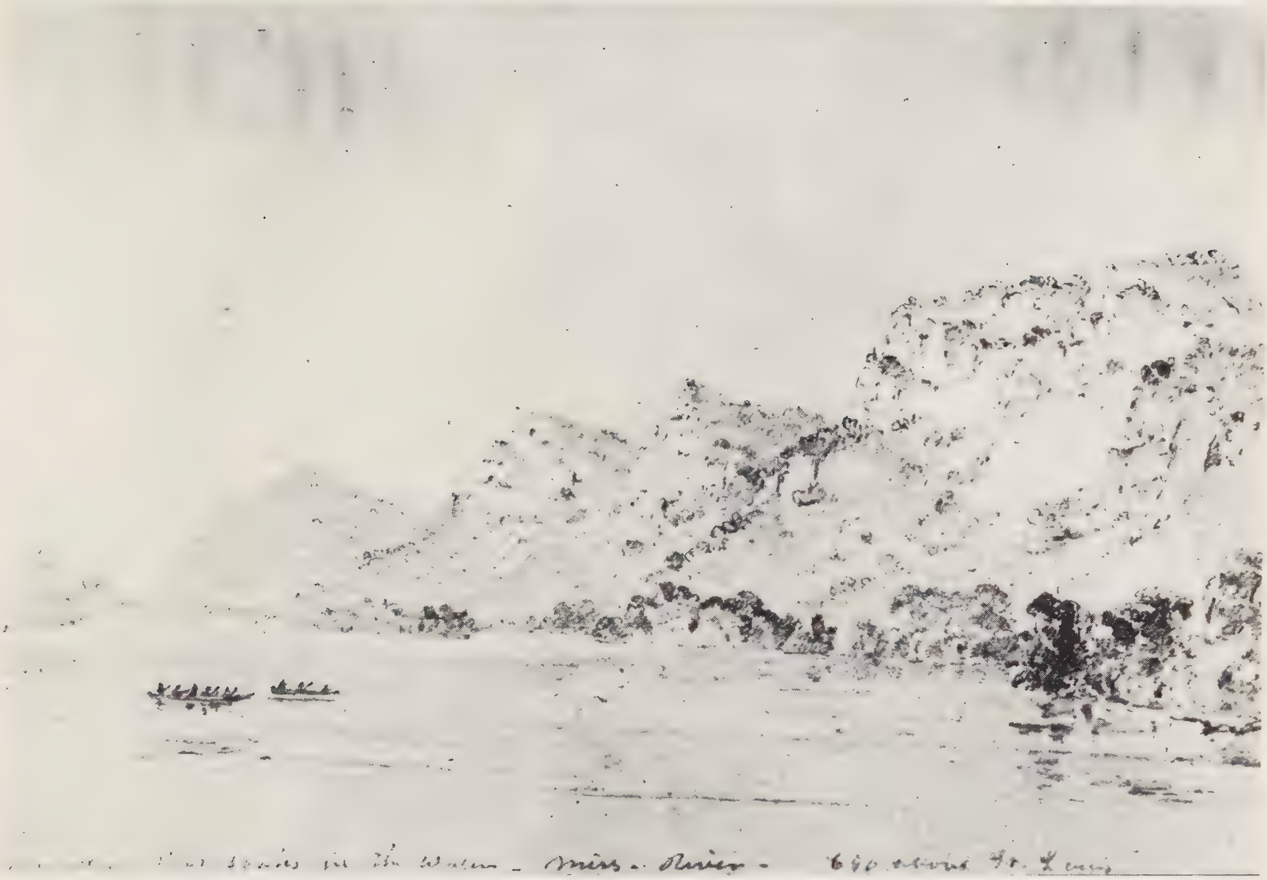
*Drawing by Lieutenant Seth Eastman: Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University*

Mississippi River, 574 miles above St. Louis, 17 miles above Prairie du Chien



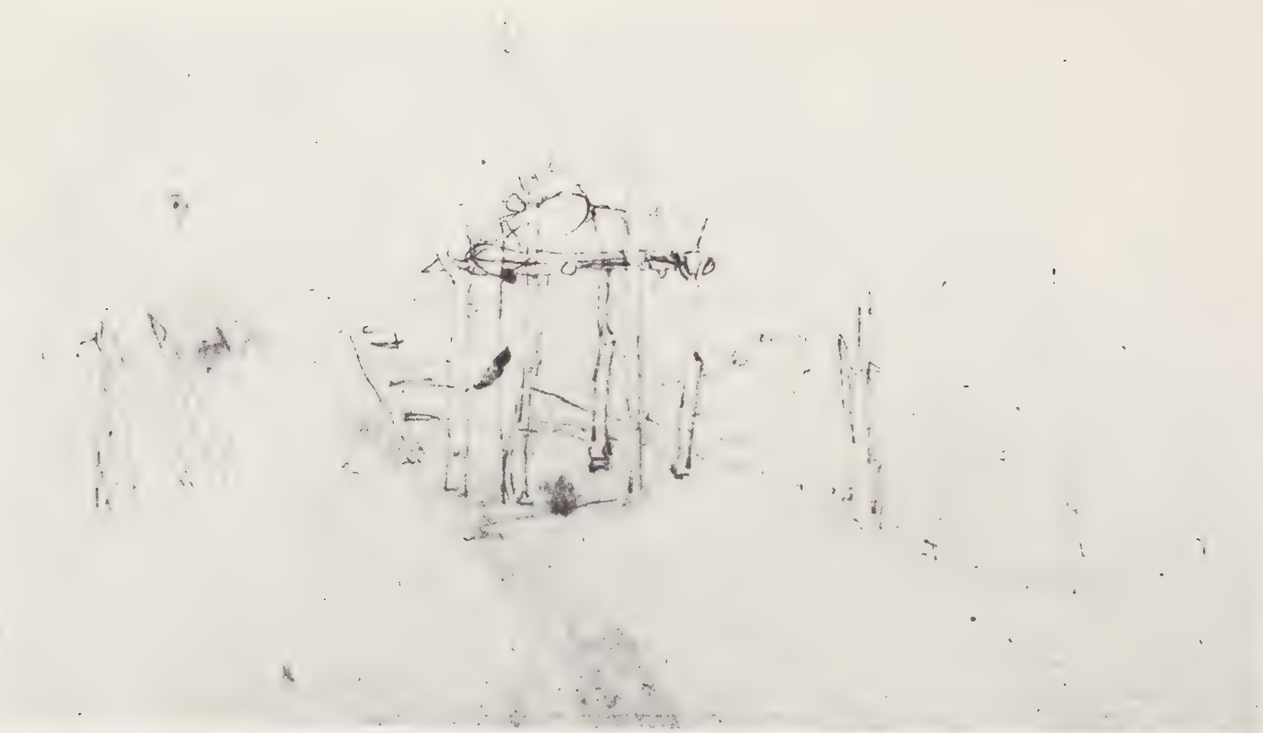
*Water-color sketch by Lieutenant Seth Eastman. Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University*

Sioux Indian Medicine Bag


… that soaks in the Water — Miss. River — 690 above St. Louis

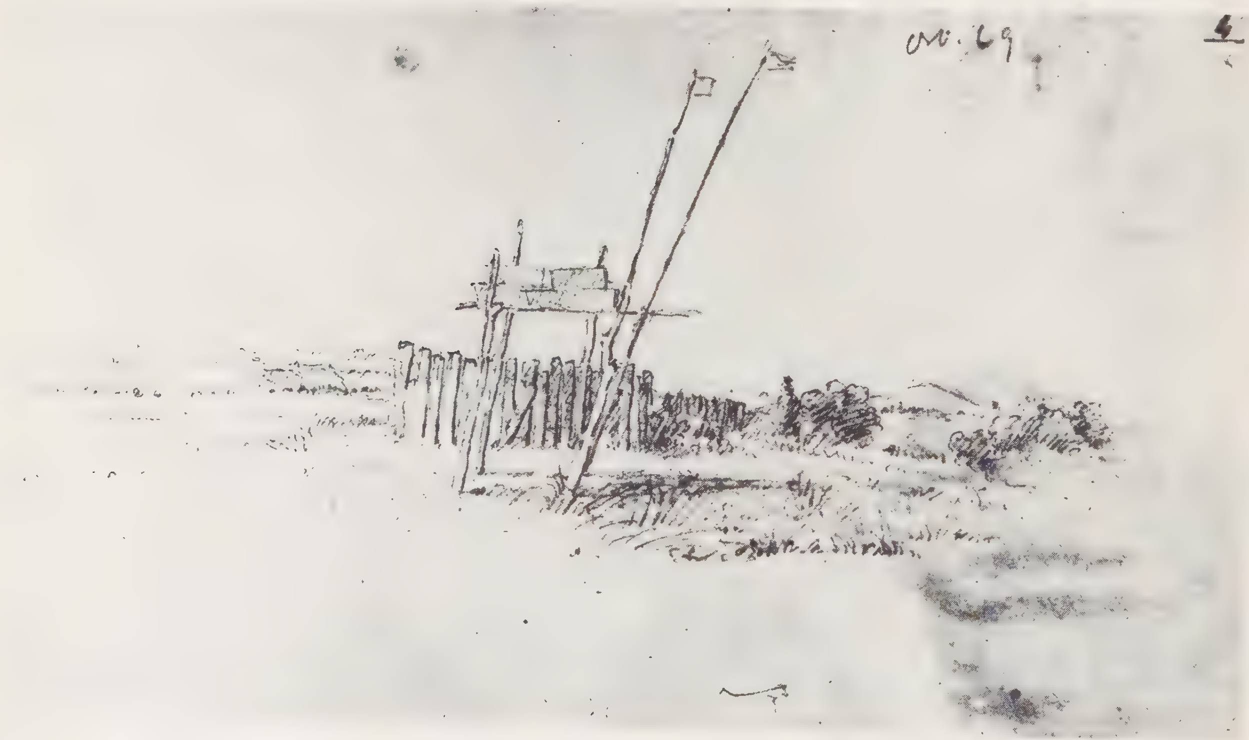
Drawing by Lieutenant Seth Eastman. Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University

The Mountain that Soaks in the Water, Mississippi River, 690 miles above St. Louis



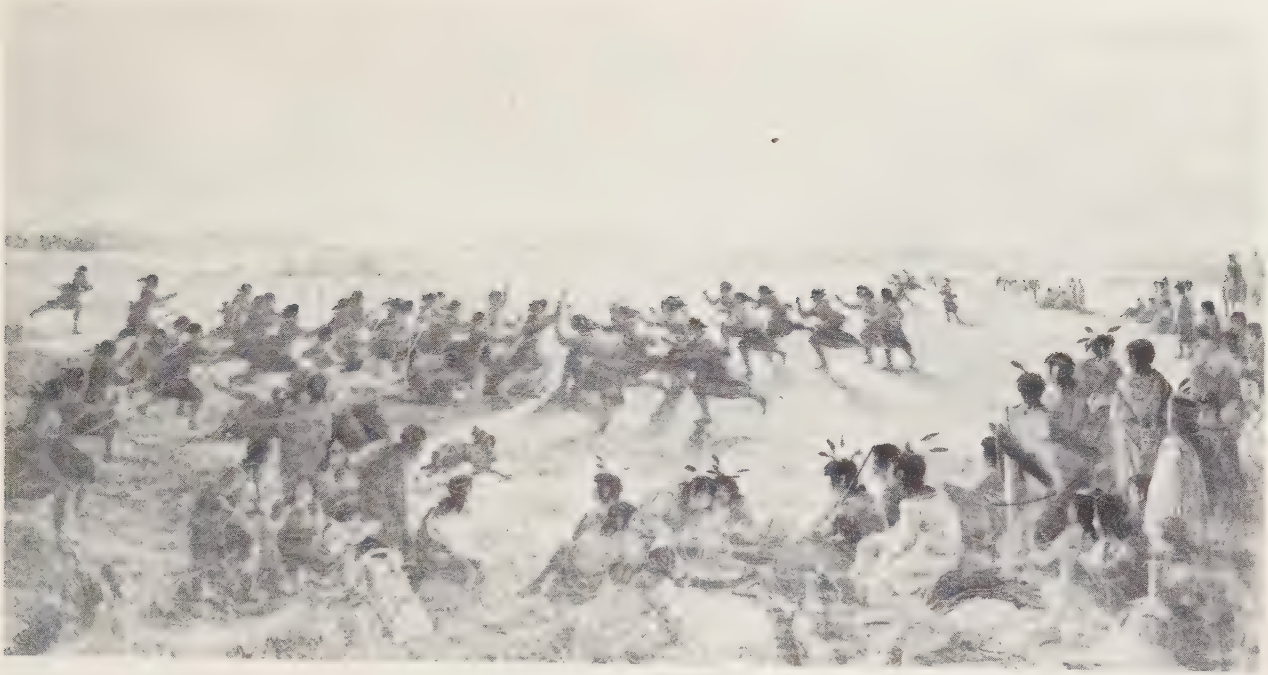
Drawing by Lieutenant Seth Eastman. Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University

Indian Grave in Pilot Knob, opposite Fort Snelling



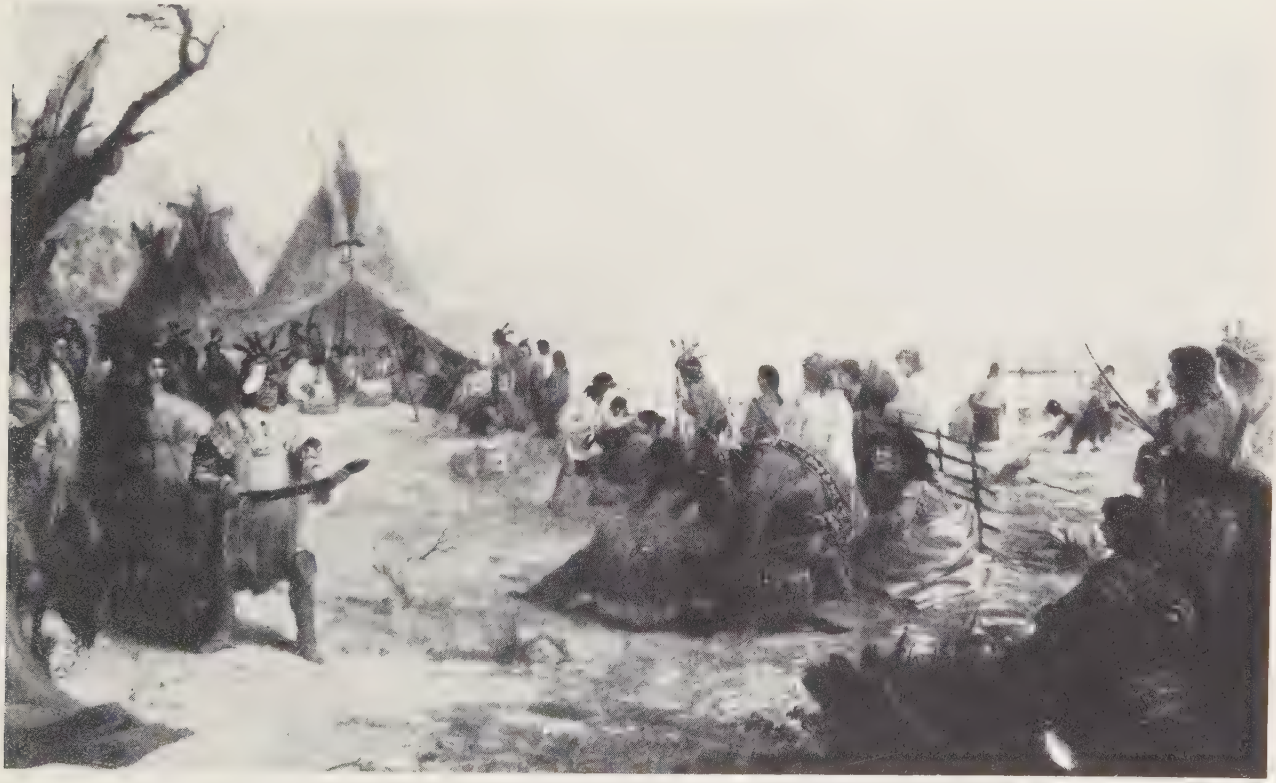
Drawing by Lieutenant Seth Eastman. Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University

View of an Indian Graveyard, above Fort Snelling, Minnesota



From an original painting by Lieutenant Seth Eastman. Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University

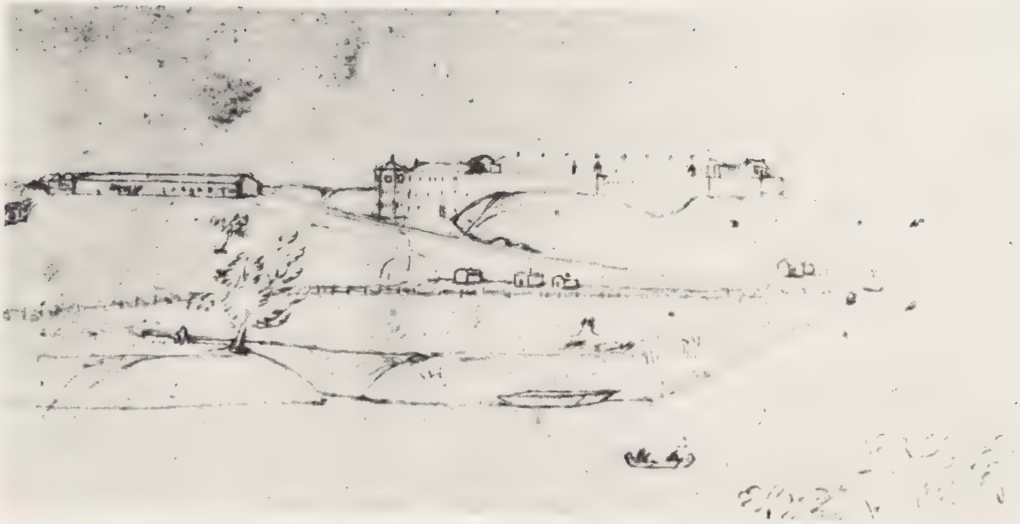
Squaws Playing Ball on the Prairie



Painting by Lieutenant Seth Eastman. Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University

Medicine Dance: Dakotah or Sioux Indians

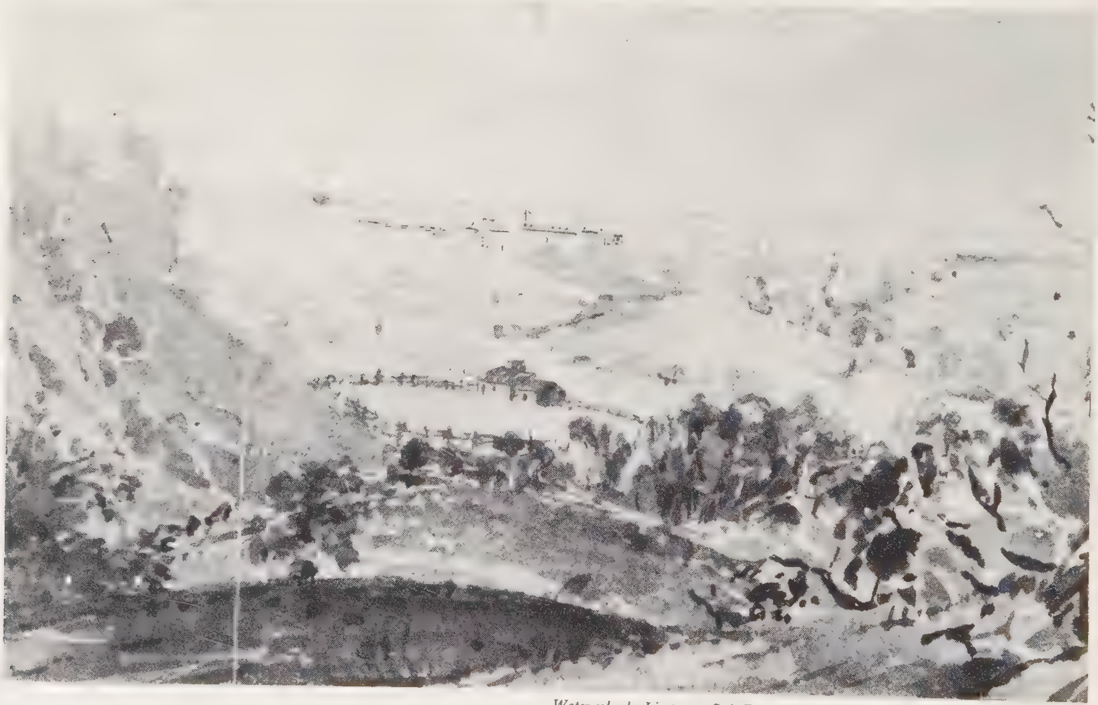
"A large party of Indians beside their wigwams engaged in mystic ceremonies of the Medicine Dance."



*Drawing by Lieutenant Seth Eastman. Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University*

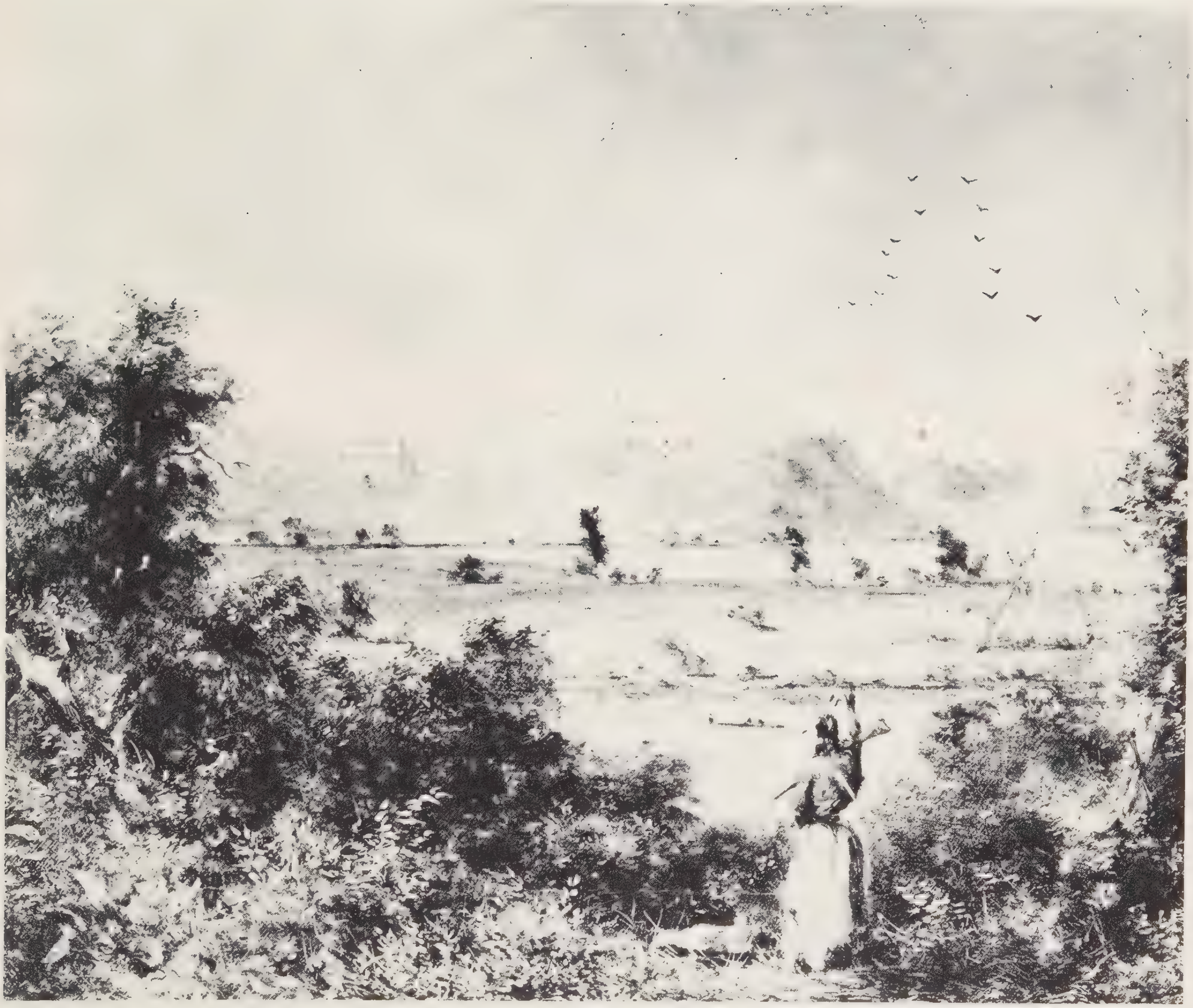
Fort Snelling, Minnesota

Sketched by Lieutenant Seth Eastman. Signed lower left: "Lt. Eastman 1830."



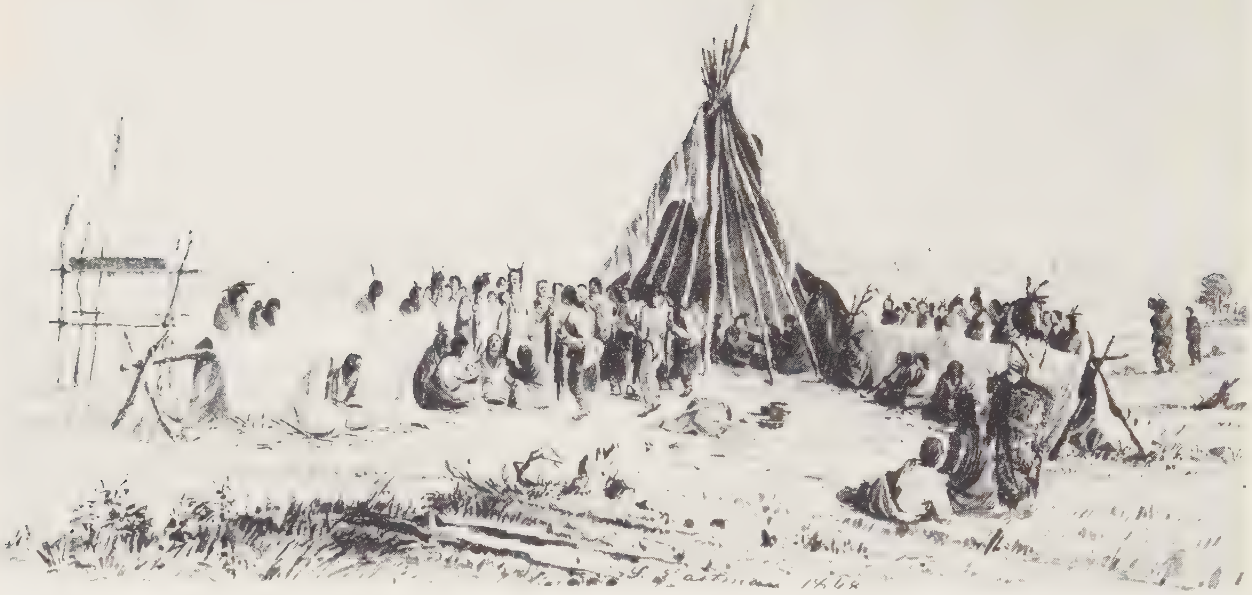
*Water color by Lieutenant Seth Eastman. Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University*

View of Fort Snelling, Minnesota



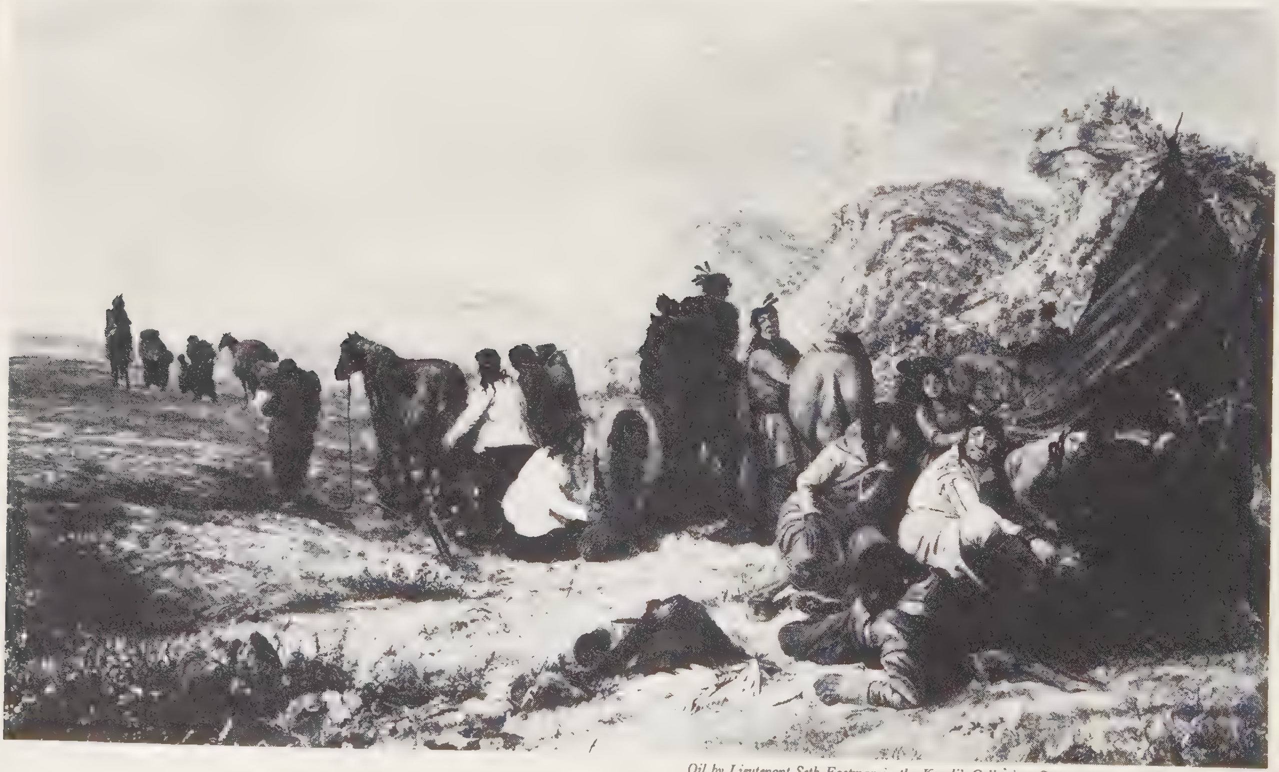
*Oil by Lieutenant Seth Eastman. Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University*

Fort Snelling, 1841



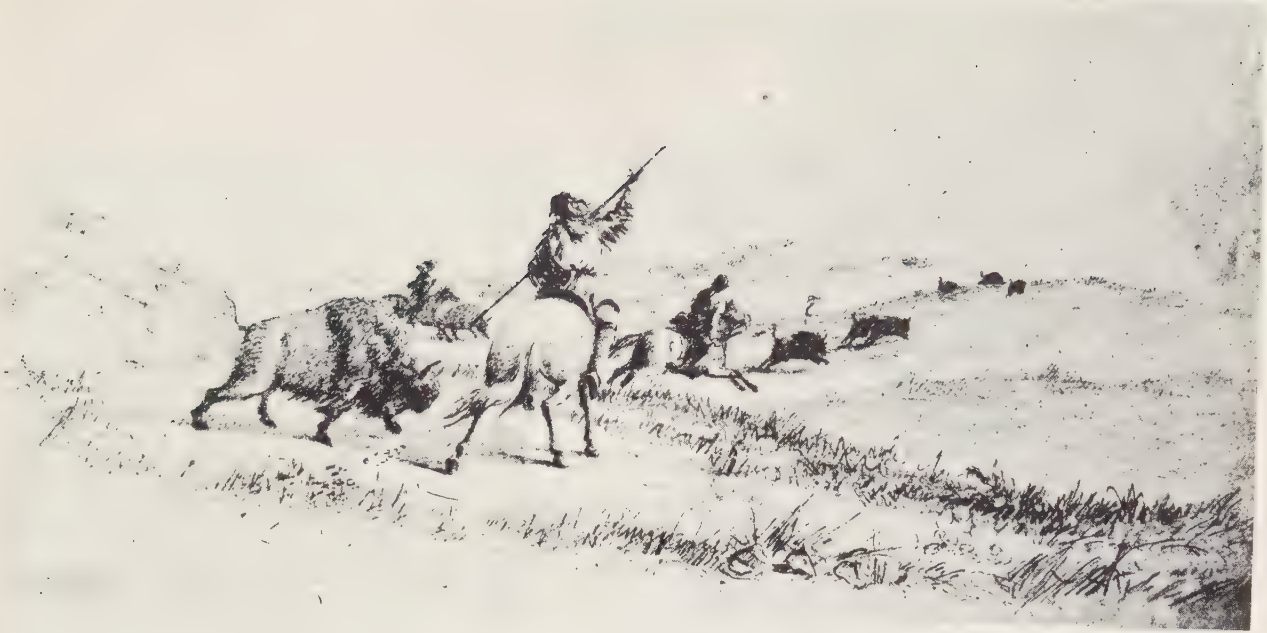
*Water color by Lieutenant Seth Eastman. Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University*

Women Dancing at a Sioux Village near Fort Snelling, 1848



*Oil by Lieutenant Seth Eastman in the Karolik Collection. Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*

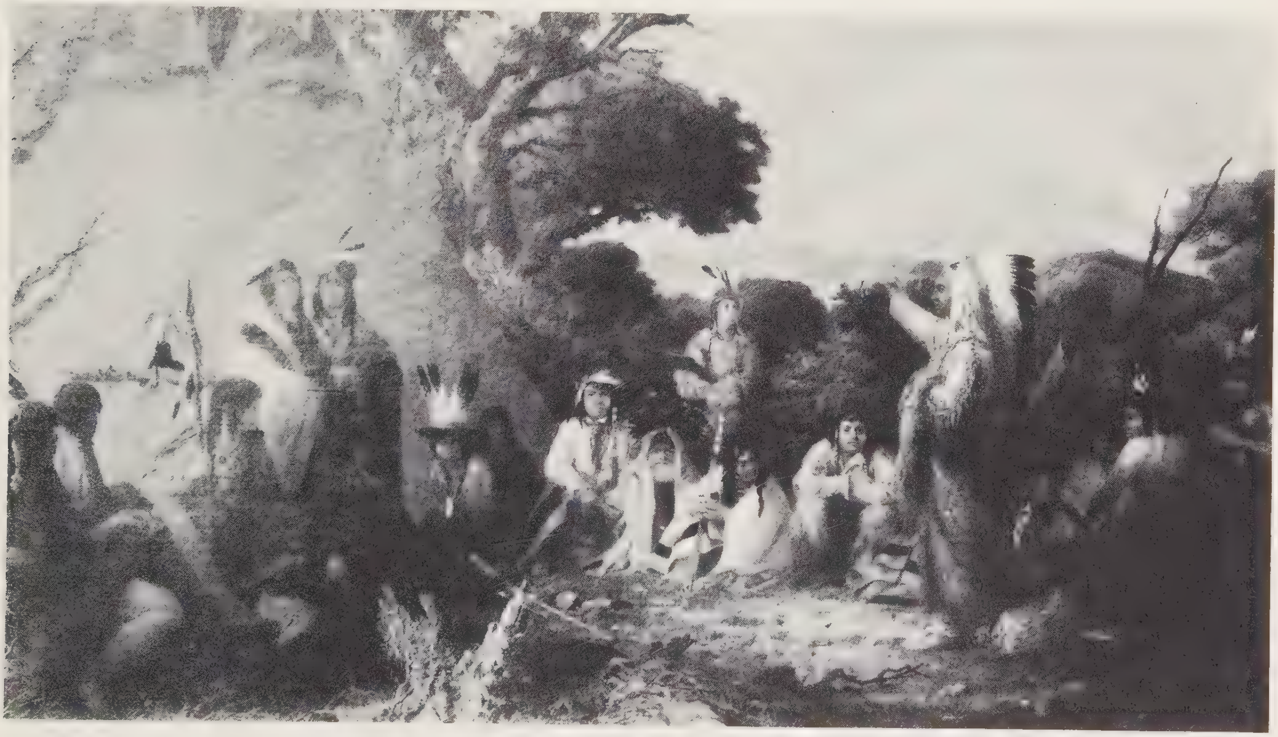
Sioux Indians Breaking Up Camp



*Drawing by Lieutenant Seth Eastman. Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University*

Buffalo Hunt of the Sioux Indians

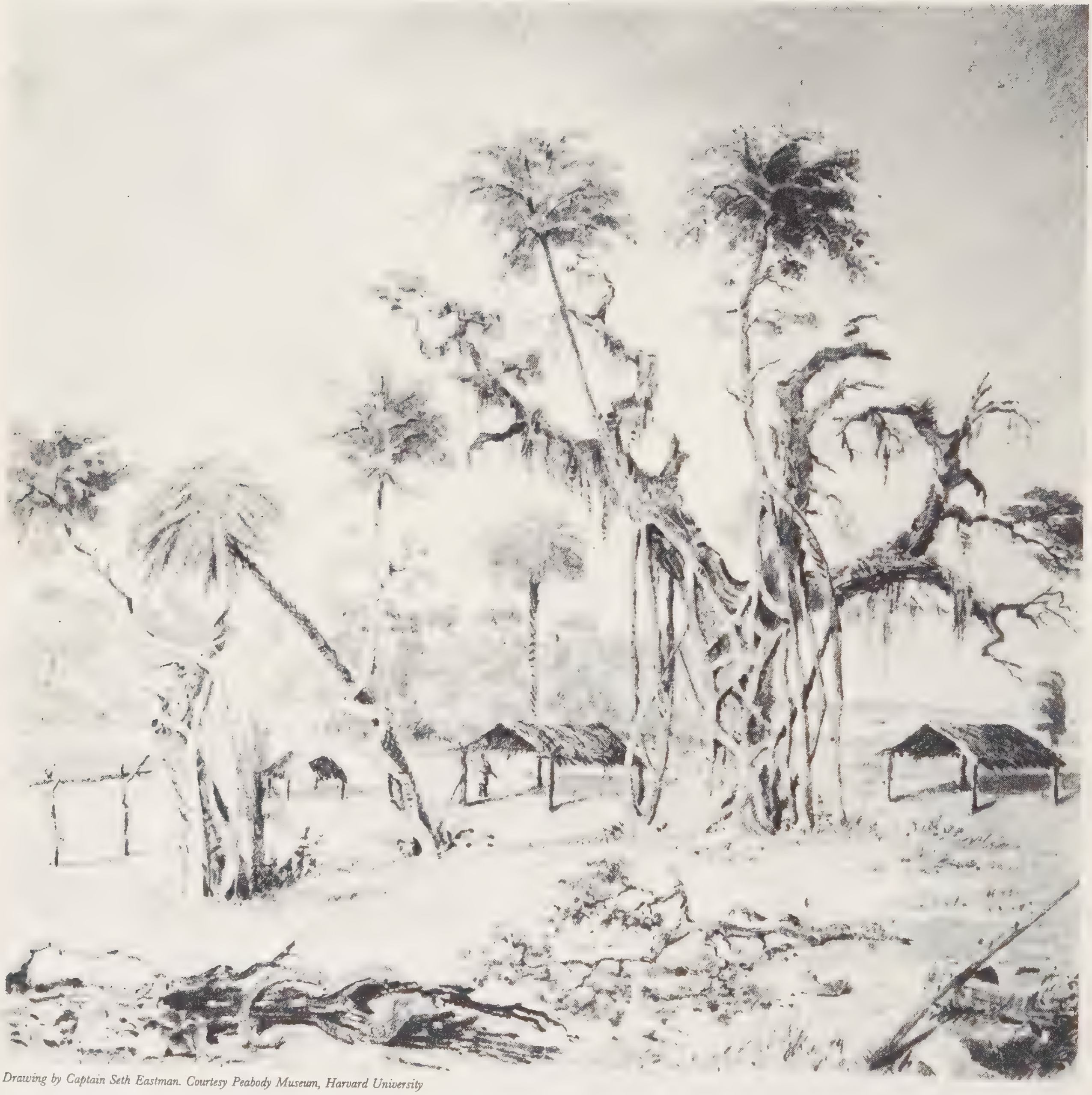
"A herd of buffaloes are attacked by the Indians, one of whom is dismounted by a furious bull, which his comrade dispatches with a lance."



*Painting by General Seth Eastman. Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University*

The Indian Council

General Seth Eastman painted this picture sometime in 1865 for Peter Force, his friend and neighbor in Washington.



*Drawing by Captain Seth Eastman. Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University*

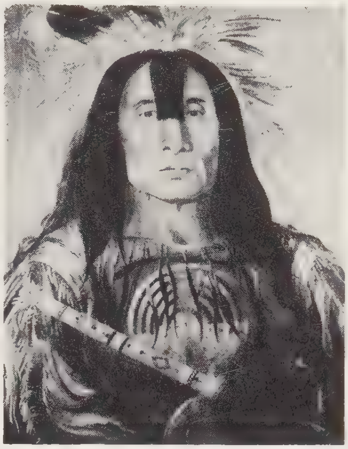
Sam Jones's Village in Florida, 1841

Chitto Tustenuggee or "Sam Jones" was Great Chief of the Seminoles and one of their leaders in the war against the United States.

# *Character Studies of Indians of the Great Plains Painted by George Catlin*

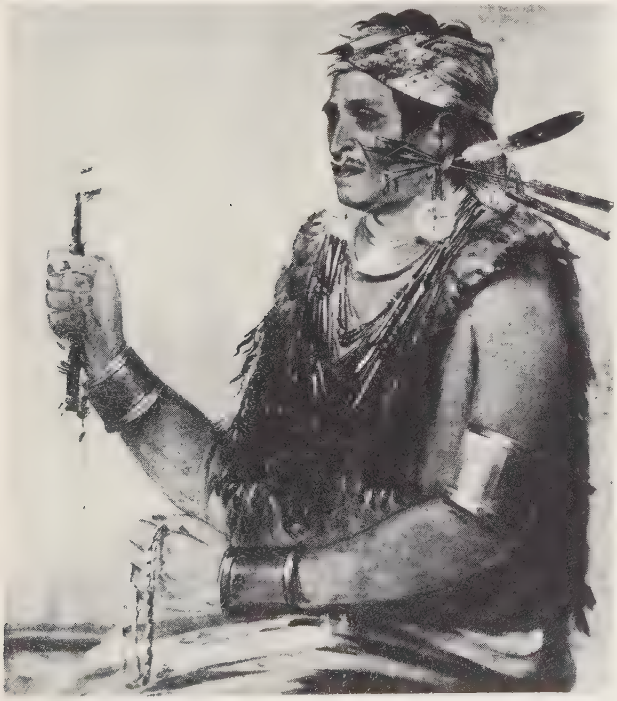
These are types of the Indians of the Great Plains of the American West among whom Lieutenant Seth Eastman lived while on duty at Forts Crawford and Snelling.

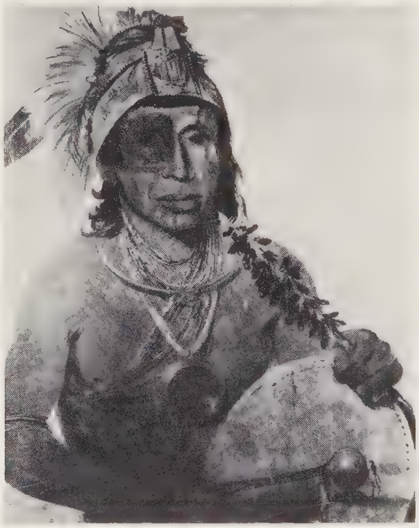
Toh-to-wah-kon-da-pee, The Blue Medicine, a noted medicine man, is seen here in his ceremonial paint, with mystery drum and rattle in his hands; his looking glass on his chest is made of hammered silver, the rattle of antelopes' hoofs, and the drum of deer skin. Stu-mick-o-sucks, Buffalo's Back Fat, Chief of the Blackfeet, is splendidly dressed in a costume richly garnished with porcupine quills, fringed with scalp locks. Ten-squat-a-way, the Open Door, called the Shawnee Prophet, was the brother of Tecumseh who led an army of warriors operating with the British army against the American forces in the War of 1812.



Buffalo's Back Fat,
Chief of the Blackfeet

The Shawnee Prophet, Brother of Tecumseh





The Blue Medicine,
Medicine Man of the
Eastern Dakotas

*Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.*

# 5

# Great Virtues, Great Deeds

## *West Point*

The United States Military Academy at West Point was established July 4, 1802, for the training of young officers who would one day form the nuclear officer personnel of the U. S. Army. From the beginning the subject of drawing has been an important part of the Academy's curriculum. Traditional with the Academy is its appreciation of the fine arts. Early in its history the Academy provided drawing instruction for the cadets by engaging French miniaturists and engravers as instructors. The basis of instruction, however, was the training of each student in mechanical draughtsmanship and topography. The cadet was also trained in the method of plotting land elevations and in the sketching of landscapes for purposes of reconnaissance. The cadet also studied star-shaped fortifications in the manner of Vauban, the French military engineer, such as Fort Jefferson on Garden Key in the Dry Tortugas, the Gibraltar of the Gulf of Mexico, and Fortress Monroe in Virginia, which figured so prominently in the Civil War.

The first American artist to become Colonel-Professor of Graphics and Drawing was Charles R. Leslie. The assistant instructor in those subjects was Lieutenant Seth Eastman, the frontier artist. Eastman, a graduate of the class of 1829, was assigned to the Academy in January, 1833, after a long tour of duty in the Western Territories. Charles Leslie resigned the following year, and Colonel Robert Weir, father of the distinguished impressionist J. Alden Weir, was appointed by Lieutenant Colonel Lewis Cass, Secretary of War. The appointment was approved by the Senate, and Colonel Weir assumed his duties as Professor of Drawing at the military school. Eastman remained as assistant instructor until 1840, when he was transferred to active service. Many cadets who were to become distinguished soldiers studied under these instructors. Among those cadets were Ulysses S. Grant, William Tecumseh Sherman, Robert E. Lee, George Gordon Meade, and Jefferson Davis. Colonel Weir was James A. McNeill Whistler's first teacher in painting and drawing. Whistler, of the class of 1855, was an excellent draughtsman, as was his father, Major G. W. Whistler, before him. Whistler did not graduate, having failed in chemistry. But he was always devoted to the Academy.

The majesty of Hudson's River, and the beauty and charm of the surrounding mountainous countryside which had cast its magic spell over Washington Irving, stirred something more than martial spirit in Robert Weir. "At West Point," he wrote, "the beautiful scenery of the Hudson gave me full opportunity to indulge my love of landscape." Seth Eastman had also discovered a bounty of subjects for his brush. He made many sketches and paintings in the vicinity of the Academy and of many historic spots along the Hudson. A cadet with a gift for description put into words his impressions of nature's handiwork that provided the backdrop setting of the Academy. "It would seem as if nature had specially prepared the place, directing the very forces and adjustment of rock and stone for the purpose of creating a military post. Time never dulls the feeling of overwhelming beauty. I have sometimes thought it conspired to bring the intellectual vision the spiritual significance of great virtues and great deeds . . . I have a feeling that a noble feeling never rises in the heart, that an heroic deed is never performed, but the hills with their laurel, the ridges with their strong limbed oaks, feel a responsive thrill, and impart to the winds and streams their secret joy."

The twilight hours and the night struck a responsive chord in the mind and thoughts of Walter Weir, Robert's son, who wrote of his impressions:

"It is night; the great candle uplifted on the top of the Eastern hills and the thousand wax-tapers of the stars, with their flickering, twinkling lights tell that nature's vesper time is come. As the blaze in the great fire goes out in the west, the evening gun on the plain announces that the sun is set, and the day is done.

"Its thunders roll among the hills; Old Cro' Nest passes them on to Butter-hill, Butter-hill to Bull-hill, and Bull-hill to Breakneck.

"How the Highlands toss the thunder-ball among themselves, till, tired of the sport, like children at play, they send it with spent speed hovering across Newburg bay to the town that lies asleep on the hillside."

The beauty of the West Point countryside left a lasting impression on young Walter Weir that was not easily erased by time, for he remembered the happy scenes of his youth for the rest of his life. But to the cadets as well as the professors all was not gazing at the beautiful scenery, awesome though it was. The sterner and more serious aspects of military and academic matters occupied their daytime hours. Even in those days before the Civil War the importance of drawing as a requisite study is set forth in a report: "The first five graduates in each year, those most distinguished for their acquirements and good conduct, are the men selected to enter the engineer department. For the Staff, Engineers, Ordnance, and Artillery, high scientific attainments are required. But also the cadet has been drilled in military exercises; he has served as a soldier for years in the ranks, or as a sergeant or corporal; and he has had experience as a commissioned officer performing on the field all appropriate duties, as Engineer, Infantry, Light Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery both mounted and on foot. From his training he delineates maps and plans, and explains maneuvers of Battalions, Brigades, Divisions and Army Corps. His moral character has been developed by virtuous habits and the influence of wise, experienced and honorable men. For this the government bears the expense of the cadet's education and fits him not only for the military education alone, but also for high position in civil life."

Robert Weir was an observant instructor when it came to evaluating the drawing talents of his pupils. Among the pupils who attended his classes in drawing at the Academy at West Point were Grant, Sherman, G. H. Thomas, "Stonewall" Jackson, P. T. G. Beauregard, Philip Sheridan, Winfield Hancock, Fitz-John Porter, Maxcy Gregg, Truman Seymour, George Gordon Meade, and J. A. McNeill Whistler. Colonel Weir did not include the works of Ulysses Grant and Jefferson Davis in the exhibition gallery in Academic Hall, "for the reason that they stood at the wrong end of their class." "The rough sketches by Whistler," wrote Colonel Weir, "even at this early date, exhibit decided talent and singular independence of thought; indeed this latter characteristic so got the better of him that he was finally obliged to leave the Academy, expelled for his eccentricities—but he later expressed his great admiration for his training and discipline there. He was the 'gentleman of the nocturnes in blue and silver.' He drew beautifully and rapidly with a pen, and had a fine eye for color. He had all these natural artistic tendencies as a lad . . . " Colonel Weir could not say the same for Ulysses Grant, however, for he wrote, "I can't say that General Grant had a very artistic tendency; he was rather a poor hand at it . . . "

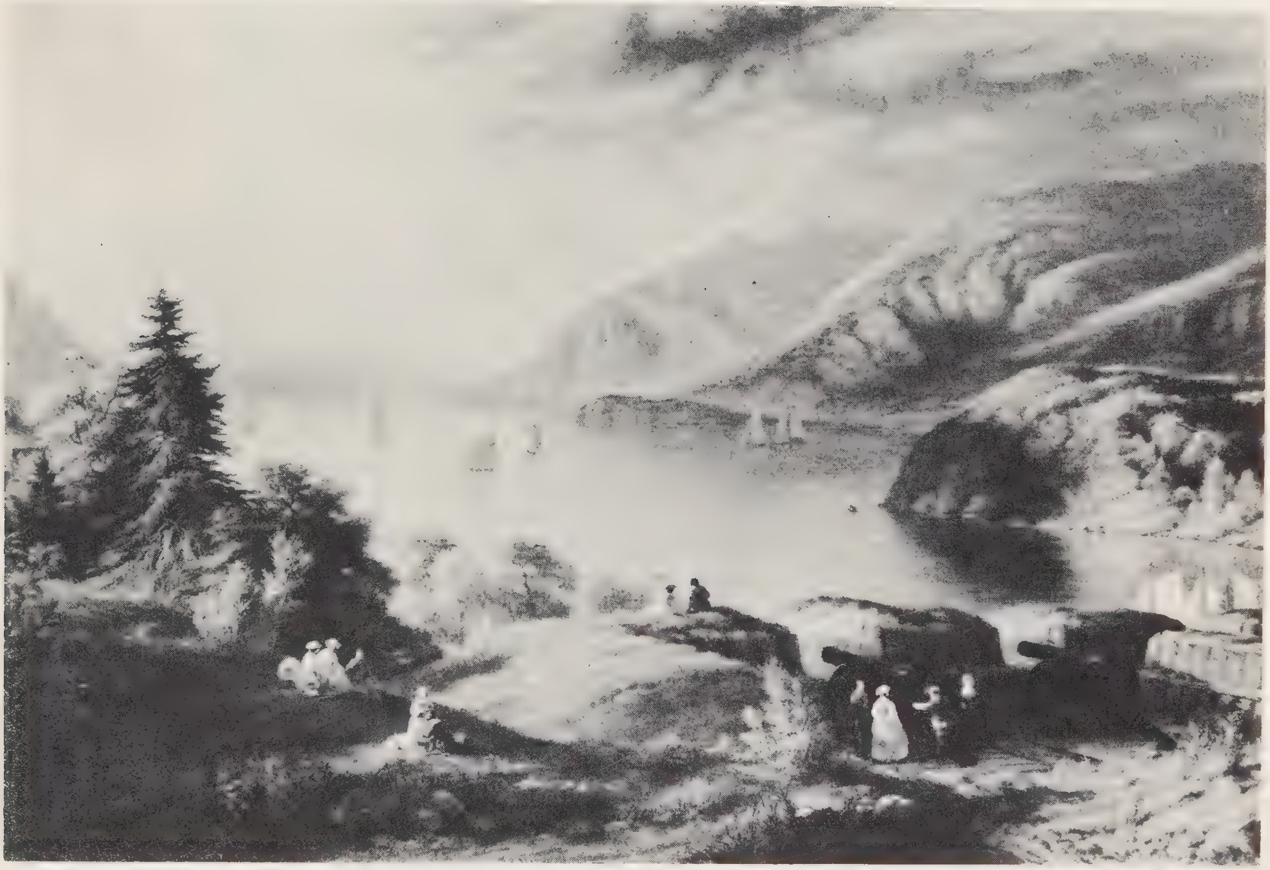
Looking at Grant's drawing "Trading with the Indians," which he made when a cadet at the Academy, one could take exception to Colonel Weir's verdict. A fine, sensitive piece of work, Grant's drawing reveals another and little-known side of the "brutal Suvarov" of the Union Army, as Mrs. Chesnut referred to him in her vehemence and resentment toward things Federal. Mrs. Chesnut was prone to overlook much in Grant's character.

One of the most controversial figures in American art was James Abbott McNeill Whistler. After the disappointed Whistler left the Academy, Colonel Weir wrote, "The Army lost but an indifferent soldier, but the world of art was recruited by one of the brilliant lights of his time." Whistler was, indeed, an "indifferent soldier," but he always recalled with affection his student days at the Academy. When Whistler was pursuing his impoverished art career in London, a friend inquired about his short military career. His reply was, "If silicon had been a gas, I would have been a Major General."

In an extract from *A Discussion in Congress* appeared the following: "In reference to the drawing department over which Mr. Weir presides, the Committee may not be aware that it is one of the most important branches of military education. . . . Those skilled in that science, the officers of the engineering department, have performed most important services during the progress of the war with Mexico. We know of a young man in Louisiana who drew for General Scott the whole plan of the fortifications around the city of Mexico; for which services he received only the approval of the General, while in its performance he encountered as much peril as an officer in battle." Although the young man is not mentioned by name it was probably James Walker.

The curriculum at the Academy placed heavy emphasis on mathematics—calculus, analytical and descriptive geometry, and conic sections. These mathematical studies were co-ordinated with the course in drawing, which included perspective, shading and shadow, and the study of the human figure in freehand drawing. A course in drawing was given by Thomas Gimbrede, a Frenchman and amiable teacher, and an accomplished miniaturist and engraver with a broad sense of humor.

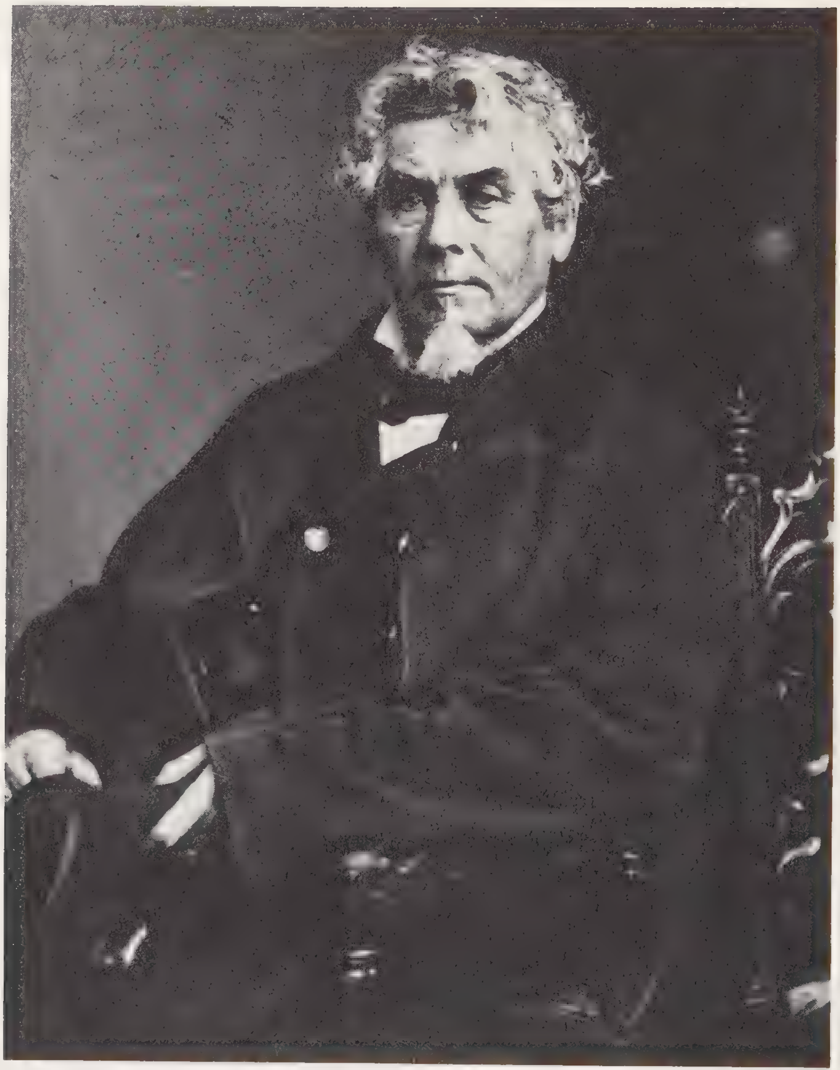
"There are only two lines in drawing," he said to his class, "the straight line and the curved line. Everyone can draw a straight line and everyone can draw a curved line—therefore, everyone can draw." Robert E. Lee had shown exceptional talent in map making and topography which manifested itself when, as Captain of Engineers on General Winfield Scott's staff in Mexico, he made a map of the field of Cerro Gordo under fire, almost getting himself captured in the process. Later, at a council of war called by General Scott, Captain Lee was the subject of close observation by Lieutenant Raphael Semmes of the Navy. Greatly impressed, Semmes wrote: "The services of Captain Lee were invaluable to his chief. Endowed with a mind which has no superior in the corps, and possessing great energy of character, he examined, counselled, and advised with a judgment, tact, and discretion worthy of all praise. His talent for topography was peculiar, and he seemed to receive impressions intuitively, which it cost other men much labor to acquire . . . "



Courtesy U. S. Military Academy

A View of the Hudson from West Point

Painting by Colonel Robert W. Weir,
Professor of Drawing at the Military
Academy. Circa 1864.



*Photograph by Mathew Brady. Author's collection*

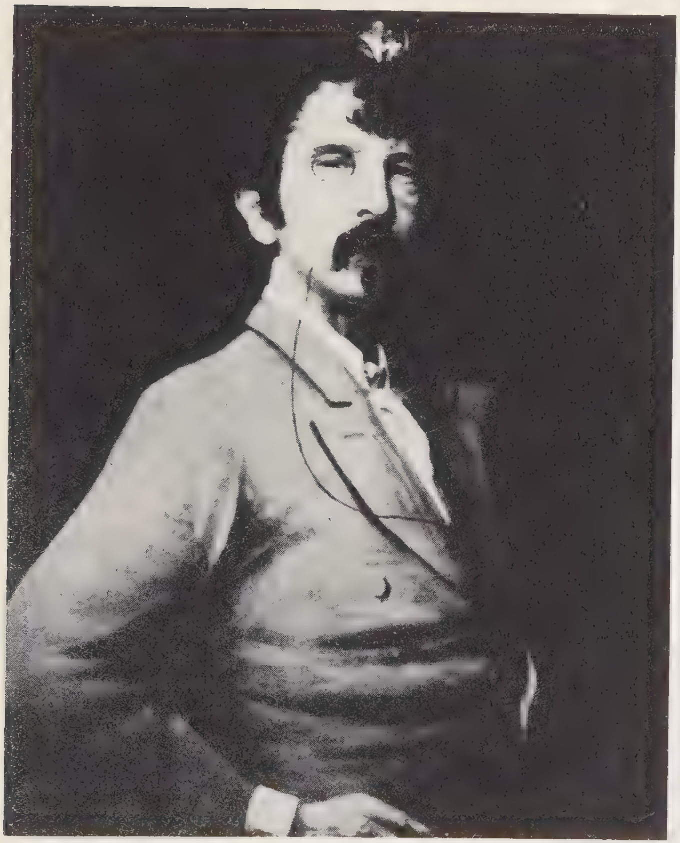
Colonel Robert Walter Weir, 1840

Professor of Drawing, United States Military Academy, West Point, New York.

## Lieutenant General
## Thomas Jonathan Jackson

Commander of the Army of the Valley, C.S.A.

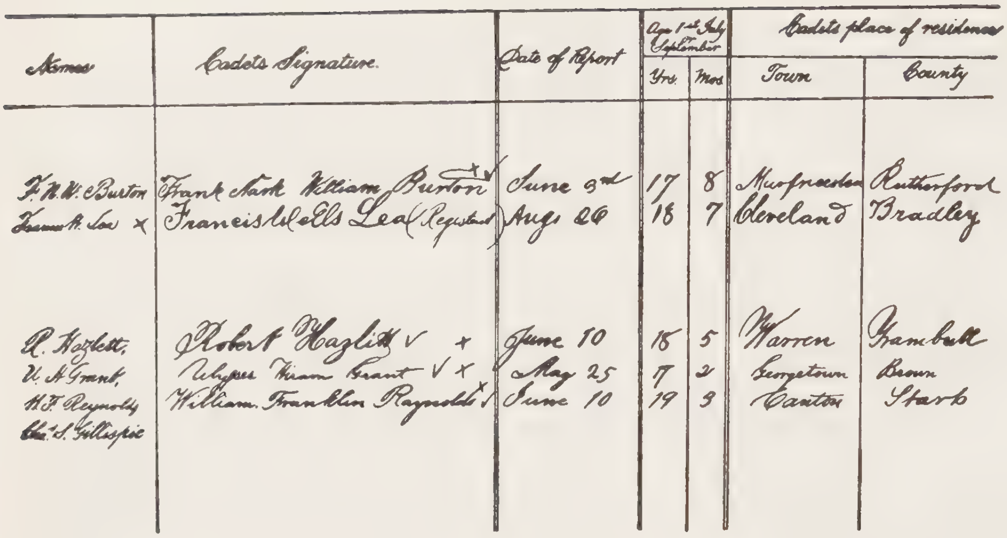
*Photograph by George Cook. Author's collection*



*From an original painting by Walter Greaves. Courtesy Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts*

## James Abbott McNeill Whistler

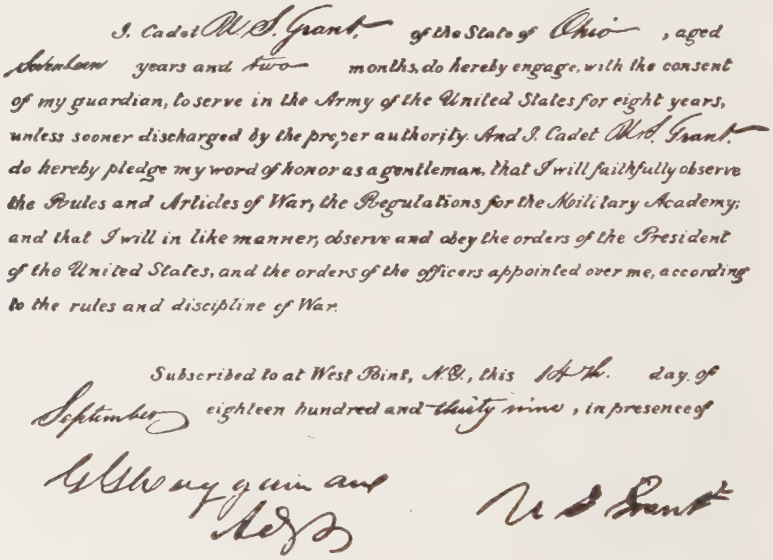
Whistler's father was a major of engineers. Like Edgar Allan Poe, Whistler was sent to West Point to become a soldier, but he soon discovered that he was not cut out for the military and resigned from the Academy.



| Names | Cadets Signature. | Date of Report | Age 1st July September Yrs. | Mos. | Cadets place of residence Town | County |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| F. M. W. Burton | Frank Mark William Burton × ✓ | June 3rd | 17 | 8 | Murfreesboro | Rutherford |
| Francis W. Lea × | Francis Wells Lea (Regestd) | Aug. 26 | 18 | 7 | Cleveland | Bradley |
| R. Hazlett, | Robert Hazlitt ✓ × | June 10 | 18 | 5 | Warren | Trumbull |
| U. H. Grant, | Ulysses Hiram Grant ✓ × | May 25 | 17 | 2 | Georgetown | Brown |
| W. F. Reynolds | William Franklin Reynolds × ✓ | June 10 | 19 | 3 | Canton | Stark |
| Chas. S. Gillespie | | | | | | |

Courtesy U. S. Military Academy

Signature of Ulysses Grant on Reporting at West Point



I. Cadet U. S. Grant of the State of Ohio, aged seventeen years and two months, do hereby engage, with the consent of my guardian, to serve in the Army of the United States for eight years, unless sooner discharged by the proper authority. And I. Cadet U. S. Grant do hereby pledge my word of honor as a gentleman, that I will faithfully observe the Rules and Articles of War, the Regulations for the Military Academy; and that I will in like manner, observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the rules and discipline of War.

Subscribed to at West Point, N.Y., this 14th. day of September eighteen hundred and thirty nine, in presence of

G. W. Waggaman
Adjt

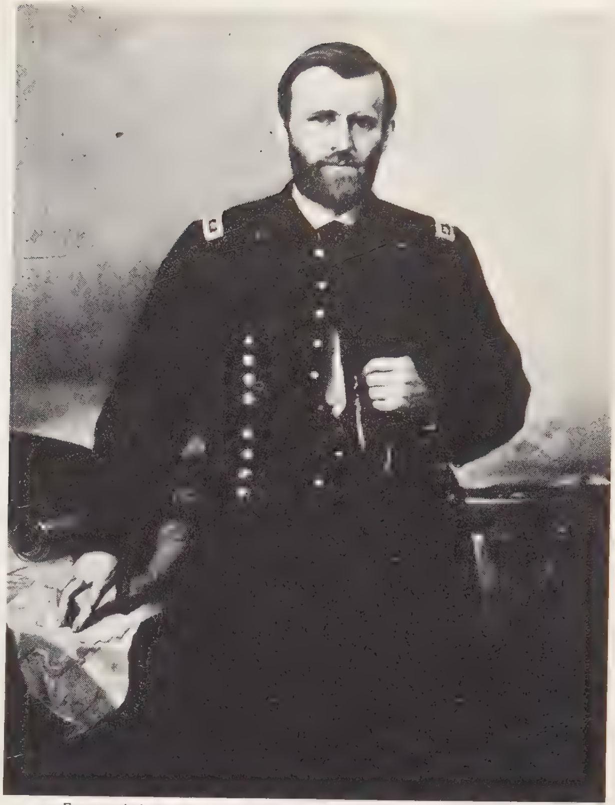
U S Grant

Courtesy U. S. Military Academy

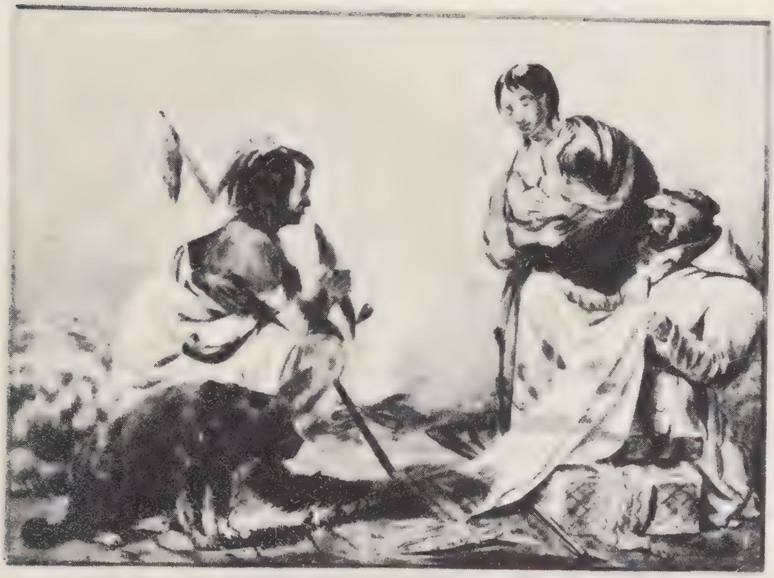
First Signature of Cadet Ulysses S. Grant as U. S. Grant, on the Articles of War and Academy Regulations

## Lieutenant General Ulysses Simpson Grant

Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States, 1864–1865



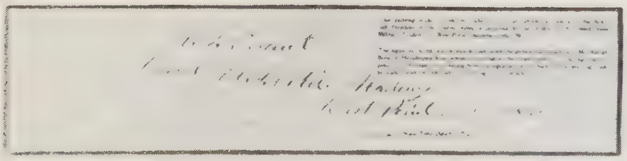
*From a painting by Paul Lowrier given to the Military Academy by Mrs. Julia Dent Grant.*
*Courtesy U. S. Military Academy*



## Trading with the Indians

"This painting made in 1841 by Cadet U. S. Grant, afterwards General of the Army and President of the United States, is presented by his children to the United States Military Academy at West Point December 25, 1902.

"The signature in ink was written by him when the picture was presented to Mr. Adolph Borie of Philadelphia from whom it reverted to the Grant family. The signature in pencil—U. H. Grant—is a tracing from the signature on the back of the drawing made by Cadet Grant in 1841 before the change of his middle initial."



Original Grant signature on the reverse side of the painting which was presented to the Academy by his children on December 25, 1902

*Water-color drawing by U. S. Grant, Cadet, Class of 1843, U. S. Military Academy*

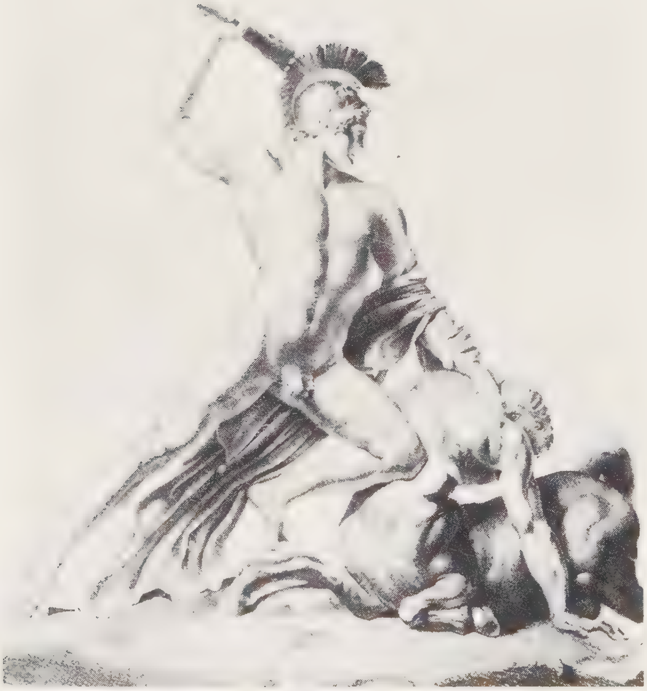
Major General William Tecumseh Sherman, Commander of the Military Division of the Mississippi

The great invader who, with 60,000 men, marched from Atlanta to the sea, in one of the greatest military marches in history.

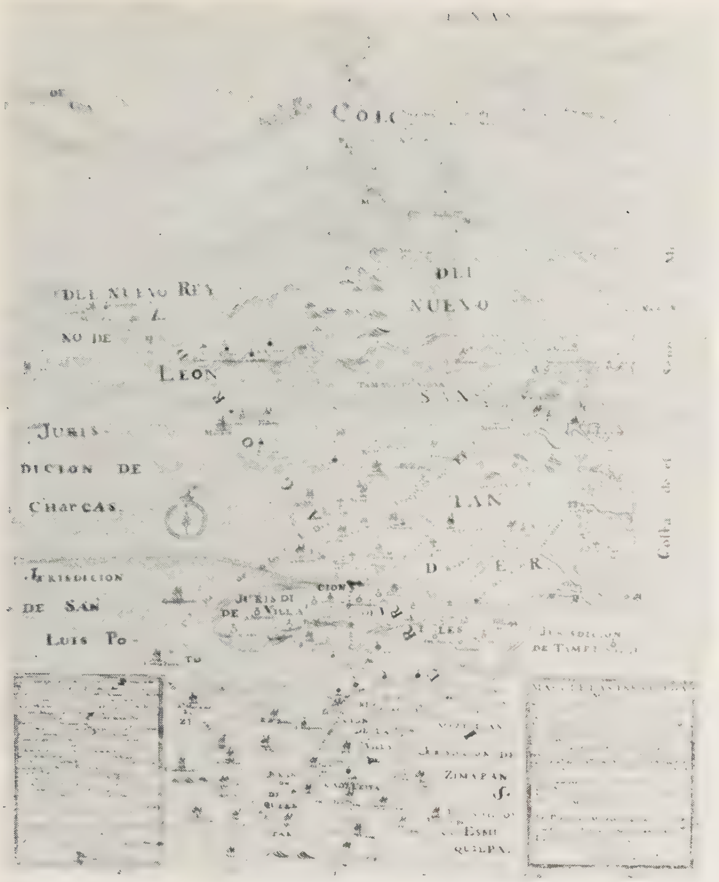
*Photograph by Mathew Brady. Author's collection*

Copy from the Antique

Drawn by Cadet William T. Sherman, Class of 1840.



*Courtesy U. S. Military Academy*


DEL NUEVO REY
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LUIS PO-
TO
ZIMAPAN
ESMI
QUILPA

*From the original map. Courtesy Confederate Memorial Museum*

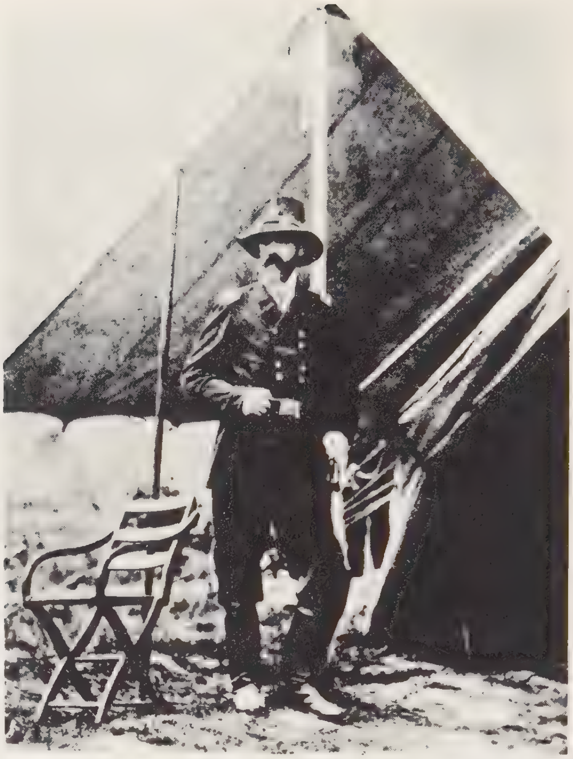
Map of La Sierra Gorda, Mexico

Drawn by Cadet Robert E. Lee, Class of 1829.

General Robert Edward Lee,
Commander in Chief,
Army of Northern Virginia, C.S.A.

Former Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, Robert E. Lee resigned his commission and became commander of the Confederate forces.

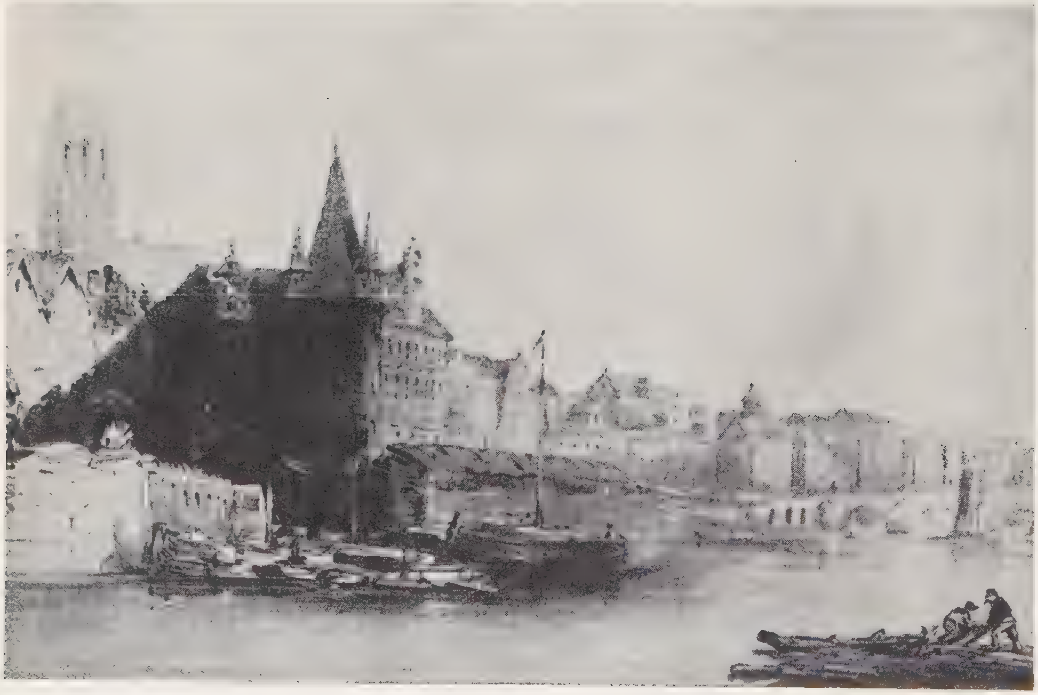
*From a photograph by Mathew Brady made after the surrender at Appomattox, on the back porch of the Lee residence in Richmond. Author's collection*



Major General George Gordon Meade

Commander of the Army of the Potomac
at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 1, 1863.

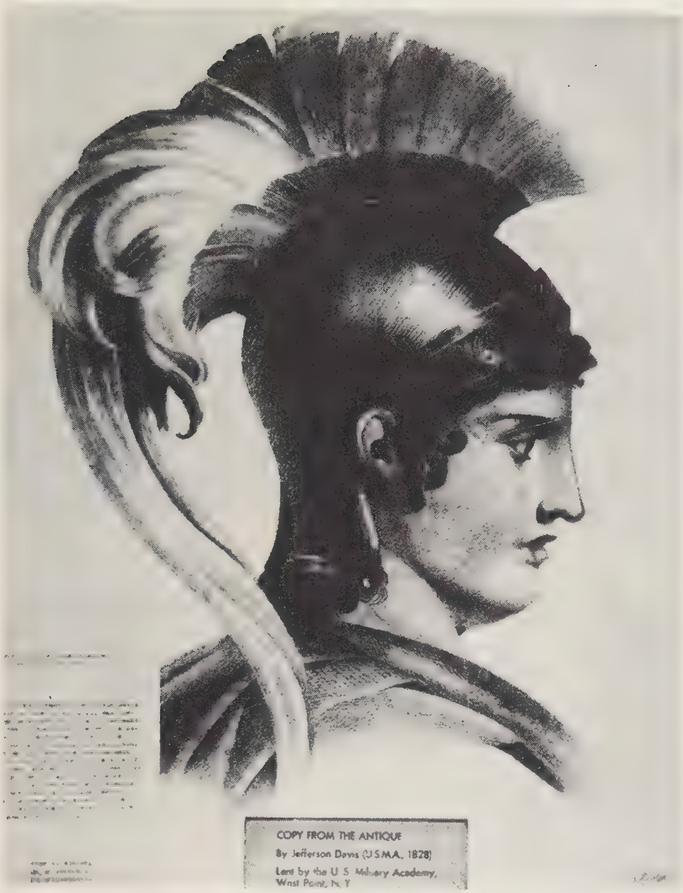
*Photograph by Mathew Brady. Author's collection*



*Courtesy U. S. Military Academy*

View of a Town

Drawn by Cadet George Gordon Meade, Class of 1835.


COPY FROM THE ANTIQUE
By Jefferson Davis (USMA, 1828)
Lent by the U.S. Military Academy, West Point, N.Y.

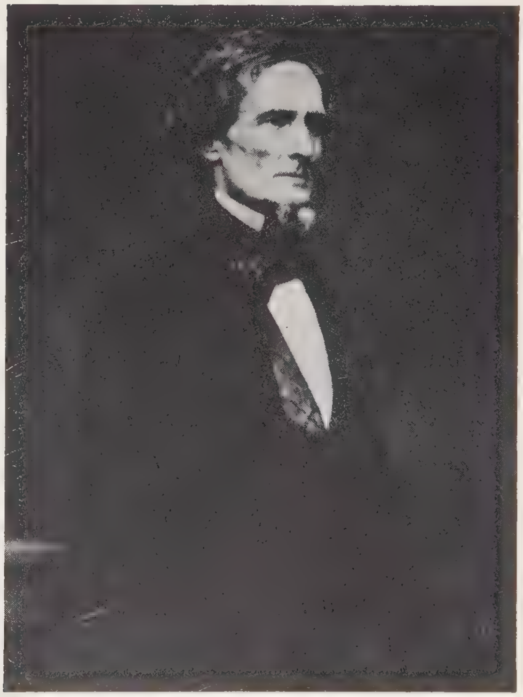
*Courtesy U. S. Military Academy*

## Copy from the Antique

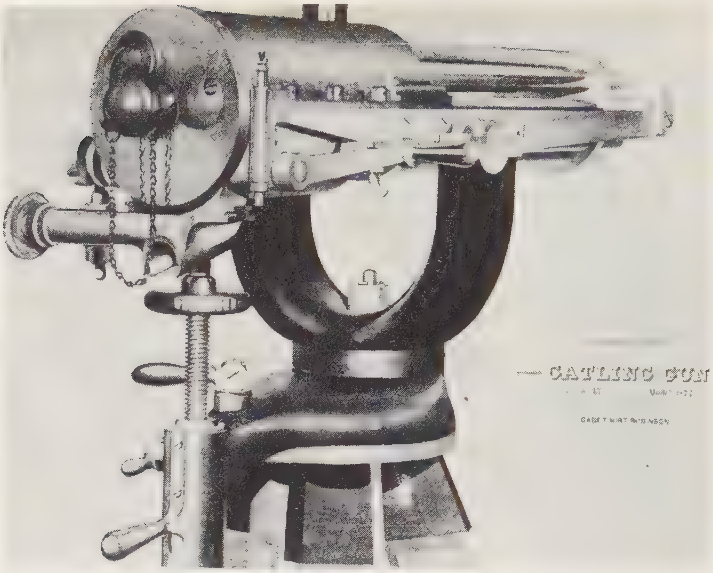
Drawing by Cadet Jefferson Davis, Class of 1828.

## Jefferson Davis

Former Secretary of War of the United States; Colonel, United States Army; and President of the Confederate States of America.



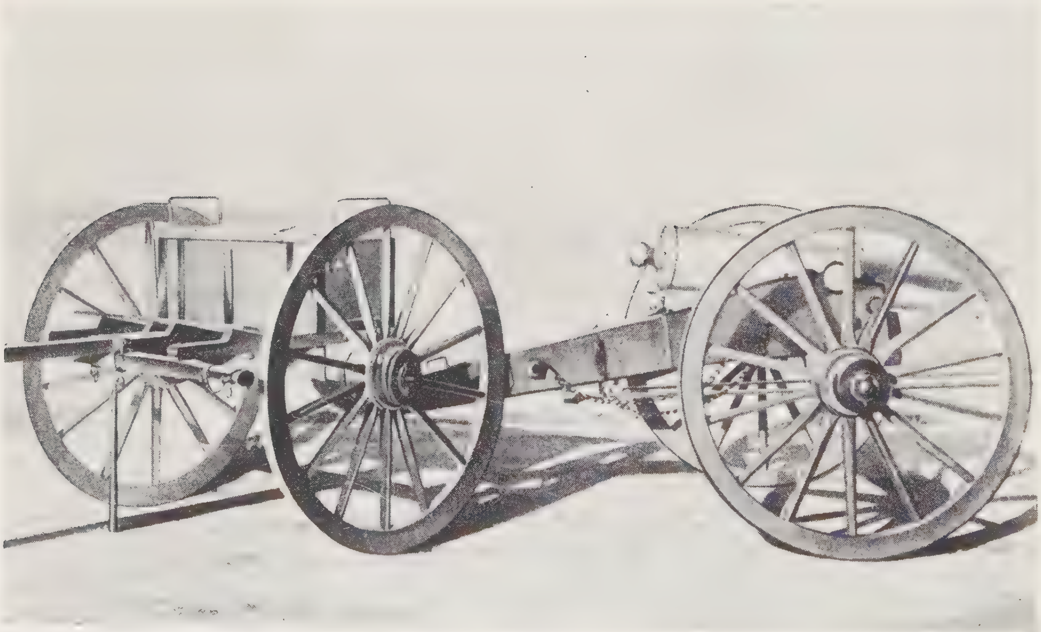
*Photograph by Mathew Brady. Author's collection*



*Courtesy U. S. Military Academy*

Perspective of a Gatling gun
Caliber .45—Model 1877

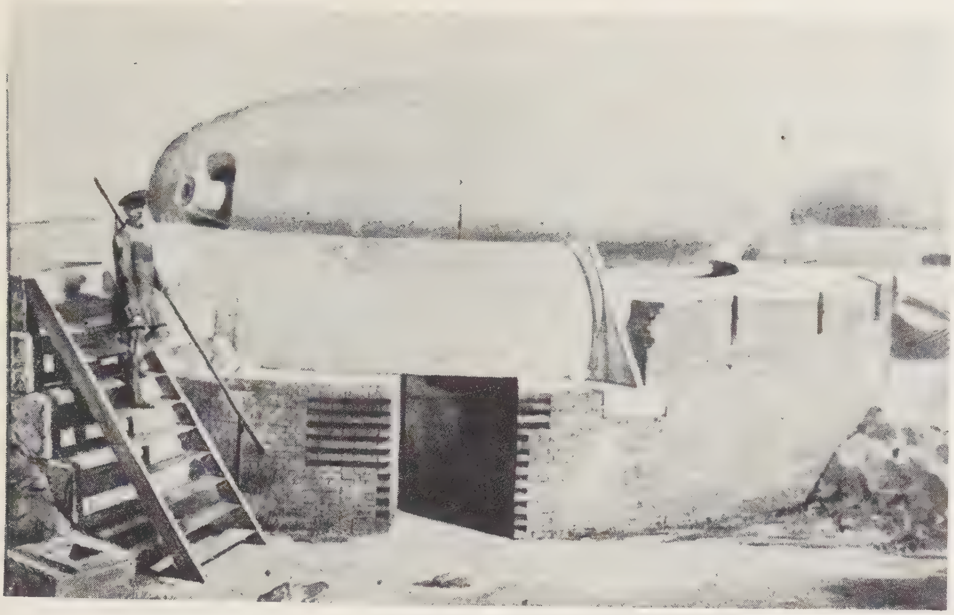
By Cadet Wirt Robinson, Class of 1887.
Drawn under the direction of Professor Charles W. Larned.



*Courtesy U. S. Military Academy*

Perspective view of a field howitzer

Drawn under the direction of Professor Charles W. Larned, U.S.M.A., by Cadet I. W. Littel, Class of 1883.



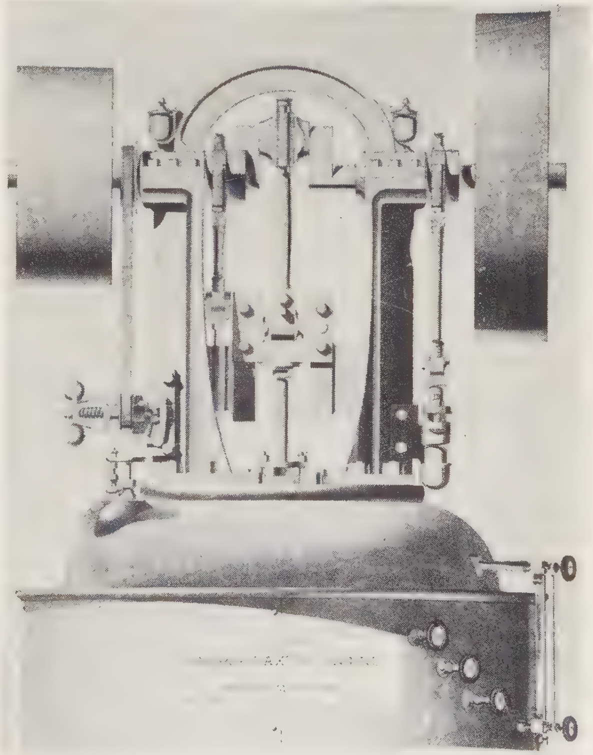
Courtesy U. S. Military Academy

Perspective view of a Gruson turret
In process of construction, showing exterior, Fort Longlutjen.

Drawn and colored by Cadet Peyton C. March, Class of 1888, under the direction of Professor Charles W. Larned, U.S.M.A., June, 1888.

Elevation of a 10 horse
Baxter engine, scale 1:3

Drawn under the direction of Professor Charles W. Larned, U.S.M.A., by Cadet Lawton M. Fuller, Class of 1891.



Courtesy U. S. Military Academy

# 6

# On the Banks of the Rio Grande

## *The Mexican War*

## 1846–1848

James Walker, and Lieutenant Henry N. Walke of the bomb-brig *Vesuvius,* dominate the artists' record of the battlegrounds and scenes of the war with Mexico. One an artist-interpreter, the other a naval officer-illustrator, though they did not know each other, had one thing in common—illustrating the war in paintings, lithographs, and water colors.

The Mexican War began in 1846, its causes many and varied. Since the days of De Soto and Cortez, Mexico had languished under fearfully despotic Spanish rule. Laws for Mexico, enacted in Spain, were executed with cruelty and treachery. After years of bloody resistance, Mexico finally won her independence.

Mexico's ordeal, however, did not end with freedom from her Spanish tormentors. Texas and New Mexico, within her boundaries, and empires in territory, became the objects of the next land grab of her growing neighbor to the north. Texan colonists, former American citizens who received grants to settle the territory, flouted Mexican laws and openly engaged in slavery even though the Mexican republic did not sanction the institution. Savage border warfare flared up between Texas and Mexico. To fight the war, Texans organized a military force, routed the Mexican Army at San Jacinto, and captured Mexican President Santa Anna. Elated by her victory, but realizing she could not hold the territory for long, Texas declared her independence and then offered herself to the United States. On July 4, 1845, the United States announced the annexation of Texas. Mexico denounced the partition of her territory, and after months of bitter dispute over boundary lines ordered her army to the Rio Grande.

President James Knox Polk ordered General Zachary Taylor at Fort Jessup, Louisiana, to prepare an army of occupation for a march into Texas; the army's goal was the Rio Grande at Matamoros. Taylor's small force, consisting of four regiments of artillery, five regiments of infantry, and a regiment of dragoons, less than 4,000 men of all arms, established itself at Corpus Christi Bay, near the mouth of the Nueces River.

Many of Taylor's soldiers and officers had little sympathy with this action of their government. Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant of the Fourth Regiment of Infantry, realizing the military aspects of the situation, was keenly aware of the political intent as well. "We were sent to provoke a fight," he wrote, "but it was essential that Mexico commence it. It was very doubtful whether Congress would declare war; but if Mexico should attack our troops, the Executive could announce, 'Whereas, war exists by acts of, etc.,' and prosecute the contest with vigor. Once initiated there were but few public men who would have the courage to oppose it. . . . " Lieutenant Grant further observed after a long period of boredom and inactivity at Corpus Christi that "Mexico showing no willingness to come to the Nueces to drive the 'invaders' from her soil, it became necessary . . . to approach within convenient distance to be struck. Accordingly, preparations were begun for moving the army to the Rio Grande, to a point near Matamoras."

The march of the American army to the Rio Grande was weary and painful—the ground underfoot hot sand broken by volcanic rock and covered with mesquite, jimson weed, and cactus. There was no enthusiasm among the men. The sun got hotter and the men's thirsts got sharper. "We had fourteen miles to march to get water," wrote Captain Henry, "and were forced to halt repeatedly;—and the men sat down with parched mouths upon the hot sand, with the tropical sun beating down on them. The prairie had a few sickly blades of grass upon it;—the sand was like hot ashes, and when you stepped upon it you sank up to the ankles. The last two miles I could not help but pity the men; many gave out and lay down by the roadside, perfectly exhausted and looking as if they did not care for life."

Sometimes the soldiers would see mirages of ships reflected in the sky from the Gulf 60 miles away. When the army had marched 125 miles the men ahead saw the chaparral, bluffs 30 feet high or more covered with dense thickets and dwarf evergreen oak stretching for miles, snarled, twisted, and forbidding, infested with poisonous snakes and other reptiles. Near-by was the Little Colorado River. At the base of the chaparral the advance columns were halted. Some men of the Fourth Regiment broke ranks and made a rush for the stream. Plunging their heads into the water to drink, the soldiers found it salt. The army halted long enough for the engineers to cut a roadway through the bluffs to the water's edge. The road completed, the army crossed the river, unopposed; but as the "Yanquis" scrambled up the opposite bank, the Mexican soldiers kept up a continual blowing of bugles and shouting to give the impression of a large army. Once on the opposite side, the Americans made camp and waited two days for the ox-drawn supply wagons to catch up.

Then began the final march of 30 miles to the Rio Grande. The going was now much better and the men's spirits rose. Marching four abreast, the soldiers presented a spectacle not soon forgotten by those who participated. The desert gave way to green grass, thick underfoot. Beautiful cactus blossoms of red and gold showed in bursts of color. As the long columns moved southward, the sun, setting in the west, backlighted the silhouettes of blue uniforms against the flowering acacia, casting soft shadows on the bright grass. Captain Henry wrote of the following morning: "I do not think I have ever felt a sweeter or fresher morning. The morning-star and moon were about setting; the former, even as day broke, looked like a diamond set in a clear blue sky . . . the country was beautiful . . . the air from the sea was delightful, and everything in nature appeared so happy, that it was perfectly exhilarating." But the harsh note of war broke in on this reverie. A rumor ran through the ranks that a force of 10,000 Mexicans were awaiting the "Yanquis." At last the army was drawn up on the bank of the Rio Grande. Across the river was Matamoros.

The scene was one to gladden the heart of the painter of military epics. American sentries, posted at the river bank in full sight of the Mexican sentries across the river, saw the gleaming white, flower-covered walls of beautiful buildings. On tiled roof tops, Mexican soldiers, in colorful red and green uniforms and wearing large sombreros, stared across the stream at the soldiers in blue. Companies of Mexican soldiers marched through the streets behind blaring brass bands. The gardens, riots of color, further tempered the martial background.

But the idyllic pause ended abruptly with the arrival of General Mariano Arista at Matamoros. The American camp experienced a somber moment when the body of Major Trueman Cross, "the first victim of the Mexican War," was discovered by searching parties a short distance from the river. The body "had been stripped, and flesh afterwards torn off by vultures, recognizable only by portions of clothing, scalp and teeth." The remains of Major Cross were later brought into camp and buried with military honors on the right bank of the river "in sight of both armies." The event cast a cloak of gloom over both armies. Matters remained fairly quiet until Mexico declared "defensive war" against the United States. Then, on April 24, General Arista ordered General Torrejón, with a heavy detachment, to cross the Rio Grande at La Palangana, six miles above Matamoros. The following day Captain Thornton and a small scouting party of dragoons flushed a Mexican detachment. One of Thornton's officers and sixteen men were killed, the rest captured. General Torrejón, anxious to take the initiative, marched to Palo Alto. About noon of May 8, Taylor came upon the Mexican army in battle formation. The weak Mexican left flank became Taylor's point of attack. Torrejón attempted an attack on the right and rear of the American army but was repulsed with loss by the Fifth Infantry.

Taylor soon discovered that his force was outnumbered and getting the worst of it, until the prairie grass was set afire by the exploding shells. Screened by the smoke, the Mexican army broke off the battle and fell back to Matamoros. Taylor, close on their heels, attacked them again the next day. There began the battle of Resaca de la Palma. Lieutenant Grant wrote of his first experience under fire.

"On the ninth of May about noon we left the field of battle [Palo Alto] and started on our way to Matamoras. When we advanced about six miles we found that the enemy had taken up a new position in the midst of a dense wood, and as we have since learned they had received a reinforcement equal to our whole numbers.

"Grape shot and musket balls were let fly from both sides making dreadful havoc. Our men continued to advance and did advance in spite of the shots, to the very mouths of the cannon and killed and took prisoner the Mexicans with them, and drove off with their own teams, taking cannon, ammunition and all to our side. In this way nine of their big guns were taken and their own ammunition turned against them. The Mexicans fought hard for an hour and a half but seeing their means of war fall from their hands in spite of all their efforts they finally commenced to retreat helter skelter. A great many retreated to the banks of the Rio Grande and without looking for means of crossing plunged into the water and no doubt many of them were drowned.

"After the battle the woods were strewed with the dead. . . . How many wagon loads [of bodies] have already come in and how many are left would be too hard to guess. . . ."

The battles which James Walker illustrated, fought in the Valley of Mexico, would today be considered minor affairs of arms. The main engagements took place at Buena Vista, Vera Cruz, Contreras, Churubusco (a costly blunder), and Chapultepec, the most unusual battle of the war. In these battles Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott demonstrated the power of an ably handled, small, aggressive force. The American army fought its way across hostile desert country between the forbidding ranges of the Sierra Madre. The country was dry desert of bare flinty rocks, mesquite infested with snakes and lizards.

After the battle of Monterey, General Taylor, at Victoria, received a dispatch from General Scott ordering most of his troops "to assist that Officer in his contemplated attack on Vera Cruz." With a small force, Taylor remained at Monterey until January, 1847. General Santa Anna, after a brush with a detachment of Taylor's main force near Saltillo, marched for Buena Vista.

Buena Vista, a small farm or rancho, was situated five miles west of Saltillo, on the road to San Luis Potosí. American supply trains and baggage were stationed here. In a narrow valley of broad tableland, surrounded on three sides by high mountains, Buena Vista was almost inaccessible to attack. The American army, drawn up in battle array on this broad plateau, with artillery in the center and on each flank, received a desperate charge by Mexican cavalry and a column of nearly 2,000 infantry. The American artillery did fearful execution. The wily General Santa Anna then called a truce which enabled him to change the position of his army, moving it northward over the hills in perfect order of battle near the American left flank.

Then took place one of the grandest spectacles seen by the American troops in the entire war. The Mexican soldiers, "their new uniforms and burnished arms, glittering in the morning sun, and quivering with thousands of reflections, seemed like a sea of steel:—while the rows of cavalry presented a pomp and grandeur of appearance far beyond anything in the American army. All morning long they continued to arrive, until the whole southern horizon blazed on every side with this intolerable splendor of their arms." But no attack came that day. All that night the Americans bivouacked on the bleak ground and rocks, without fires and on their arms. The night was excessively cold. Now and then a scream was heard through the stillness of the night when a vulture "moved heavily through the gloom of the battlefield attacking the wounded of the day before."

The battle opened noisily the next morning. Thousands of Mexican soldiers, pouring out of the defiles and mountain passes, attacked the American lines in an effort at annihilation. American cannon, firing grape and canister, swept men and horses to destruction. Three thousand Mexican infantrymen poured showers of bullets into the American lines. No matter how many gaps were ripped open in the Mexican lines by the American batteries, the ranks were filled up almost at once by fresh soldiers. At one time the Mexican cavalry, in dress uniforms, their arms glittering in the bright sun, dashed into the lines of Colonel Jefferson Davis' riflemen. Volleys from hundreds of rifles brought mangled heaps of Mexican cavalrymen and horses tumbling to the ground, screaming horses crushing the wounded and dying beneath their hooves. The fearful slaughter caused by the American artillery halted the Mexican attack for the moment. Then the Mexican army again opened the battle with thrilling intensity. Finally, after ten hours of furious fighting, the Mexicans withdrew to the hills.

The night was one of horror. The chill night air was filled with the piercing shrieks of the wounded. Every defile and gully, filled with the dead and the helpless wounded, attracted wolves and coyotes to the battlefield. The next morning the Mexican army was gone.

Vera Cruz and its fortress of San Juan de Ulloa were 123 miles away, on the coast. The next campaign was the reduction of this Mexican stronghold, a formidable position with "three hundred cannon" covering the channel of approach from the sea. The fortress of San Juan de Ulloa "had walls five yards in thickness," with 52 cannon, "impervious to shot as the sides of Mount Orizaba." On March 9, the American flotilla, with 2,800 men, arrived at Vera Cruz.

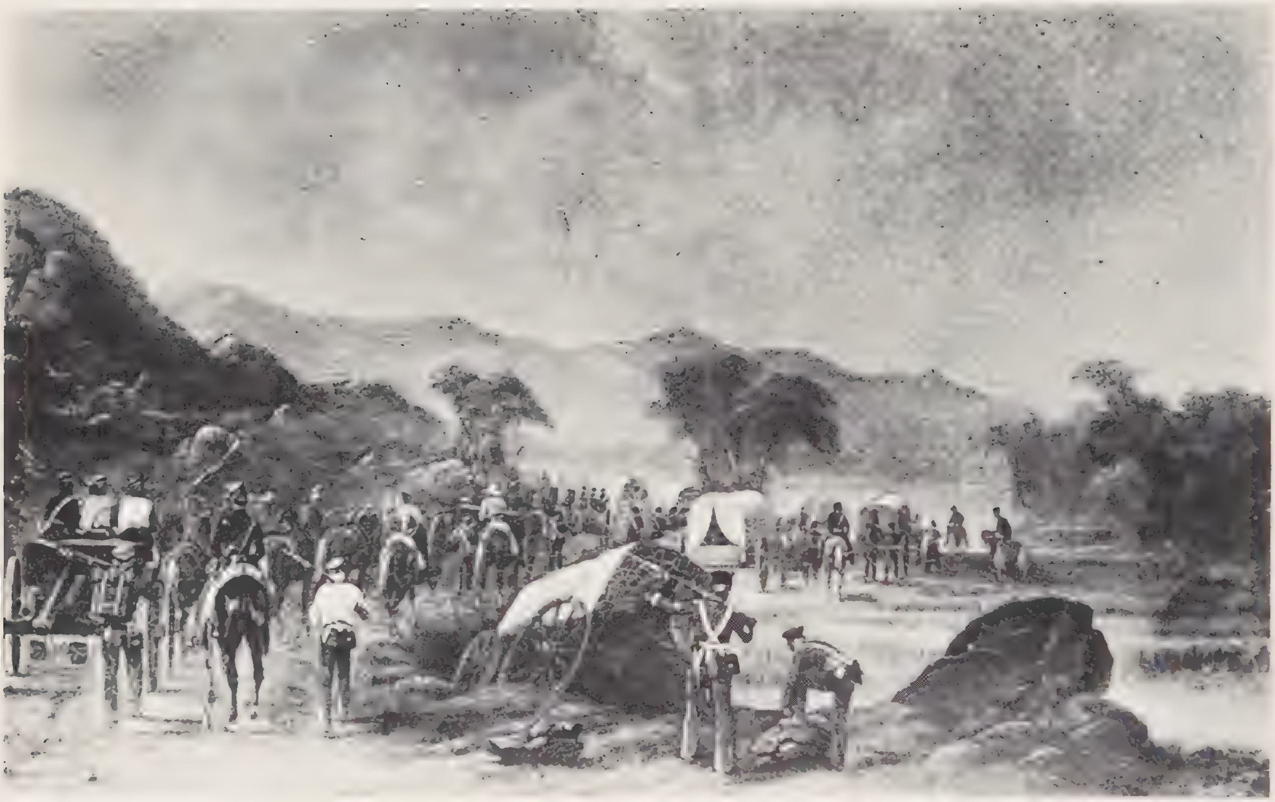
Aboard the U.S. bomb-brig *Vesuvius* was a young naval officer and talented artist, Lieutenant Henry N. Walke, the only naval officer to make a complete pictorial record of the naval operations of the Mexican War. In command of the *Vesuvius,* Lieutenant Walke took part in the actions on the winding, treacherous Tabasco River which finally ended in the battle for Vera Cruz. The men were transferred from the ships to the surfboats for the landing on the beaches.

One of the most startling things about Lieutenant Walke's water colors is the similarity of the amphibious landings to those made on the Pacific atolls in World War II. The only apparent difference is the type of ship, the paddle-wheel steamer towing landing barges being replaced by the Landing Ship, Tanks. The U.S. naval vessels *Spitfire* and *Vixen* and five gunboats ran close to shore to cover the landing. On March 22, General Scott opened bombardment of the city. All that night the bombardment continued, the bombs "flying into Vera Cruz like hail," every naval gun concentrated on the city with terrible effect. The next morning saw Vera Cruz in ruins. The governor, persuaded to capitulate by the civilian population, surrendered the city to General Scott; and the Mexicans evacuated the city, marched to an open plain, stacked their arms, and proceeded toward the interior.

The great event of the war, the one that captured the country's imagination, was the taking of Chapultepec, outside Mexico City, in September. Chapultepec was a formidable position. It stood on "a high swell of ground near the center of an irregular basin, and is girdled with a ditch in its greatest extent—a navigable canal of great breadth and depth—very difficult to bridge in the presence of an enemy." On top of this great mound, the "Hill of Grasshoppers," stood the Military Academy of Mexico. General Scott ordered General Quitman's division to join that of General Pillow, *"by daylight,"* before the southern gates to attract Mexican fire from the garrison and to deceive the enemy as to the real point of attack. The whole army was then divided into two sections, "each performing duties distinct from the other."

Scott opened a heavy bombardment on the southern side of the fortress, preventing the arrival of Mexican reinforcements from without or escape from within. The bombardment continued until nightfall. In the meantime the Mexican garrison held themselves in readiness on the hill and awaited the assault. At eight o'clock on the morning of September 13, the American forces assaulted the fortress by storm. The Mexican batteries opened fire and swept the front of the attacking troops, but the enemy was steadily driven from shelter to shelter. Armed with scaling ladders, the American regulars fought their way to their objectives. The Mexican batteries, behind the walls, poured shells and shot over the heads of the American soldiers. When the Americans reached the top, the fighting became hand to hand. Swords, bayonets, and clubbed rifles came into play. For a while, friend and foe mingled in one great struggling mass. The desperate Mexican resistance came to nothing. Before long the heights of Chapultepec were carried, and the enemy surrendered.

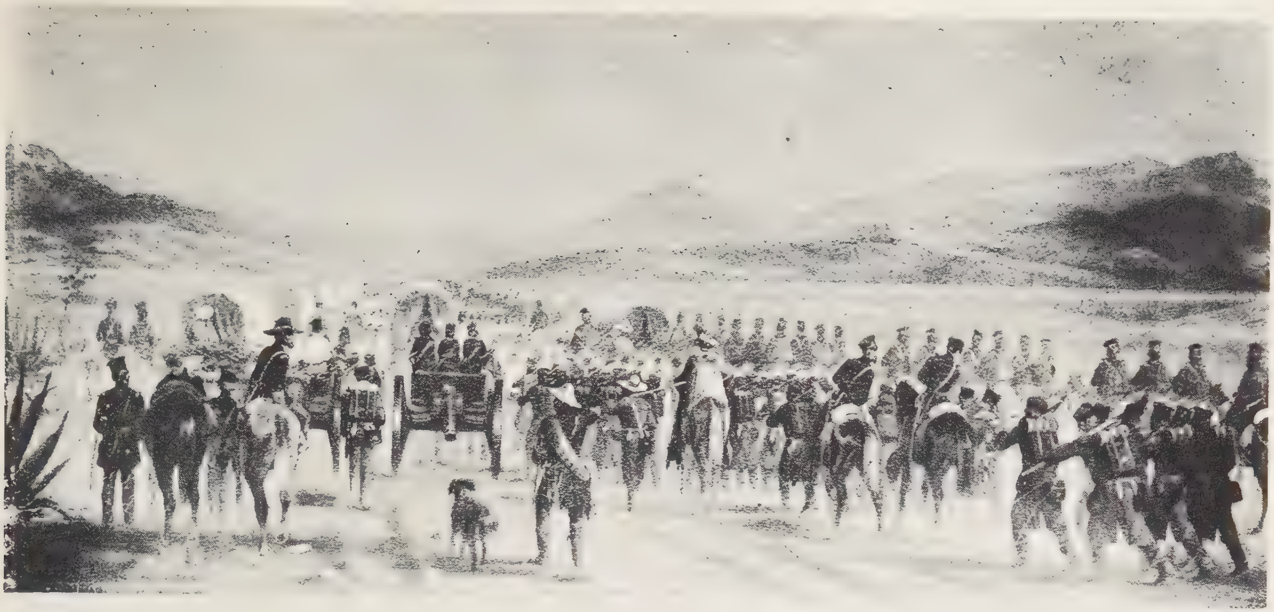
Chapultepec was the last great battle of the war. There followed the attack on Mexico City, the siege of Puebla, the action at La Paz, and Atalixco which ended the war.



*From an original painting by James Walker. Courtesy Office of Military History, Department of the Army*

March from Puebla in the order they were on the road

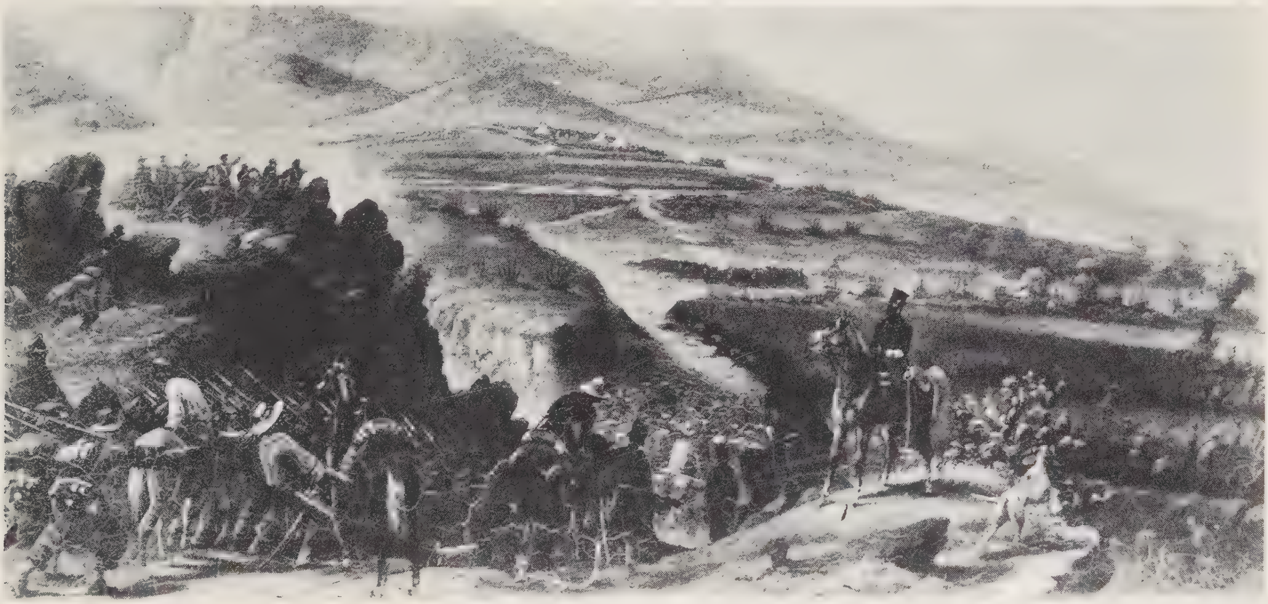
After the battle and occupation of Puebla, Winfield Scott decided to push on into Mexico. Ahead, he knew he faced at least 20,000 Mexican troops. General Worth's division marched out on August 9, followed by Pillow's division, one day behind the division of Quitman. On the march a heavy fog, "an immense inland sea," settled over them. When the fog lifted the soldiers were greeted with an awesome spectacle. One of Quitman's men described it as "a great garden dotted with bright lakes, fields of emerald, and white domes and glittering spires of the villages that environ the Mexican Capitol City . . . far to the south, gleaming like snow—tiny Mexican Lancers moved slowly among olive groves and straggling villages."



*From an original painting by James Walker. Courtesy Office of Military History, Department of the Army*

## Detour around Lake Chalco

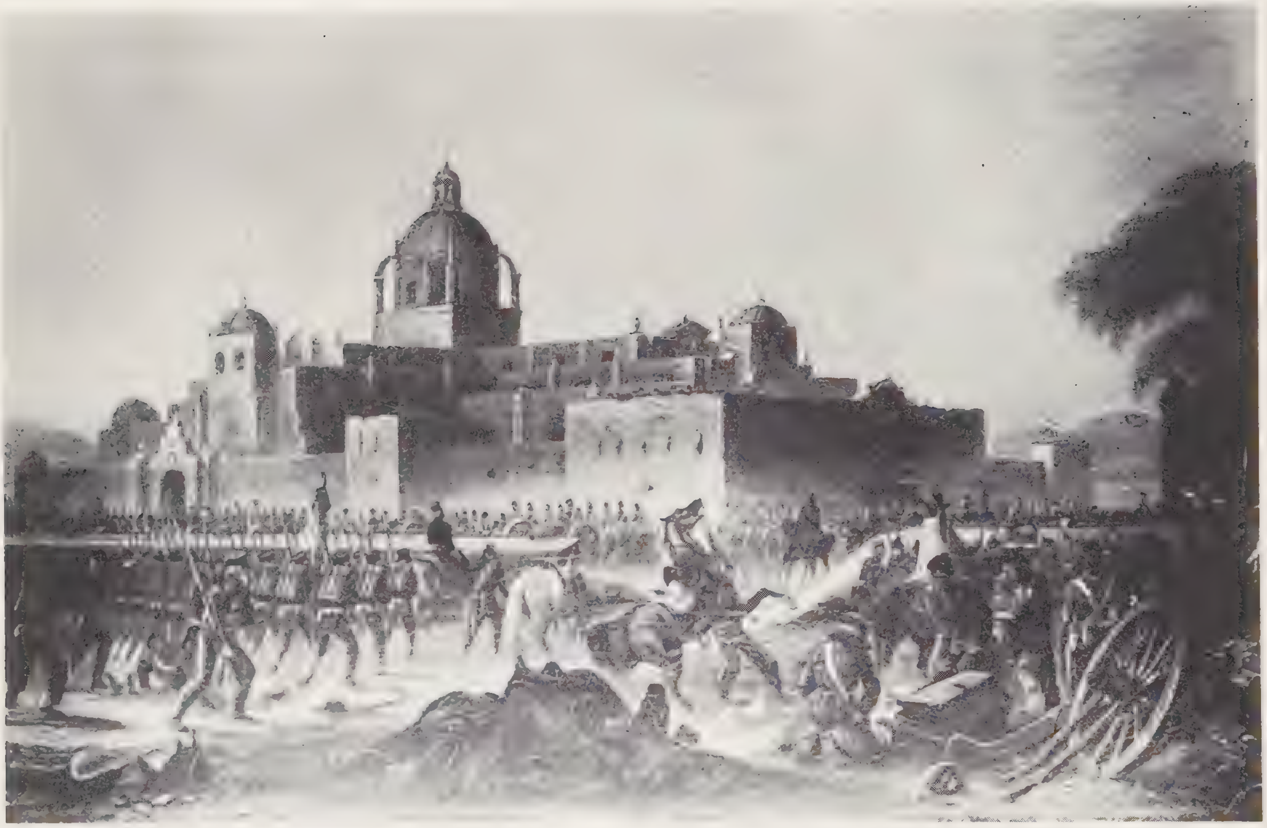
The advanced brigades of Garland and Quitman made camp on the shores of Lake Chalco for three days. Meanwhile General Scott, at his headquarters near another lakeside, dispatched dragoons and engineers to look for the best approach to Mexico City. Scott decided that the approach should be made by way of the southern route, thinking it would be less costly in the lives of his soldiers, though the way was laid through swamps and rocks.



*From an original painting by James Walker. Courtesy Office of Military History, Department of the Army*

## Camp of Valencia Contreras

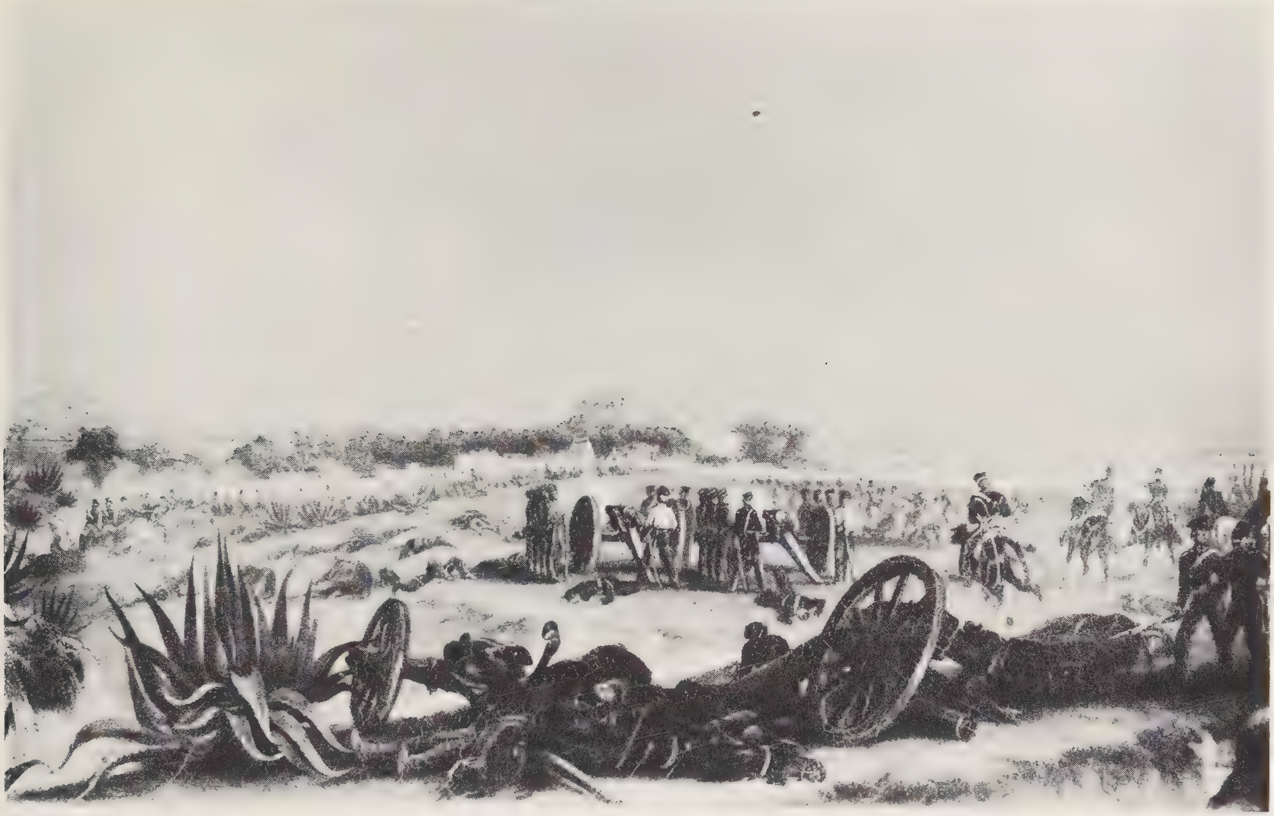
Here at Contreras, General Worth received orders to demonstrate up the Acapulco Road, while the rest of the army passed around to the south. Santa Anna, divining Scott's plan, blocked the army at the village of Contreras. For two days the army bombarded the mountain breastworks. By noon of the third day, the Mexicans fled. Captain Robert E. Lee, who had "a peculiar talent for topography," won distinction here by his efforts to chart the roads under the most dangerous conditions, performing the "greatest feats of physical and moral courage . . ."



*From an original painting by James Walker. Courtesy Office of Military History, Department of the Army*

## Convent of Churubusco, Mexico

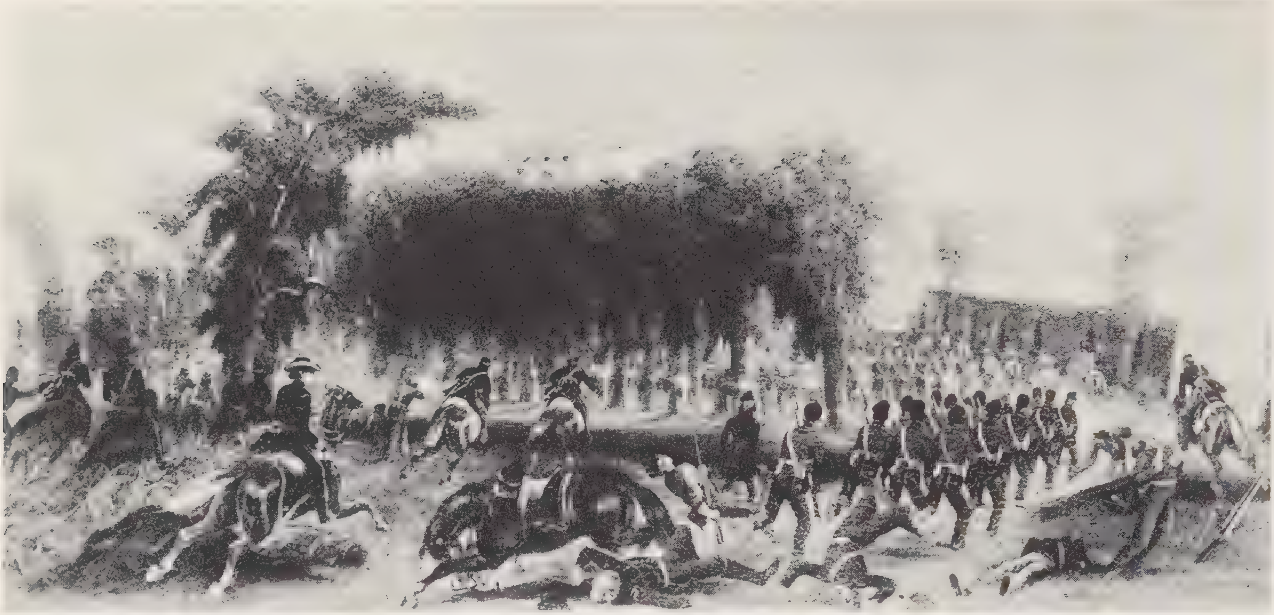
The Convent of San Pablo at Churubusco made a powerful fortress. "We rushed our heads against Churubusco," Richard Stoddart Ewell wrote home, "and a bloody field it was." Here the men were shot down by rows of hidden Mexican gunners along the high banks on the riverside. To the red-haired Nathaniel Lyon, "Our advance through the corn was necessarily confused, so that, when within range of the enemy's guns, we were compelled to stand exposed to fire from men concealed in the maguey plants, behind breastworks, and in the Convent." It was 6,000 Americans against 15,000 Mexicans. "We must succeed or the army is lost," said Lieutenant Colonel Ethan Allan Hitchcock. As if by a miracle the Mexican fire slackened from lack of ammunition. The American attack was pressed and the Mexicans broke and fled.



*From an original painting by James Walker. Courtesy Office of Military History, Department of the Army*

## Molino del Rey, Mexico

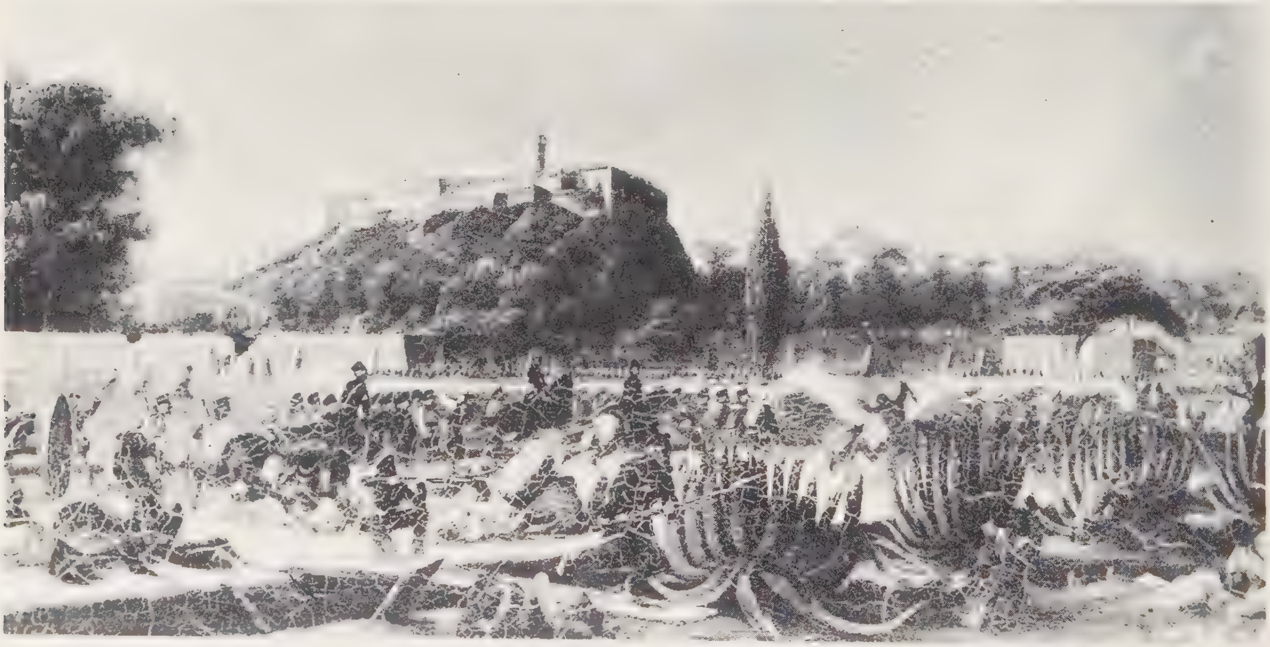
The main objective of the U. S. Army, before reaching Mexico City, was the formidable chief Mexican fortress of Chapultepec. The building was the Mexican Military College situated on the "Hill of the Grasshoppers," an elevation of about 200 feet. One of the defenses at the foot of this fortress was a group of stone buildings called El Molino del Rey—the King's Mill. Here Santa Anna was making cannon from bronze church bells. A spy informed Scott that a surprise attack could put a stop to this work. After a brief preliminary shelling with two cannon, and believing the building to be lightly garrisoned, General Worth ordered a charge. General George Wright, with the 4th Infantry, attacked. Suddenly, his whole front blazed with cannon and musket fire. In five minutes of action Wright lost thirteen officers and nearly half of his men. It was the blackest moment of the war. Finally, a regiment under Captain E. Kirby Smith, in a desperate sortie, routed the enemy.



*From an original painting by James Walker. Courtesy Office of Military History, Department of the Army*

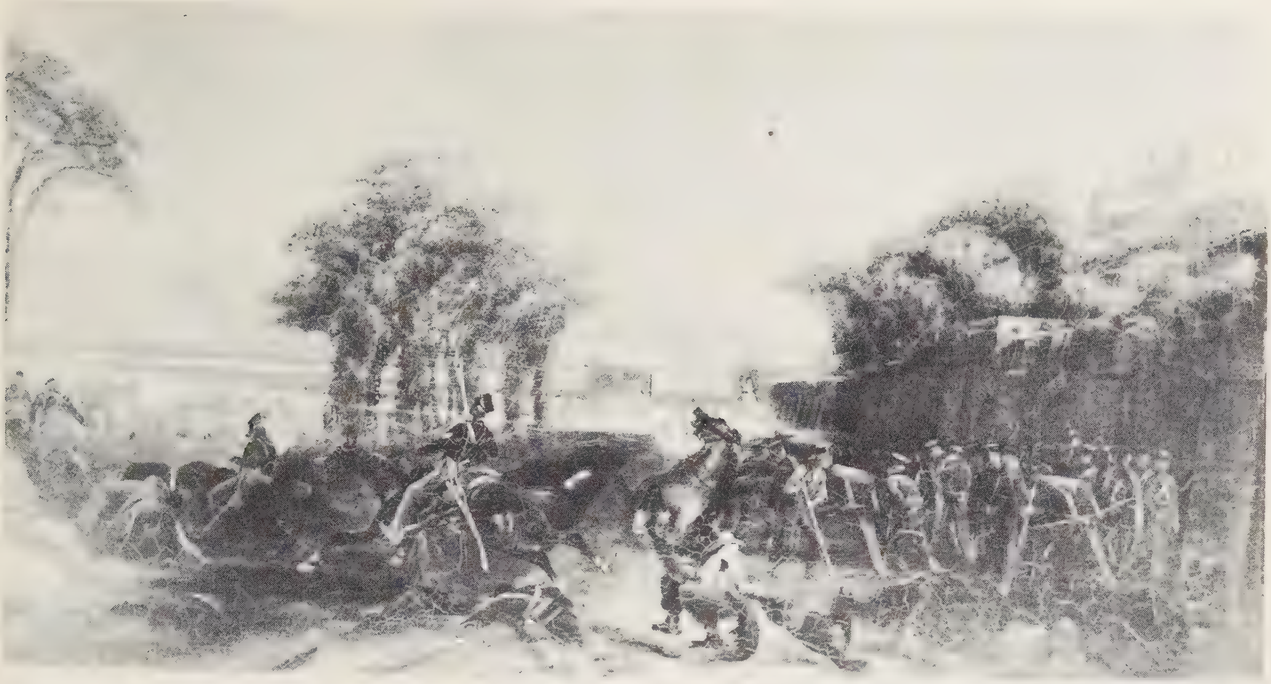
General Gideon Pillow's attack—advancing through the woods of Chapultepec

On the night of September 11, U. S. Army Engineers hauled cannon close to Chapultepec. On the following day General Scott opened a heavy bombardment on the fortress. Next morning, at five o'clock, the volunteer divisions of Pillow and Quitman, shouting and cheering, running through a grove of cypress trees under heavy fire from the Mexican fort, charged up the "Hill of the Grasshoppers." General Pillow received a minor wound in the foot. His men, however, had suffered a lapse of memory, for they had forgotten to bring the scaling ladders and had to cower at the base of the fortress, pinned down by Mexican gunfire. Finally the scaling ladders were brought to them. From that point the charge up the hill was successful, and the Mexican defenders were overwhelmed.



*From an original painting by James Walker. Courtesy Office of Military History, Department of the Army*

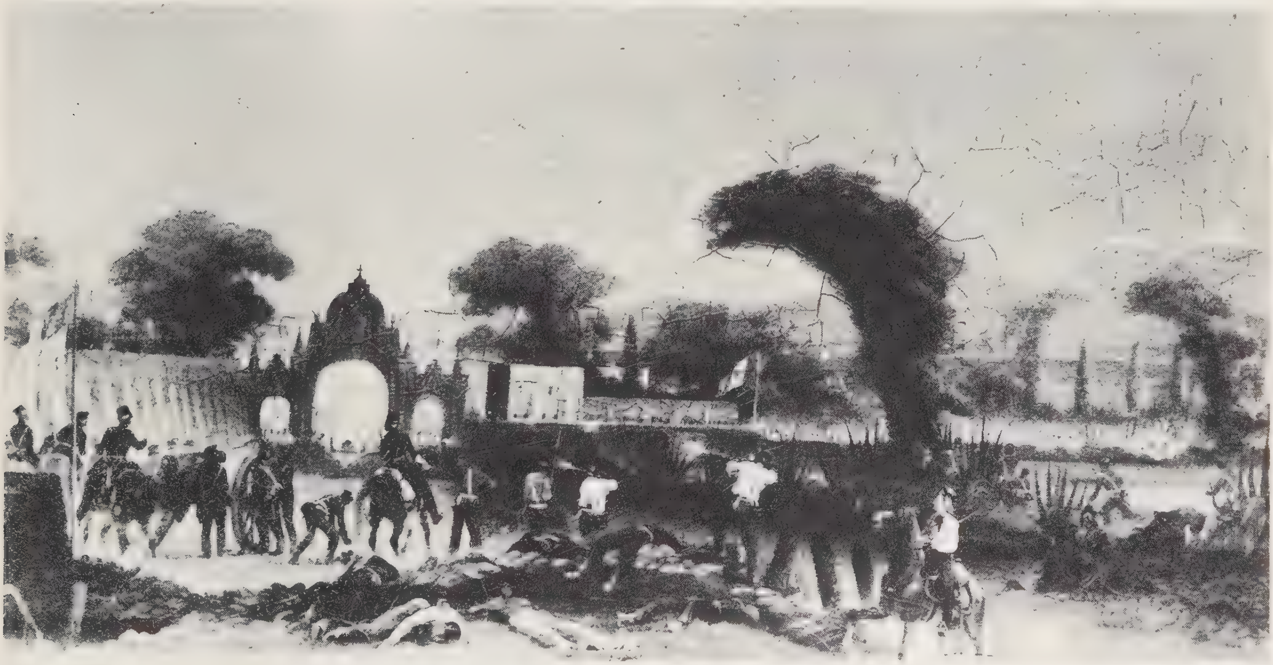
South side of the castle of Chapultepec



*From an original painting by James Walker. Courtesy Office of Military History, Department of the Army*

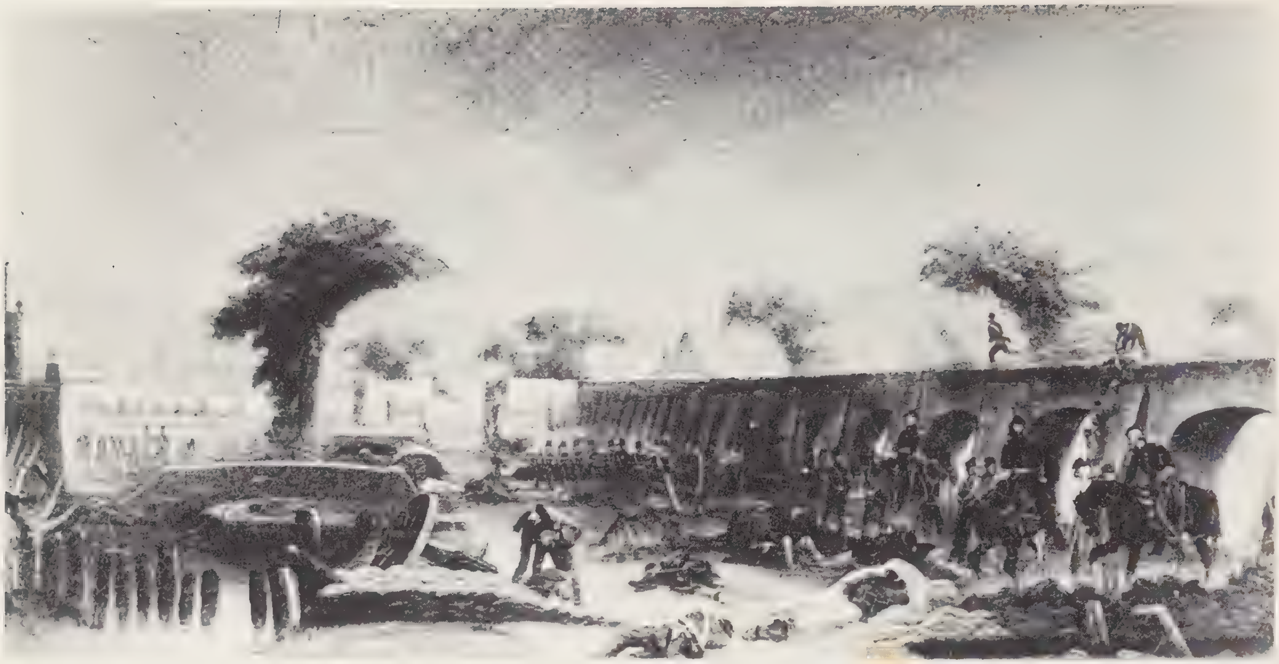
North side of the castle of Chapultepec

Scene of the action of Robert Garland's brigade, which circled around to the north side of Chapultepec to block the San Cosme route to Mexican reinforcements. Lieutenant Tom Jackson, the "Stonewall" Jackson of Civil War fame, was seen by Garland standing in the middle of a pile of dead and dying horses working a cannon his men had deserted, they being unable to stand the Mexican fire. Garita de Belen was the strongest of the *garitas,* as the Mexicans called their gates.



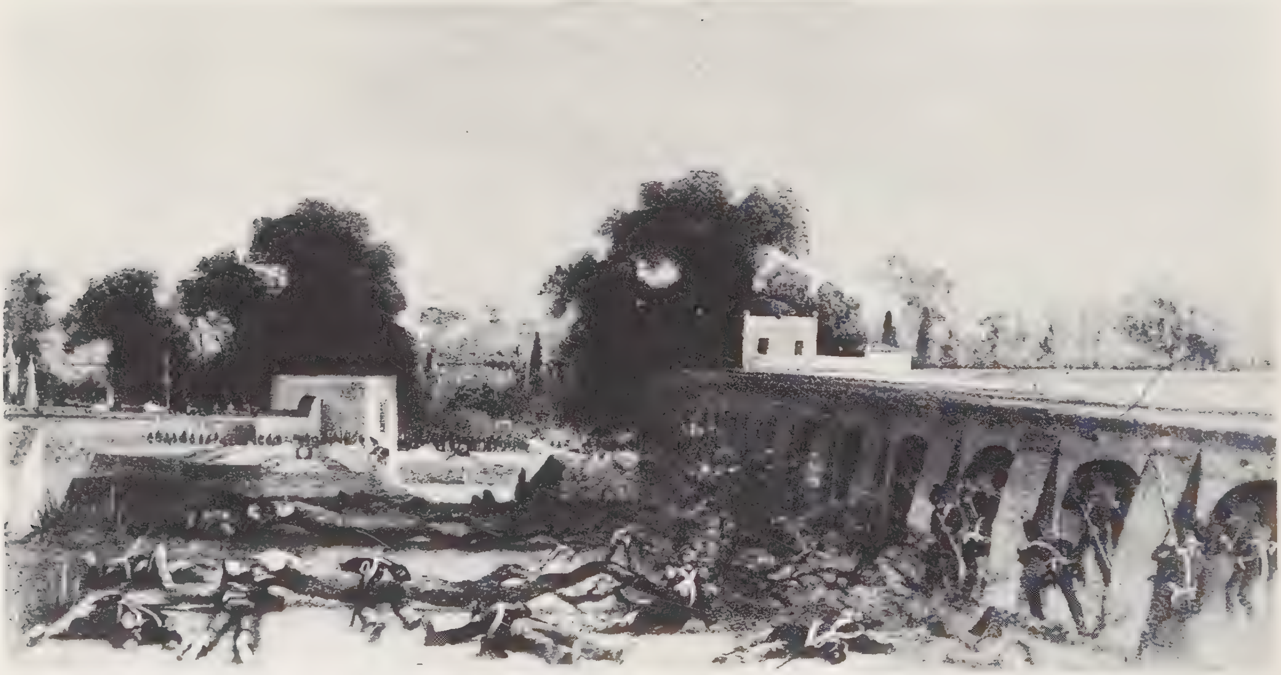
*From an original painting by James Walker. Courtesy Office of Military History, Department of the Army*

South side of the Garita de Belen



*From an original painting by James Walker. Courtesy Office of Military History, Department of the Army*

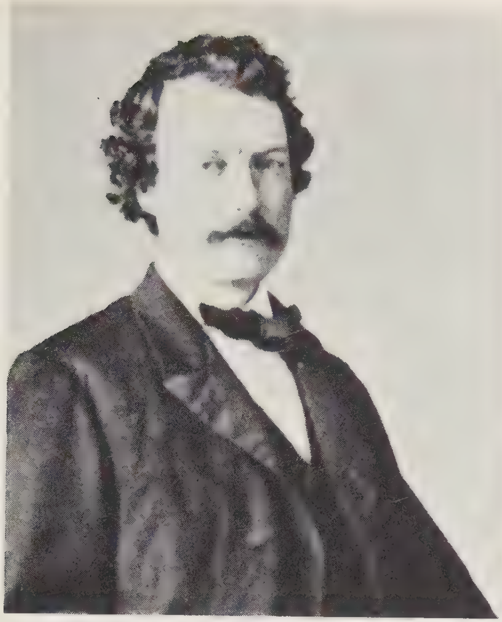
North side of the Garita de Belen



*From an original painting by James Walker. Courtesy Office of Military History, Department of the Army*

Aqueduct

Fighting was heavy around the Aqueduct in the attack on Chapultepec. Built of heavy white masonry, it was a causeway which ran down the center of a carriage road and supplied Mexico City with water. The one appearing in the painting is near El Molino del Rey. Scott's troops can be seen here seeking protection under the archways. On the road are the dead and wounded of Scott's command, lying where they fell.



Photograph by Mathew Brady. Courtesy Library of Congress

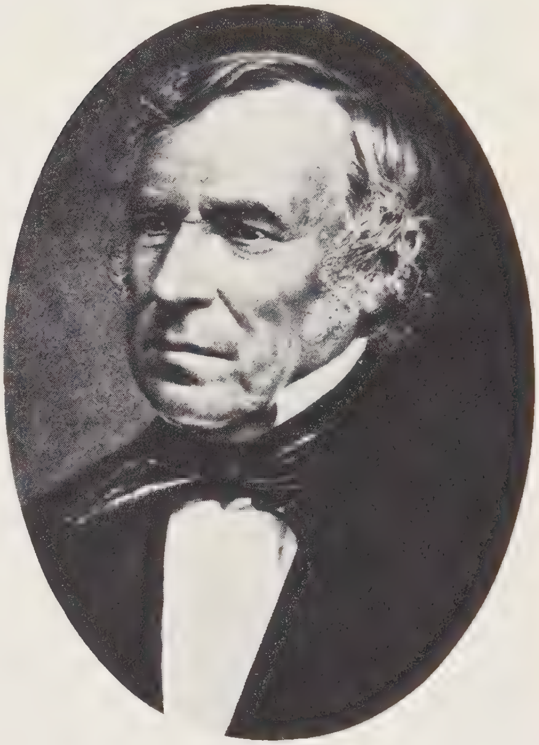
James Walker

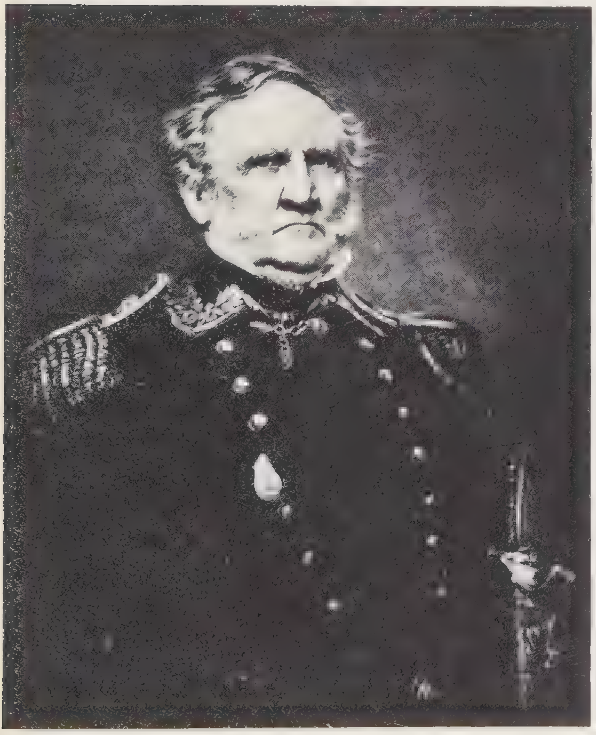
Combat artist and interpreter with the American Army in Mexico, 1846–1848.

General Zachary Taylor

Commander of the United States Army in its march to Mexico, 1846–1848.

*Daguerreotype by Mathew Brady. Author's collection*

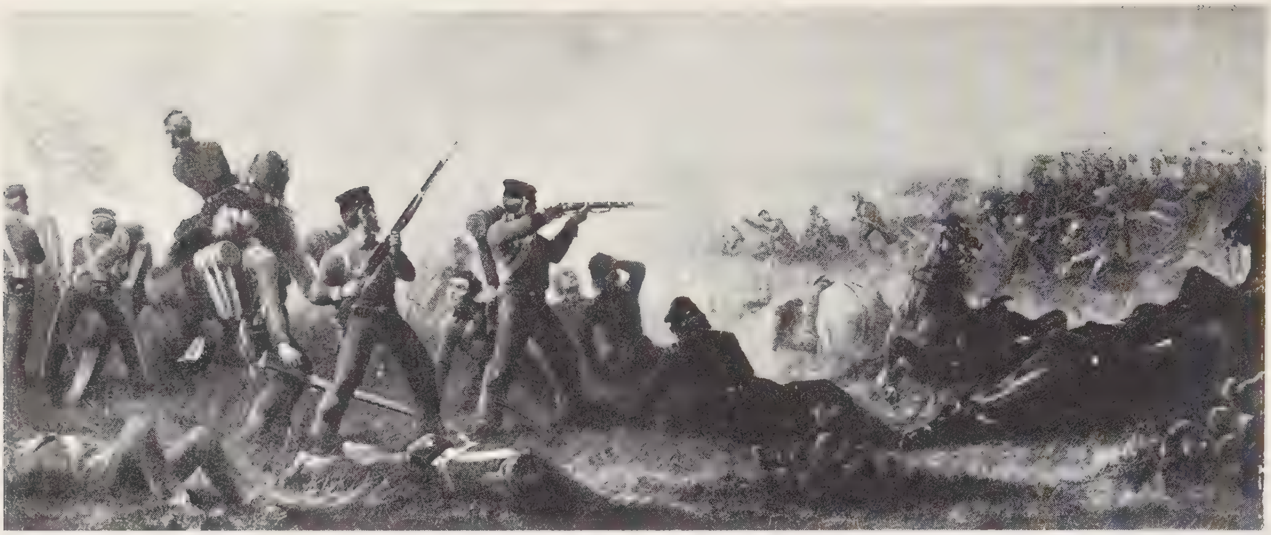




*Daguerreotype by Mathew Brady. Author's collection*

General Winfield Scott

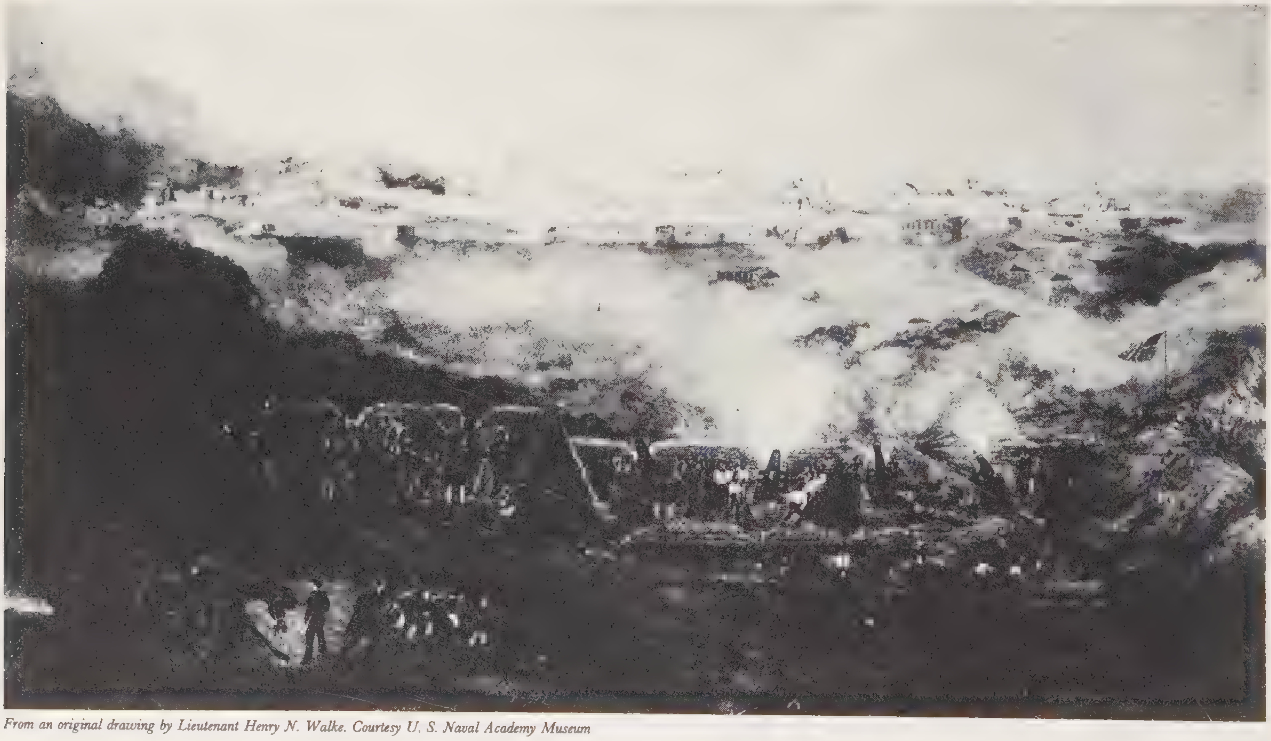
Commander in chief, United States Army, in the war with Mexico.



*From an original painting by James Walker. Courtesy Victor D. Spark*

## Battle of Buena Vista, Mexico

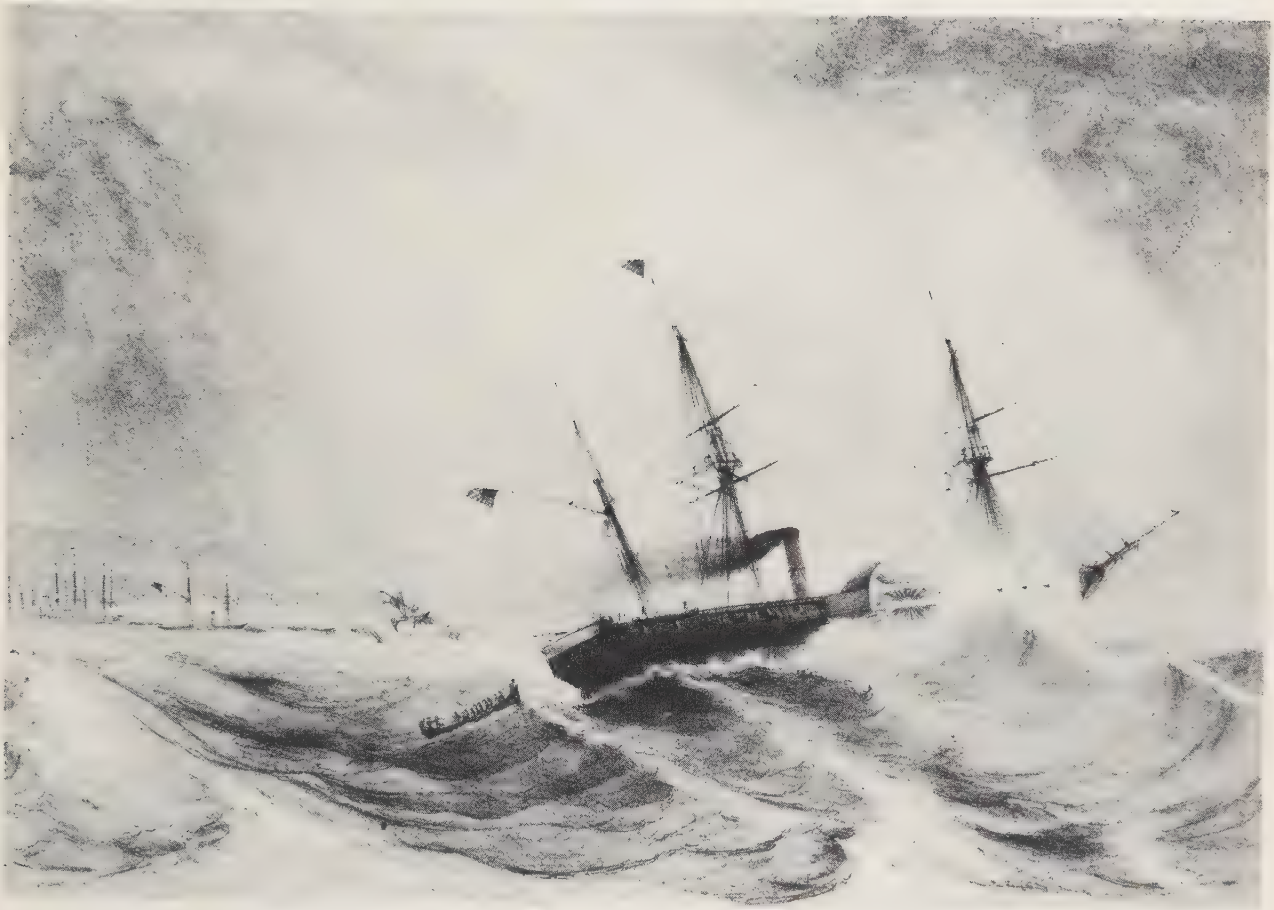
Buena Vista was a victory for General Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready." General Scott, on March 15, received word that "Old Zach," with only 6,000 men, had whipped Santa Anna, whose force numbered more than 15,000. "Old Zach's" losses amounted to no more than 600 as against 4,000 for Santa Anna. One of the most colorful battles of the Mexican War, it was Zachary Taylor's fourth victory since entering Mexico with his army.



*From an original drawing by Lieutenant Henry N. Walke. Courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Museum*

## The United States naval battery during the bombardment of Vera Cruz on the 24th and 25th of March, 1847

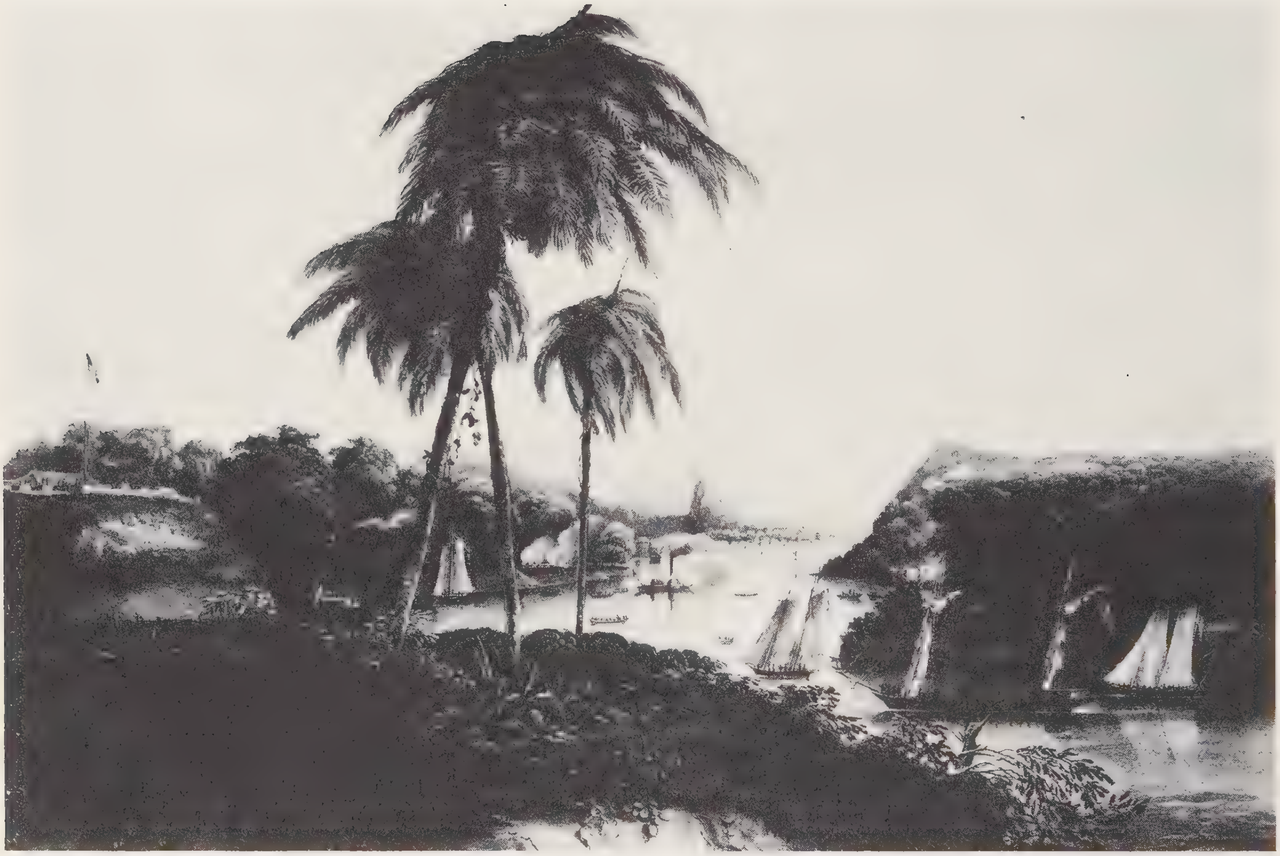
The battery was composed of heavy guns from the U. S. squadron under Commodore M. C. Perry.



*From an original drawing by Lieutenant Henry N. Walke. Courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Museum*

The United States steam frigate *Mississippi,* Commodore M. C. Perry

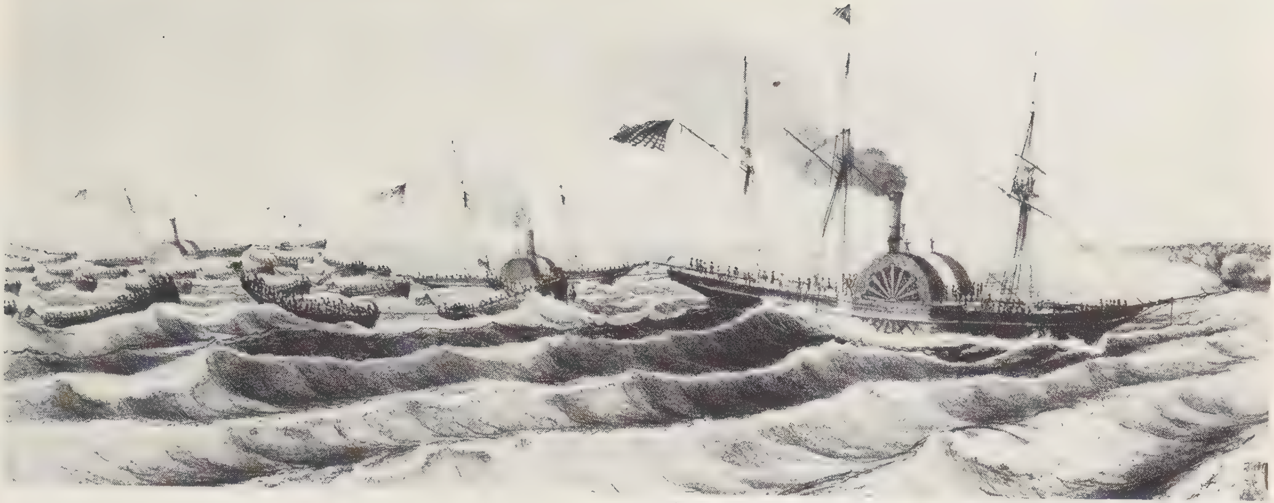
Going out to the relief of the American steamer *Hunter,* a French bark (her prize), and an American pilot boat wrecked on Green Island Reef near Vera Cruz, March 21, 1847.



From an original painting by Lieutenant Henry N. Walke. Courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Museum

The United States naval expedition under Commodore M. C. Perry

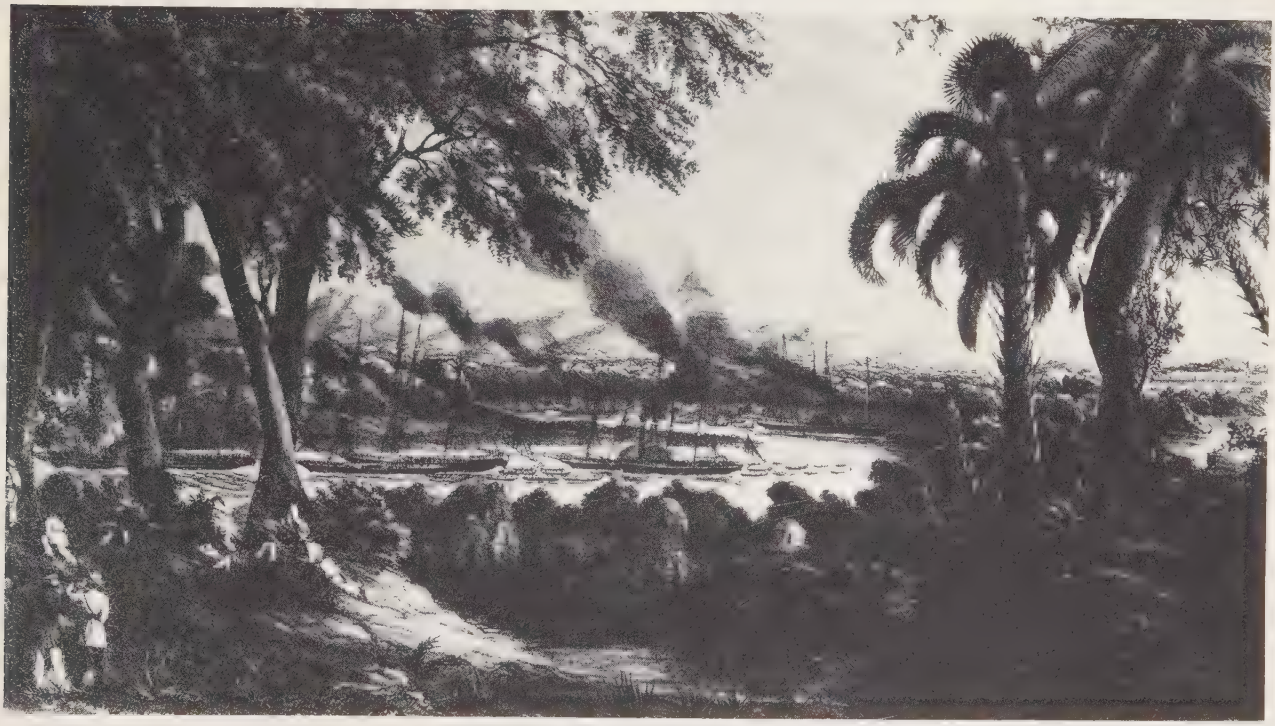
Ascending the Tuspan River, destroying the forts, and taking possession of the Port of Tuspan, with the following vessels and their commanders: Steamer *Spitfire,* Commodore J. Tattnall; Steamer *Vixen,* Commodore J. R. Sands; Steamer *Scourge,* Lieutenant commanding J. S. Lockwood; Schooner *Reefer,* Lieutenant commanding T. Turner; Schooner *Bonita,* Lieutenant commanding T. G. Benham; Schooner *Tampico,* Lieutenant commanding Wm. P. Griffin; Schooner *Petrel,* Lieutenant commanding T. D. Shaw; with a detachment of officers and men in 35 barges from the U. S. Steamer *Mississippi,* Commodore A. S. Mackenzie and Lieutenant A. De Camp; *Ohio,* Commander L. M. Goldsborough; *Potomac,* Lieutenant E. R. Tompson; *Raritan,* Captain C. F. Forrest; *Albany,* Captain S. L. Breese; *Germantown,* Commander F. Buchanan; *John Adams,* Commander Wm. J. M. Clancy; *Decatur,* Commodore R. S. Pinckney; Bomb-Brig *Vesuvius,* Commander G. M. Magruder; Bomb-Brig *Etna,* Commander G. J. Van Brunt; Bomb-Brig *Hecla,* Lieutenant Commander A. B. Fairfax. Mexico, April 19th, 1847.



*From an original lithograph by Lieutenant Henry N. Walke. Courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Museum*

The United States steamers *Scorpion, Spitfire, Vixen,* and *Scourge:*
with 40 barges in tow, crossing the bar at the mouth of the Tobasco [Tabasco] River (Mexico)

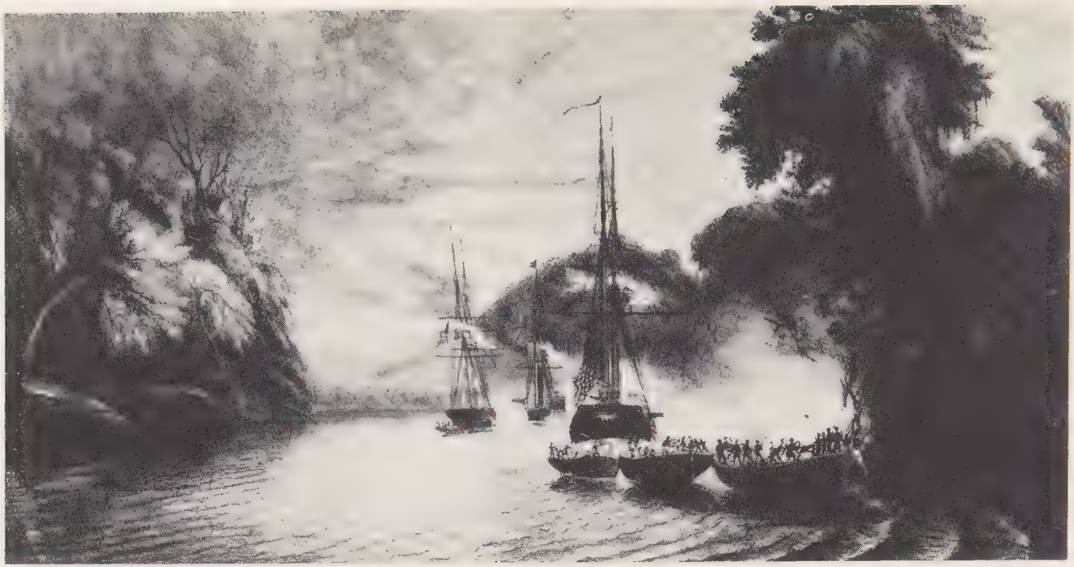
Commodore M. C. Perry in command, supported by the commands of Captains J. Mayo, S. L. Breese, F. Forrest; Commanders Wm. J. McCluney, A. Bigelow, F. Buchanan, H. A. Adams, A. S. Mackenzie, G. A. Magruder, C. J. Van Brunt; Lieutenants commanding S. S. Lee, S. Lockwood, and J. M. Berrien, June 14th, 1847.



*From a lithograph by Lieutenant Henry N. Walke. Courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Museum*

Commodore M. C. Perry's naval expedition ascending the winding Tabasco River, June, 1847

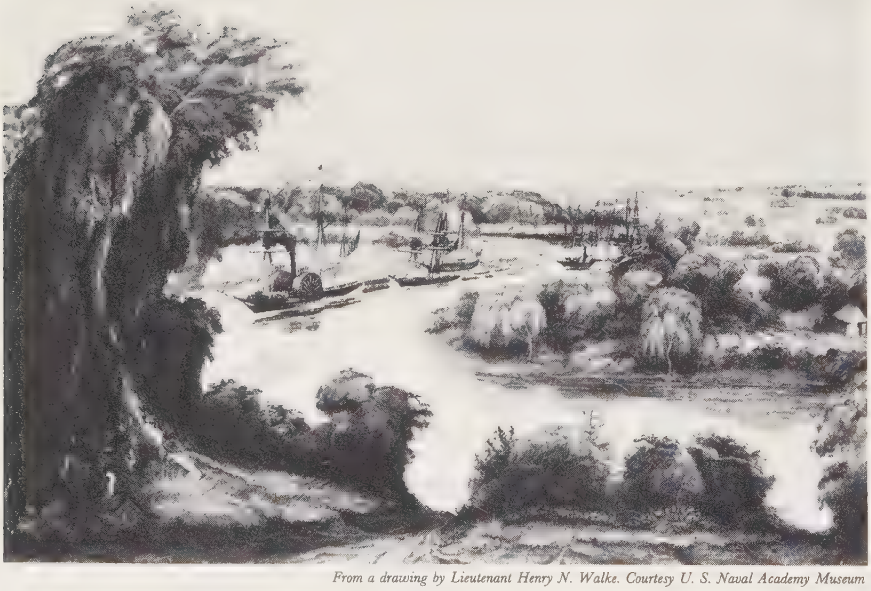
The steam frigate *Mississippi,* followed by the *Scorpion* and *Scourge,* leading the procession of schooners and bomb-brigs up the winding Tabasco River. Each steam-driven vessel is towing its own complement of troop-laden barges.



*From a lithograph by Lieutenant Henry N. Walke. Courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Museum*

The attack of the Mexicans from the chaparral on the First Division of the naval expedition to Tabasco, June, 1847

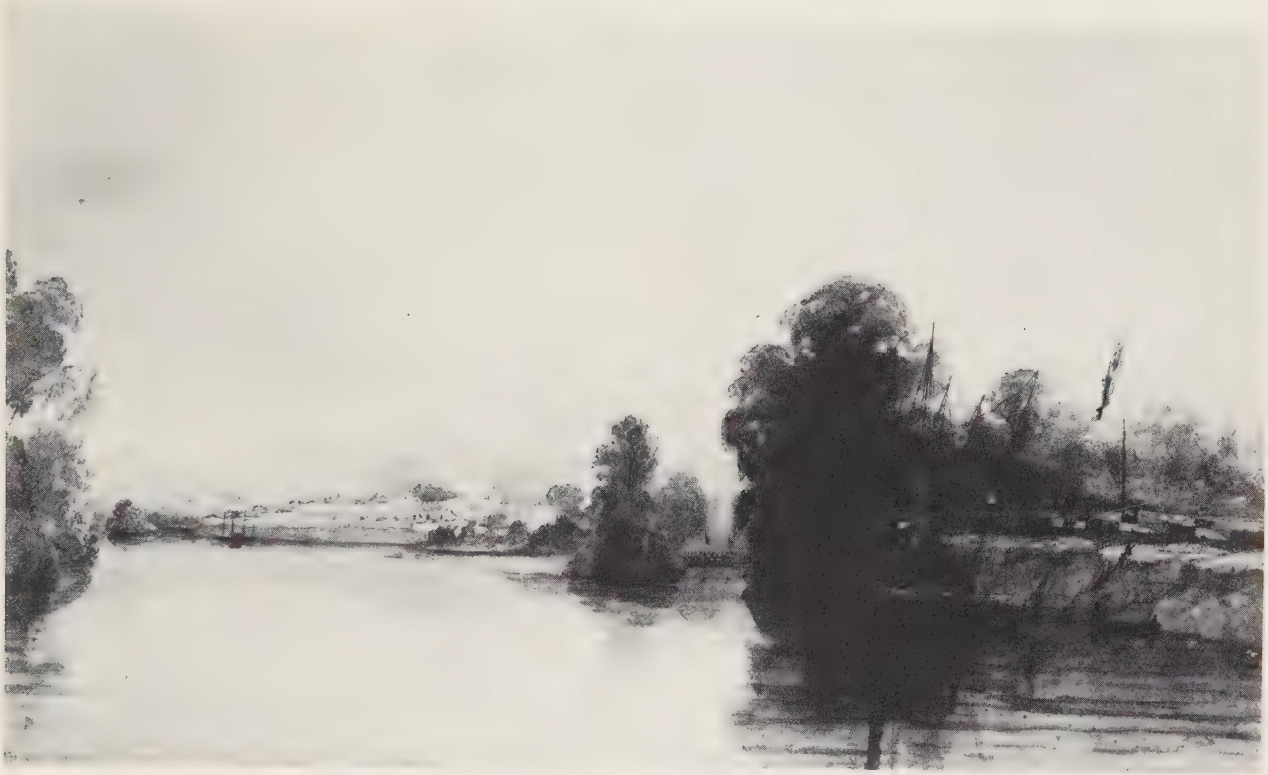
The U. S. S. *Scorpion,* Commodore Perry, Captain Breese, and Commander Bigelow, and Bomb-Brig *Vesuvius,* Commander Magruder, with Brig *Washington,* repel an attack by the Mexicans from the chaparral. Following the *Scorpion* are three barges with detachments of seamen and Marines from the Steam Frigate *Mississippi,* under Commanders Mackenzie and H. A. Adams. The detachment of Marines was commanded by Captain Edson.



*From a drawing by Lieutenant Henry N. Walke. Courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Museum*

The naval expedition under Commodore Perry ascending the Tabasco River at the Devil's Bend, June 15, 1847

Drawing made the following day, showing the position of the Second Division of the fleet in the advance up the Tabasco River, Mexico, 1847.



*From a water color by Lieutenant Henry N. Walke. Courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Museum*

United States warships at anchor in the Tabasco River, Tabasco in the background, Mexico, June, 1847

This tranquil scene shows the United States warships at anchor after the capture of the City of Tabasco, Mexico. In the right foreground is the captured Mexican fort guarding the entrance, now flying the American flag.

# 7

# "The Brave Men, Living and Dead"

## *The Civil War*

## 1861–1865

"A dog fight now might cause the gutters of the Capital to run with blood," said aging General Winfield Scott to an aide before the Electoral College was to announce whether or not Abraham Lincoln of Illinois would be certified as president of the United States. Such was the tension in the nation's capital on February 13, 1861, on the eve of the Civil War. The smoldering resentment of the southern states toward the northern states' interference with the institution of slavery had reached the point where, at St. Andrew's Hall, in Charleston, South Carolina, in secret session the Ordinance of Secession was passed without debate in 45 minutes.

On March 4, 1861, Chief Justice Roger Taney administered the oath of office to President-elect Abraham Lincoln, and the guns that fired the salute to the sixteenth president of the United States also ushered in one of the bloodiest wars in which the nation has ever taken part. "In *your* hands, my dissatisfied countrymen, and not in *mine,*" said President Lincoln in his First Inaugural Address, "is the momentous issue of civil war. . . ."

On April 12, 1861, Edmund Ruffin of Virginia pulled the lanyard of a cannon aimed at Fort Sumter and the war began.

Standing on a forlorn patch of ground called Gapland, near South Mountain, Maryland, is a somber monument commemorating the correspondents and artists of the Civil War. Designed and built by George Alfred Townsend, a war correspondent, the monument towers fifty feet in the air on the summit of a mountain. Terra cotta horse's heads, and niches containing small statues representing Mercury, Poetry, and Electricity, embellish its façade. Its motif, essentially not like any other, is Moorish, and the monument is capped by Roman arches and a turret. On both sides of the great arch are marble tablets containing the names of 157 war correspondents and artists who left a remarkable record of drawings, sketches, and stories of that war.

Among the artists commemorated are Winslow Homer, Alfred R. Waud, Edwin Forbes, Theodore R. Davis, James E. Taylor, and Frank Schell. Soldier-artists whose names do not appear on the roster but who took part in the fortunes and misfortunes of the Army of the Potomac were Colonel Julian Scott, U. S. V.; Captain James Hope, Company B, 2nd Vermont Volunteers; Corporal J. Nep Roesler, Color Guard, Company G, 47th Regiment, Ohio Volunteers; Lieutenant James Dickinson; Captain Alexander Lawrie, 121st Pennsylvania Infantry, and Lieutenant Frederic F. Cavada, 14th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Combat artists without military rank or rating who, nevertheless, were "attached" to the Army were David Gilmour Blythe and Eastman Johnson.

Outstanding military artists in the Confederate service were Lieutenant Allen Carter Redwood, 55th Regiment, Virginia, and Sergeant Conrad Wise Chapman, 59th Regiment, Wise's Brigade.

Alfred R. Waud and Theodore R. Davis were among the first war artists to sketch the opening military actions. Theodore Davis was at Charleston for *Harper's Weekly* and witnessed the drama taking place at Fort Sumter, and Alfred Waud's participation in the first battle of Bull Run is testified to by Mathew B. Brady, the Washington society photographer who embarked on the venture of making a pictorial history of the tragic conflict. "I went to the first battle of Bull Run," he told George Alfred Townsend, the correspondent, "with two wagons from Washington. My companions were Dick McCormick, a newspaper writer, Ned House, and Al. Waud, the sketch artist. . . ."

At the outset the battle of Bull Run or Manassas seemed like an act in a comic opera. The Union army approached the field of battle hilariously. Napoleon's colorful hordes could not challenge the originality and striking appearance of this nondescript American army. The 79th New York Highlanders marched in plaid fatigues, their colonels in kilts. The 11th New York, as French Colonial Zouaves, marched in bright red pantaloons, white gaiters, and blue kepis. The Garibaldi Guards marched in the uniforms of the Italian Carabinieri; the Fighting 69th marched "stripped to the pants"; Michigan regiments came as lumberjacks, sheath knives and horse pistols stuffed in their belts. One New York regiment sported light summer suits and straw hats. The only professional soldiers were two regiments of U. S. regulars.

This untrained, undisciplined army, commanded by General Irvin McDowell, himself a novice at war, looted houses, violated every regulation, and talked back to their officers. To Colonel William T. Sherman, commanding the Third Brigade, "there was no greater curse than an invasion by a volunteer army." The day was unbearably hot, the sky like brass, and "ambling along the dusty turnpike in the wake of the army, came the white-topped wagon train, and in its midst rolled Brady's two photographic wagons. . . ." On the wagon box rode Brady, Waud, and Dick McCormick. Crowds of spectators, congressmen, their wives in crinoline carrying lunch hampers, rode to the battlefield in horse and buggy; but the picnic was short-lived.

The battle began explosively, civilian gaiety swallowed up in the crises of dangerous military effort. Men shot and mangled, screaming with pain, were no less terrifying to Colonel Sherman than "horses running about with blood streaming from their nostrils or lying on the ground hitched to guns, gnawing their sides in death." The battle raged all that day in the hot sun, swirling in a tornado about the Henry House and Henry Hill.

Crossing Stone Bridge, Brady and Waud saw the battlefield strewn with dead men and horses, all about them the sickening confusion seen in battle. Victory, within the grasp of the Union army, was lost when Colonel T. J. Jackson and his brigade of Virginians, hiding quietly behind a stone wall, on command suddenly fired a disciplined blast of rifle fire into a charging column of Union troops. What began as a retirement became a stampede. Yankee soldiers, streaming across Stone Bridge, overturned wagons and carriages in their haste to escape.

Attempts by the officers to avert panic were useless. Fleeing soldiers, catching the panic of the civilians, dazed with fright and mortification, swarmed down the roads to Washington, crossed Long Bridge over the Potomac, and dropped exhausted on the streets and sidewalks of the capital city. In the wake of the stragglers came Waud and Brady. Some days later their pictures and drawings appeared in *Harper's Weekly,* signed "A. R. W." and "From a photograph by Brady." For the next few years their signatures would underline many war pictures.

## THE KANAWHA CAMPAIGN

*September 1861*

J. "Nep" Roesler, Company G, 47th Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, "sketched from nature" the pictorial record of a little known campaign fought in a wild region of the Kanawha Valley, West Virginia. The battle took place near Carnifex Ferry, on the Gauley River, between the forces of General William Starke Rosecrans and General John B. Floyd.

Rosecrans fought his battle near Carnifex Ferry in deep, tangled woods, heavy enemy artillery fire accounting for the deaths of 17 and the wounding of 141 of his men. Floyd retreated during the night, having to ease his artillery down a steep cliffside in darkness. After crossing the Gauley River on flatboats, he sank them when his army was safely on the other side. Floyd then retired to Big Sewell. Rosecrans, close on his heels, crossed the river, scaled the mountain, fought for and secured a position just below the summit. Rosecrans' determined assault again forced Floyd to retire and there ended the Kanawha campaign. Corporal Roesler completed his portfolio of sketches of the operation from which he made his lithographic stones. His drawings were entered in the Clerk's Office of the Southern District of Ohio, and printed in a limited number of copies by Ehrgott, Forbriger & Company, Cincinnati.

## THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN

When the Civil War broke out, Winslow Homer accepted a position as artist-correspondent for *Harper's Weekly.* The Provost Marshal in Washington issued the customary pass, and Homer joined McClellan's Army of the Potomac and sailed on an army transport for Fortress Monroe. McClellan fought a minor action at Big Bethel, then laid siege to Yorktown; and Homer, attached to the staff of young Colonel Francis Barlow, witnessed the action from the fortifications.

Homer remained with the army until the evacuation of Yorktown on May 3, when McClellan, finding no enemy on his front, moved up the peninsula toward Richmond. Winslow Homer then returned to New York, where in his studio, working from drawings made in the field, he made his paintings. Homer did not return to the army until Grant's battle in the Wilderness, in 1864. There are no drawings published in *Harper's Weekly* during the following two years to indicate that Homer was with the army during this period.

### THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES

The battles of the Seven Days, which began at Beaver Dam Creek on June 25, 1862, were a series of sanguinary engagements fought in Virginia from Gaines' Mill just outside Richmond to Harrison's Landing on the James River. Lieutenant Allen Carter Redwood, one of the finest draughtsmen to emerge during the war, served with the Confederate Army in the 55th Regiment, Virginia, as courier and aide to Major General Lensford L. Lomax. An entertaining writer, Allen Redwood later wrote of his first experience under fire:

"The first engagement in which the writer took a modest part had been entirely forseen. . . . it was the beginning of a series which resulted in frustrating McClellan's campaign on the peninsula and raising the siege of Richmond in 1862. We had been holding the left of the Confederate line on the Meadow Bridge Road, picketing the bridges spanning the fork of the Chicahominy at this point—, a Union picket post being at the crossing of another branch, about a hundred yards distant, and in plain view from our outpost . . . it was the turn of our regiment for this duty . . . holding the advance post at the bridges. Thus when the advance began, we were the first to cross the river

"Thus far we had seen no Federals except the picket, which had promptly retired before our advance . . . the column, marching in fours, was halted in a shallow cut in the road . . . someone called an order to 'clear the road for artillery!' A wild scramble up the banks ensued, under the apprehension that we were about to be raked by McClellan's guns. Meanwhile, we had formed a line on the right of the road and approached the wooded camp-site in which, as we supposed, the foe was concealed and awaiting us. When almost up to it, some excited soldier discharged his musket; at once, and without orders, the entire right wing of the regiment blazed away at the numerous collection of tent-poles, cracker-boxes, reminders of its late occupation. At that time there probably was not a Federal soldier nearer than the further side of Beaver Dam Creek, nearly a mile distant. . . .

"We were halted again just beyond a dip of the ground through which coursed a small rivulet, and some of us took the opportunity to fill canteens . . . while waiting there we received the first hostile shots from the guns beyond the creek. They soon got our range and it began to look like real war at last. At this point, for the first time, I saw a man killed in battle. We were standing to arms awaiting orders to advance; another regiment of the brigade was supporting us a short distance to the rear—the Sixtieth Virginia, under Colonel Starke, who was killed later at Sharpsburg. A shell plowed the crest of the elevation in front, and our line made a profound obeisance as it passed over . . . as I ducked I glanced back and witnessed its effect. . . .

"The body of a stalwart young fellow suddenly disappeared, and on the ground where he had stood was a confused mass of quivering limbs which presently lay still—the same shell as I learned afterward, carried away the top of a man's head in our own regiment.

"Another took effect soon after, as we were moving out by the left flank, knocking over several men and killing one of them. By this time the fire had grown quite brisk, and we lost more men as we lay in the open field before entering some woods still more to the left, where the regiment commenced firing, against an imaginary foe, I have cause to believe. Yet, these same skittish troops, under fire for the first time just four days later charged and captured a regular battery of twelve-pounder guns and were complimented on the field by General Longstreet. . . ."

The battle developed into a raging inferno of hissing steel and crashing explosives. McClellan's army, along the entire front, fell back slowly and began a retrograde movement that ended in disaster at Harrison's Landing, down-river from Richmond. McClellan, on the morning of June 27, was attacked by the entire Confederate army. Stuart's cavalry fell on his right and turned it at Old Church. McClellan then formed a new line of battle from Gaines House along Mill Road to New Cold Harbor. By three o'clock that afternoon his whole army had been driven back two miles.

"Their fire never slackened nor abated," wrote George Alfred Townsend. "They loaded and moved forward, column on column, like so many immortals that could not be vanquished. The scene from the balloon, as Lowe informed me, was awful beyond comparison—of puffing shells and shrieking shrapnel, with volleys that shattered the hills and filled the air with deadly whispers. Infantry, artillery, and horse turned the Federal right from time to time, and to preserve their order of battle the whole line fell back toward Grapevine Bridge.

"It was with difficulty that I could make my way along the narrow corduroy, for hundreds of wounded were limping from the field to the safe side, and ammunition wagons were passing the other way, driven by reckless drivers who should have been blown up momentarily. Before I had reached the north side of the creek, immense throngs of panic-stricken people came surging down the slippery bridge. A few carried muskets, but I saw several wantonly throw their pieces into the flood, and as the mass were unarmed, I inferred that they had made similar dispositions. . . . Along the sides of the bridge many of the wounded were washing their wounds in the water; and the cries of the teamsters echoed weirdly through the trees that grew in the river At nine o'clock, we got under way—horsemen, batteries, ambulances, ammunition teams, infantry, and finally some great siege thirty-twos that had been hauled from Gaines's House. One of these pieces broke down the timbers again, and my impression is that it was cast into the current. When we emerged from the swamp timber, the hills before us were found brilliantly illuminated with burning camps."

Some time later, Colonel Julian Scott made a painting of the Union rear-guard action at White Oak Swamp which allowed McClellan time to wreck all the bridges after his hard-pressed troops were across. After Malvern Hill, McClellan made no further attempt to check the Confederate juggernaut. Thus ended the grand enterprise of 1862.

Major General John Pope succeeded McClellan in command of the Army of the Potomac, met Lee on August 30 at Manassas for the second time, lost the sanguinary battle, and paved the way for Lee's invasion of Maryland.

## SHARPSBURG OR ANTIETAM

*September 13, 1862*

Antietam battlefield lies in a little peninsula bounded by Antietam Creek and the Potomac River, a short distance up-river from Harper's Ferry. The Hagerstown Pike runs atop a ridge northward out of town. Within that area are several little valleys that drop eastward from the ridge toward Antietam Creek.

Suddenly, this lovely countryside about Sharpsburg became of vital importance to Lee. For the present the combined forces of Lee, Longstreet, and Daniel Harvey Hill amounted to nearly 18,000 men. McClellan's host numbered 87,000!

Mid-afternoon of September 16, McClellan feinted at Lee's left and ran head on into Hood's veteran "Texicans." By dawn the next morning, Lee's army had increased to 25,000 men. Before sunrise Hooker attacked Jackson on the Confederate left, destroying the brigades of Lawton, Hayes, and Trimble, and opening a large gap in Lee's line. Then a boiling swell of men in blue—Hooker's men—climbing over the post-and-rail fence, rolled down the Hagerstown Pike toward the Dunker Church. Hood's men desperately fought them off, exhausting their ammunition until Mansfield attacked and drove them from the field.

At the critical moment, Lee ordered up the brigades of Anderson and Walker, then four miles away. But the Hagerstown Pike, swept by murderous enfilading fire, proved a terrible obstacle. Sumner's corps attacked again, only to be thrown back by McLaws' reinforcements. In mid-morning McClellan opened his second battle against the Confederate center. Then began the terrible struggle in the "Bloody Lane" where again enfilading fire left windrows of Confederate dead in the fence corners. At 1 P.M. Burnside's men attacked across a stone bridge over the Antietam. Once across they could have turned Lee's right flank. But a miracle happened. Three thousand men, belonging to Ambrose Powell Hill, after a forced march from Harper's Ferry, rushed onto the field and swept Burnside's men down the slopes and back across the bridge. Hill had saved the day. The battle was over by sunset. McClellan, though he had 20,000 troops in reserve, had no further interest in continuing the contest. A month later Lincoln fired him for good.

## FREDERICKSBURG

*December 13, 1862*

The battle of Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock, was by all odds the greatest Federal military blunder of the war. Charge after charge was ordered by Burnside against Lee's solidly entrenched army on Marye's Heights. Even his own officers, sickened by the wanton, senseless slaughter, balked at carrying out his orders, but not until almost 20,000 men were wounded or dead. The battle raged all afternoon, and the field was littered with the wrecks of men and horses, the dead "rolled out for shelter for the living, dead artillery horses breast-works for little groups of blue-coated men."

With darkness came the end of the battle, but Stonewall Jackson opened a cannonade, the muzzle flashes of his guns scorching the cold night sky. Later that night, as if to illuminate the carnage, the awesome spectacle of the northern lights flickered over the wounded and the dead.

On January 20, 1863, following the disaster at Fredericksburg, there began what was referred to as "Burnside's Mud March," an utterly useless expedition conceived by the hapless General Burnside to turn Lee's flank. A heavy rain began falling at the outset, continuing day and night until the roads were so muddy it was virtually impossible to travel. Many of the soldiers "left their shoes stuck in the mud . . . after they themselves had to be extricated by their comrades." The storm continued unabated until even the artillery and pontoon trains had to be pulled out by the infantry. "The army was, in fact, stuck in the mud and could not budge one way or another." Finally, five days later, the army managed to get back to camp at White Oak Church "more dead than alive, the worst looking set of Yanks possible to imagine."

## CHANCELLORSVILLE

*May 1, 1863*

The classic battle at Chancellorsville, Virginia, where Stonewall Jackson "crossed the T" of the 11th Corps, spelled disaster for the Federal army and its commander, Fightin' Joe Hooker. The way was now open for Lee to strike into the north up the Shenandoah Valley. Hooker lost his command and Meade replaced him as chief of the Army of the Potomac. But the South's victory was not without its price. Jackson gained immortality and died, shot accidentally by his own men.

That summer of 1863, Lee made his last cast toward ending the war in northern territory.

## GETTYSBURG

*July 1863*

Gettysburg should never be lightly termed a victory. At best it was a draw. At Gettysburg the Confederate soldiers again met their old antagonist, the Army of the Potomac. Lee's army, coming from Virginia, moving from one victory to another, marched hundreds of miles across hostile country, only to pile up on the crest of a little ridge now called the "High Water Mark." At Round Top, Little Round Top, Big Round Top, the Peach Orchard, the Wheatfield, Devil's Den, Bloody Angle, Lee's veterans fought and learned what it meant to waver under fire. At the Clump of Trees the war became personal, Yankee and Rebel soldiers slugging it out hand to hand. Then on that third day, July 3, the Union army pushed the gallant Confederates down the fatal slope never to return. But there was no shame connected with the setback. They had done their human best at Gettysburg in one of the most brutal battles in all of history.

"We accidentally stumbled into this fight," a Confederate officer of high rank was heard to say. It seemed that way, at least to Lieutenant Redwood, then serving in Henry Heth's division of the 3rd Corps, which opened the engagement the morning of July 1, 1863. "Usually we knew there must be trouble ahead," he wrote, "but not always how imminent it might be. The column would be marching for some days . . . the heat, fatigue, dust, and the general discomfort being far more insistent on the thoughts of the men than any consideration of the military objective.

". . . but hello! look yonder! the battery men who have been lounging about, are standing to their pieces now, and immediately executing mysterious movements in the methodical fashion distinctive of their arm. Those about the nearest gun suddenly break away to right and left. A dense white stream of smoke leaps from the muzzle, and a crashing report strikes our ears a few seconds later as the gunners step forward again, lay hold of the hand-spike and spokes, and run the gun back in position. Another shot and another, and yet another, and the smoke thickens and we discern only vaguely the movements at the cannon—but the war music has begun and we know the battle has opened."

Some time after the battle had developed, Lieutenant Redwood made an excellent drawing of Doubleday's Pennsylvania Bucktails near the Chambersburg Pike. Alfred Waud, also busy that first day, sketched Lieutenant Bayard Wilkeson's Battery G, 4th United States Artillery, in a spirited rendition of artillerists in action.

Edwin Forbes got there on the morning of July 3, some time before 10 A.M. His drawings, three in number, are all dated and captioned "July 3rd, 10 A.M. Battle of Gettysburg—3rd Day." The day before, Waud, working from a signal station on Little Round Top, was with General Warren when he discovered Sickles' exposed position. Waud, also with the Union skirmishers when they struggled in the Devil's Den, sketched the action from the Union position. That same evening he witnessed Early's charge upon East Cemetery Hill.

Meanwhile, Lee had been preparing for the final assault. By noon of July 3, 138 guns lined up in battery from the Peach Orchard to the Seminary buildings, less than 800 yards from the Union center. Also massed to the west of the Emmettsburg Road, screened by low ground, were the brigades of General G. E. Pickett, commanded by Kemper, Armistead, and Garnett, nearly 15,000 men, awaiting orders to attack, guiding on a clump of trees on the ridge in plain sight.

Except for some sporadic sniping by sharpshooters, an ominous silence fell over the field. On the ridges the Federal soldiers, lounging behind hastily thrown up breastworks of logs and stones, talked and drank coffee and munched hardtack, now and then looking anxiously toward the Rebel lines. At 1 P.M. Lee's artillery began a rolling barrage to open the way for Pickett's attack. The Union guns answered immediately with heavy return fire. Thus began an artillery duel that seemed to last interminably.

Then came a lull in the Union firing to allow the guns to cool. The silence was startling. Colonel Frank A. Haskell of Wisconsin, carrying a message to Webb, looked at his watch. It was exactly 3 P.M. Breaking from cover behind Seminary Ridge, an awe-inspiring array of 15,000 Confederate soldiers in a double line nearly a mile long, a third brigade guarding their right flank, formed for the attack. Across 1,400 yards of fields and fences in parade order marched the Confederates, their ranks closing up as fast as Federal shells tore holes in them, advancing steadily toward the Union lines.

Meade's men, crouching behind stone walls, held their fire. The Confederates, reaching the last rise of ground, broke into a run. Then Federal infantry and artillery opened up. Fighting quickly became hand to hand at the Bloody Angle at the stone wall. About a hundred men, led by General Armistead, drove a wedge into Webb's Philadelphia brigade and reached the "High Water Mark." Webb's men, rallying, hit Armistead on both flanks, driving his men back in confusion; Armistead was killed. The dazed survivors—only one in four of those who had begun the charge—of Pickett's brigades moved slowly and sullenly back down the slope, stepping over the bodies of their fallen comrades. There ended the battle. On July 4, Meade failing to counterattack, Lee marched the remnants of his army back to Virginia.

## THE MISSISSIPPI CAMPAIGN

The battle for control of the Mississippi River began at St. Louis. The Confederate fortifications, constructed at strategic points along the Mississippi for a distance of 80 miles, were powerful and well situated. Early in 1861 preparations for a special type of war vessel, capable of carrying heavy armament and guns and light enough of draft to negotiate the shallow water, got under way. These were the "Turtles," devised by Alfred Eads and Charles Ellet, 45 gunboats and rams that comprised the Fleet.

One of the first of these vessels, the *Carondelet*, commanded by Henry N. Walke, saw service in the attacks on Fort Donelson and Fort Henry, where the *Carondelet* operated in close concert with Grant's land operations. With a flotilla of ships comprising the *Carondelet, Pittsburg, Tyler,* and *Lexington* under his command, Walke set out for Fort Donelson.

"When within four hundred yards of the fort," wrote Walke, "and while the Confederates were running from their lower battery, our pilot house was struck again and another pilot wounded, our wheel was broken, and shells from the rear boats were bursting over us. All four of our boats were shot away and dragging in the water. On looking out to bring our broadside guns to bear, we saw that the other gunboats were rapidly falling back out of line. The *Pittsburg* in her haste to turn, struck the stern of the *Carondelet,* and broke our starboard rudder, so that we were obliged to go ahead to clear the *Pittsburg* and the point of rocks below . . . there was no alternative for the *Carondelet* in that narrow stream but to keep her head to the enemy and fire into the fort with her two bow guns, to prevent it, if possible, from returning fire effectively. The enemy saw that she was in a manner left to his mercy, and concentrated the fire of all his batteries upon her. In return, the *Carondelet*'s guns were well served to the last shot."

By January, 1862, both sides were fairly well prepared for intensive operations. At the end of the next month Brigadier General Ulysses S. Grant attacked and captured Forts Henry and Donelson. The Confederate first line of defense was destroyed. Fort Pillow, Corinth, Chattanooga, Island No. 10, and New Madrid would now fall to the Union forces.

## SHILOH, OR PITTSBURG LANDING

*April 6–7, 1862*

At six o'clock on the morning of April 6, 1862, near a little church called Shiloh, near the Tennessee River, the Confederate army, under General Albert Sidney Johnston, advancing in line of battle, surprised, attacked, and dispersed the advance units of the Union army of General U. S. Grant, overrunning their camps and forcing Prentiss's division back on the Federal second line. In no time at all, the Confederates enveloped the whole division. After several hours of bloody fighting, the Union army was pushed back to within 600 yards of the Landing on an overhanging bluff near the river's edge. After desperate work on the part of Grant and his officers, the Union line was finally restored. Because of the confusion in the Confederate ranks and the poor communications between units of the Confederate forces, the initial advantage of their surprise attack was lost.

By nightfall, the battle settled down to the sporadic firing of pickets. During the night Buell's forces arrived, 25,000 men who crossed the river on pontoon bridges by torchlight. Grant opened his counterattack by 5 o'clock the next morning, supported by his gunboats in the river. But the heavy-caliber naval rifles of the gunboats failed to make any impression in the Confederate line, their fire being inaccurate. Finally, after sustained attacks lasting five hours, the battle ended. The Confederate army withdrew and Grant's forces reoccupied their old camps. Both armies, weakened by losses and fatigue, did not renew the contest.

After completing his line of communications with the Yazoo River, Grant attacked Vicksburg vigorously in May and June, 1863, and tried to carry the works by force, but the attempt failing, Grant settled down to a siege. Cut off on all sides, supplies running out and with all hope of aid gone, General Pemberton prepared for a long siege and hoped for a miracle. The people of Vicksburg fared as badly, if not worse, than the army. They dug caves in the clay hillsides and lived on mule meat, rats, and dogs. Daily bombardment from the Union land batteries and gunboats killed many civilians foolish enough to venture forth during the regular shelling. Outside Vicksburg, Grant tightened his hold on the doomed city, planning the final attack to be staged on July 6. But Lieutenant General John C. Pemberton, his army starved out, asked for surrender terms on July 3 and Vicksburg fell on July 4. After holding out for 47 days, the "City of a Hundred Hills," called by Jefferson Davis "the Gibraltar of the West," fell to a determined and skillful soldier.

Thus ended the Vicksburg campaign. The Confederacy now was split in two; Port Hudson, above Baton Rouge, fell to General Nathaniel Prentiss Banks on July 8 and the whole length of the Mississippi was open.

After the battle of Murfreesboro (Stone River) at the beginning of January, 1863, General William Starke Rosecrans, commander of the Army of the Cumberland, marched his army through wild country and maneuvered Braxton Bragg out of Chattanooga, thereby placing his army in a commanding strategic position. On September 19, 1863, at Chickamauga Creek, near Crawfish Springs, in Georgia, the two armies met. After two days of desperate fighting along a line six miles long through thick woods, the Union army fell back upon the adjoining crests of Missionary Ridge. Then, in November, followed the battles of Missionary Ridge and Chattanooga, and the Confederates fell back into Georgia. Grant and Sherman had cleared Tennessee and driven a deep wedge into the heart of the Confederacy.

The year 1864 saw some of the bloodiest military actions ever witnessed. Grant had taken full command of the Union armies, taking personal command of the Army of the Potomac with the conviction that he would fight Lee on the line of the James River "if it took all summer."

"The battle of the Wilderness," wrote General Grant, "was renewed by us at 5 o'clock on the morning of [May] the 6th, and continued with unabated fury until darkness set in, each army holding substantially the same position that they had on the evening of the 5th. After dark the enemy made a feeble attempt to turn our right flank, capturing several hundred prisoners and creating considerable confusion but the promptness of General Sedgwick . . . soon reformed it and restored order . . ."

The second operation of Grant's campaign came on May 7 when Grant, seeing that Lee was determined to wait for him behind entrenchments, made a rapid "shift to the left" movement to Spotsylvania Court House with the 5th Corps, the object to get between Lee and Richmond. Grant's movement was divined by Lee, and Richard Anderson's division reached Spotsylvania first, precipitating a battle lasting three days.

The Army of the Potomac then advanced to Cold Harbor and, on May 29 and 30, engaged the Army of Northern Virginia in a battle that even Grant said "was the only general attack made from the Rapidan to the James which did not inflict upon the enemy losses to compensate for our own losses."

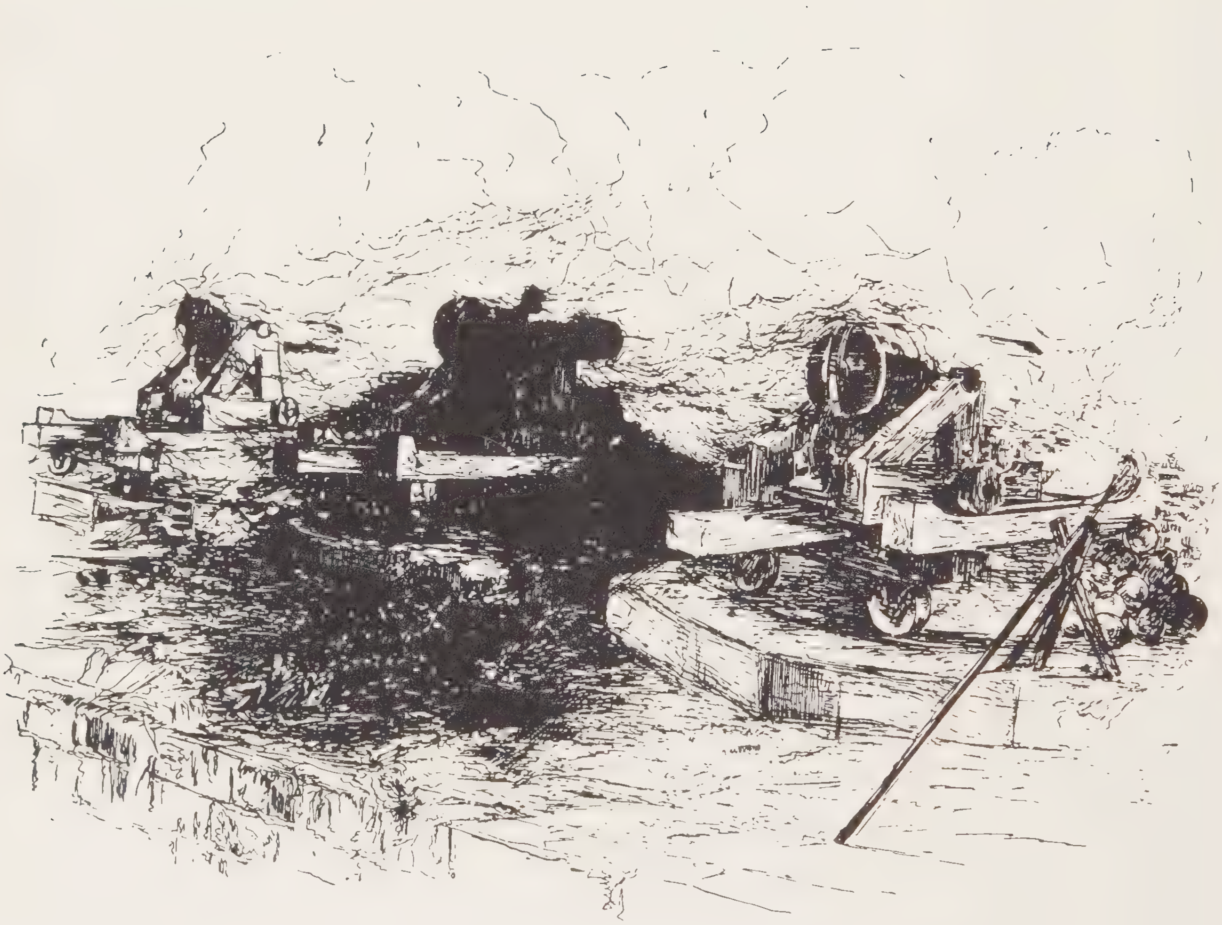
Executing a skillful maneuver, Grant brought his forces to the south bank of the James River in an effort to capture Petersburg and the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, and thereby to cut off Lee's Richmond supply artery. On July 30, 1864, Petersburg was invested by the Army of the Potomac. A vast network of trenches and redoubts, forts and redans was hastily thrown up on both sides, and the war in Virginia settled down to a siege of almost a year.

During the long siege of Petersburg, Lieutenant Colonel Henry Pleasants, a mining engineer from Pennsylvania, devised a mine that could be run under the enemy's entrenchments. Burnside approved the plan and for a month "the spade took the place of the musket." When the gallery was ready, eight magazines of powder were placed in the two lateral galleries directly beneath the Confederate trenches and exploded before dawn on July 30. "It was a magnificent spectacle," wrote Major William Powell, "and as the earth went up into the air, carrying with it men, guns, carriages, and timbers, and spread out like an immense cloud as it reached its altitude, so close were the Union lines that the mass appeared as if it would descend immediately upon the troops waiting the charge."

Alfred Waud was an eyewitness to the "magnificent spectacle," and his drawing clearly shows what General Grant characteristically described as "a stupendous failure." The Union forces had lost 4,000 men in the abortive operation.

At 9 A.M. on March 29, 1865, Grant opened his last campaign. Since before 3 A.M. the Federal columns had been in motion. The weather had been favorable for operations and the roads in fair condition. Lee evacuated Petersburg and Richmond and headed in the general direction of Five Forks, where he and his devoted army made a last stand. On Sunday, April 2, Lee's decimated army was in full retreat toward Danville. With his supply lines cut, his army without food and shoes, his only escape route cut off by General George Armstrong Custer, Lee under a flag of truce asked terms for surrender. Shortly after 1 P.M. on April 9, 1865, Lee met Grant in the McLean House at Appomattox Court House and arranged terms of surrender for all the Confederates who remained under arms in Virginia.

Theodore R. Davis marched with Sherman's army to Savannah and "thence through the Carolinas," making drawings of the last and perhaps most colorful campaign of the war. In the years after the war the artists went their separate ways. Davis and Waud followed Western trails with the surveys and expeditions to chart the West. There is no record of Edwin Forbes. Winslow Homer went on to become one of America's greatest painters. Colonel Julian Scott and Captain James Hope became famous painters in their own right. Theodore R. Davis, after returning from the Western surveys, retired to New Jersey, where he opened a studio. He died in Asbury Park. Alfred R. Waud died in Marietta, Georgia, a sick man from his exertions and privations. All that is left is the monument at South Mountain—and their work.



From a drawing by Theodore R. Davis. Courtesy the Century Company

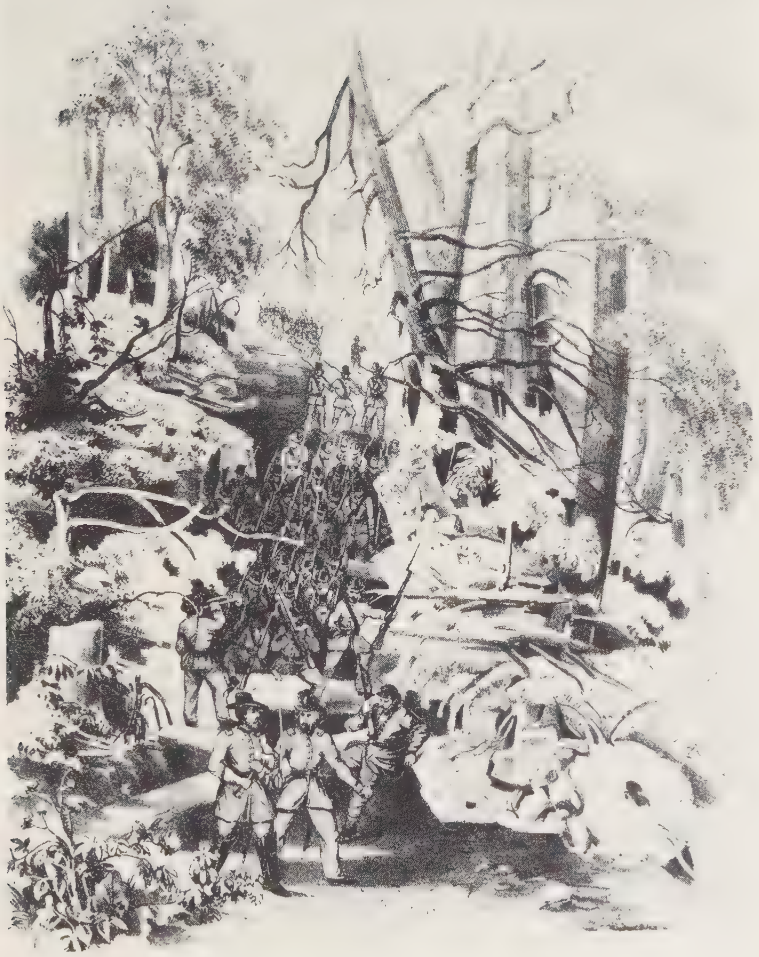
Sergeant John Carmody firing the barbette guns—Fort Sumter, 1861

# *A Soldier's Sketches of General William Starke Rosecrans' West Virginia Campaign—1861–1862*

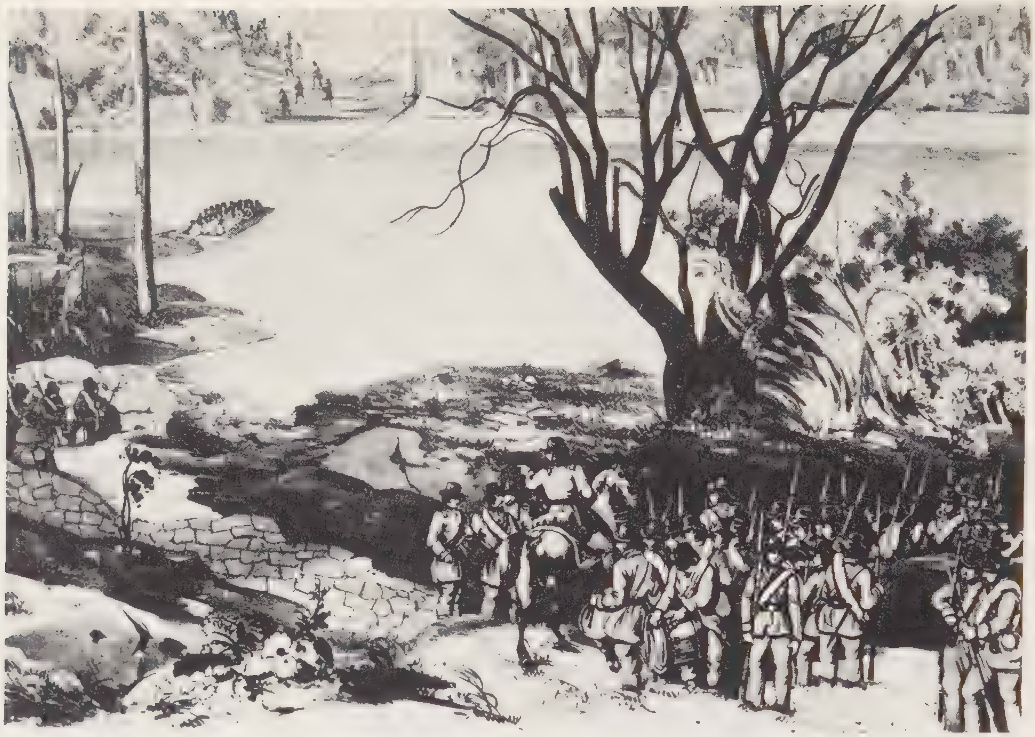
The drawings depicting General William Starke Rosecrans' campaign in West Virginia during the first year of the war were executed by Corporal Nep Roesler, Color Guard, Company G, 47th Regiment, Ohio Volunteers. Corporal Roesler made his spirited drawings during the campaign in late 1861 in which he participated.

The footnotes accompanying these drawings are taken from notes written in pen and ink on the borders of the original drawings by the Assistant Provost Marshal of General Rosecrans' staff, the former owner of the originals now in the possession of the author.

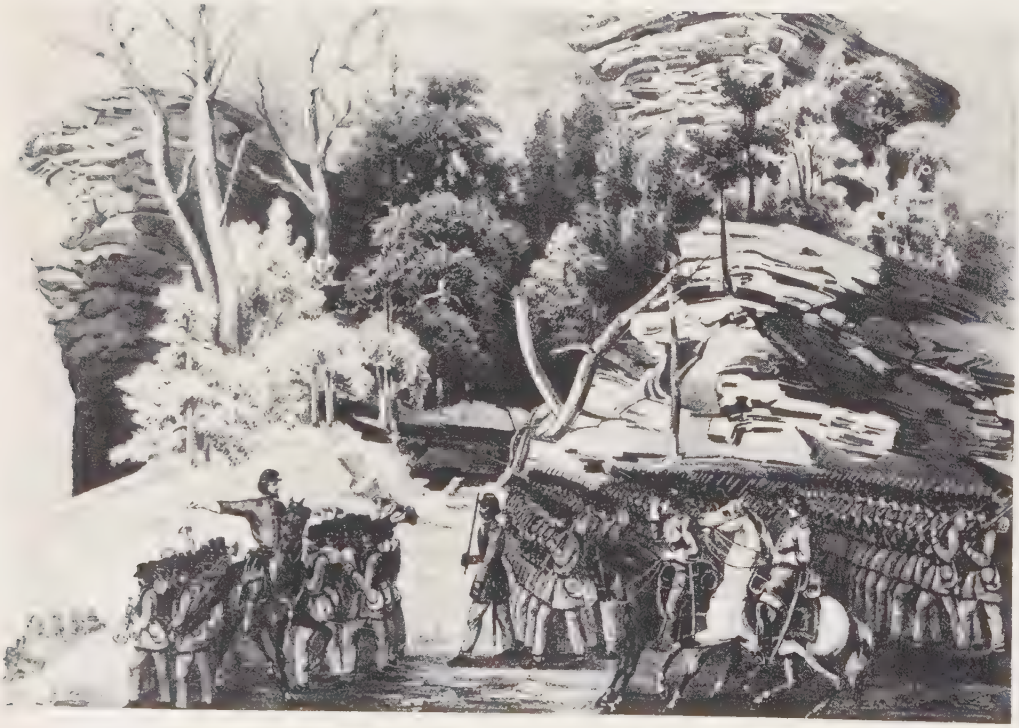
"These sketches were drawn by a soldier (Corporal Roesler) of the 47th Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, and represent scenes of our first year of army life from Kanawa Falls to Big Sewell [Mountain], West Virginia."



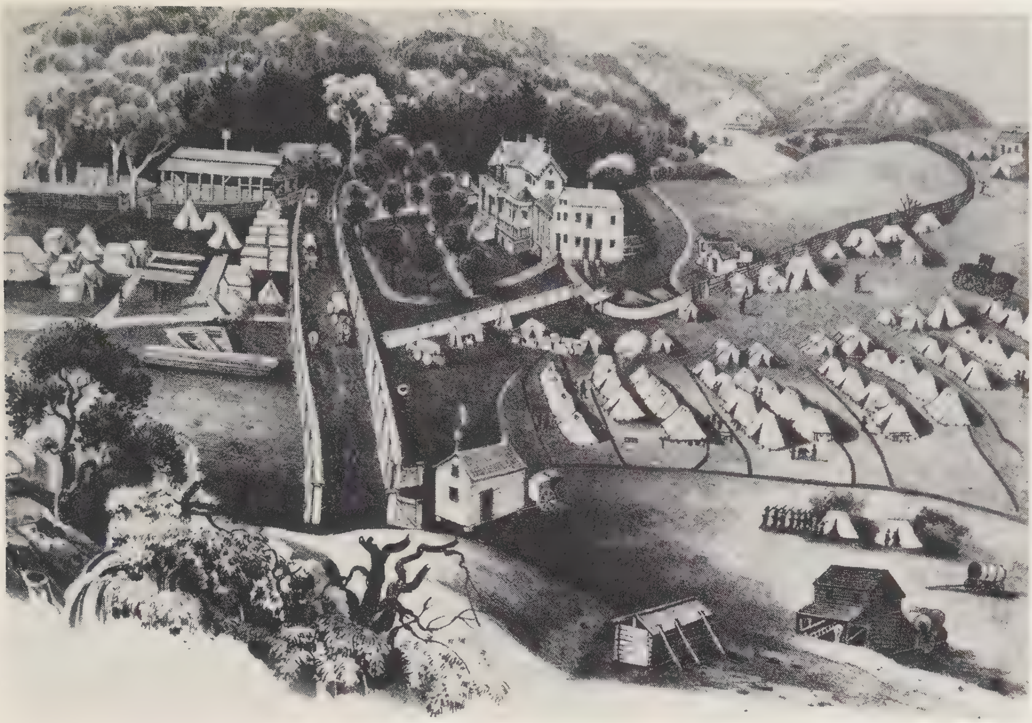
March to the landing, West Virginia



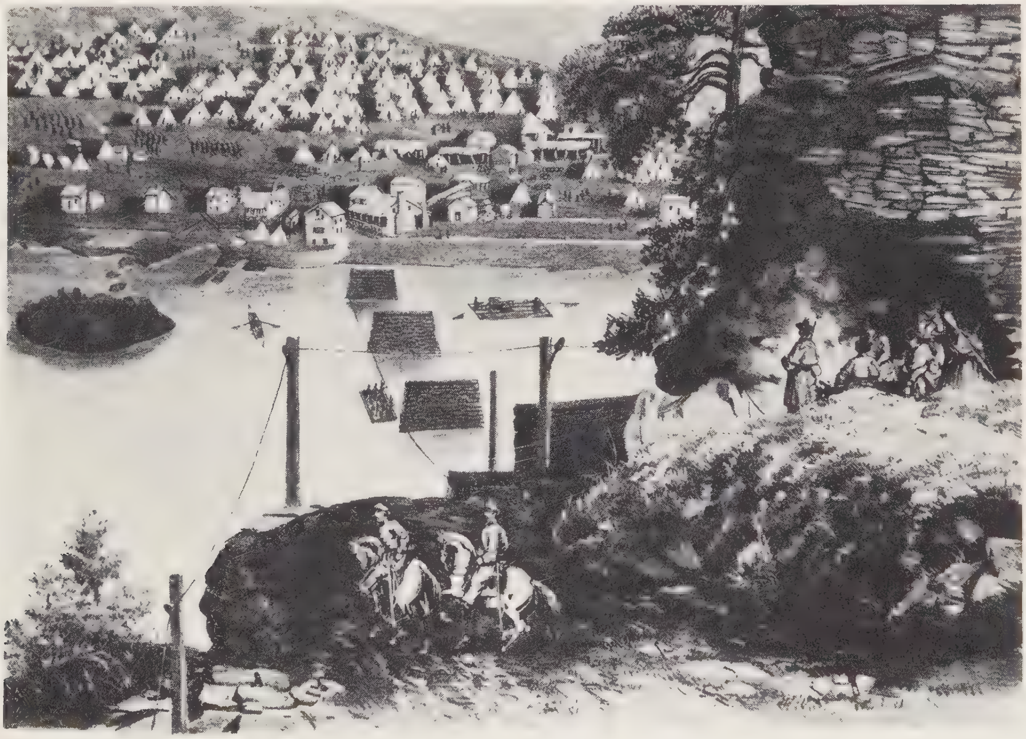
Crossing to Fayetteville



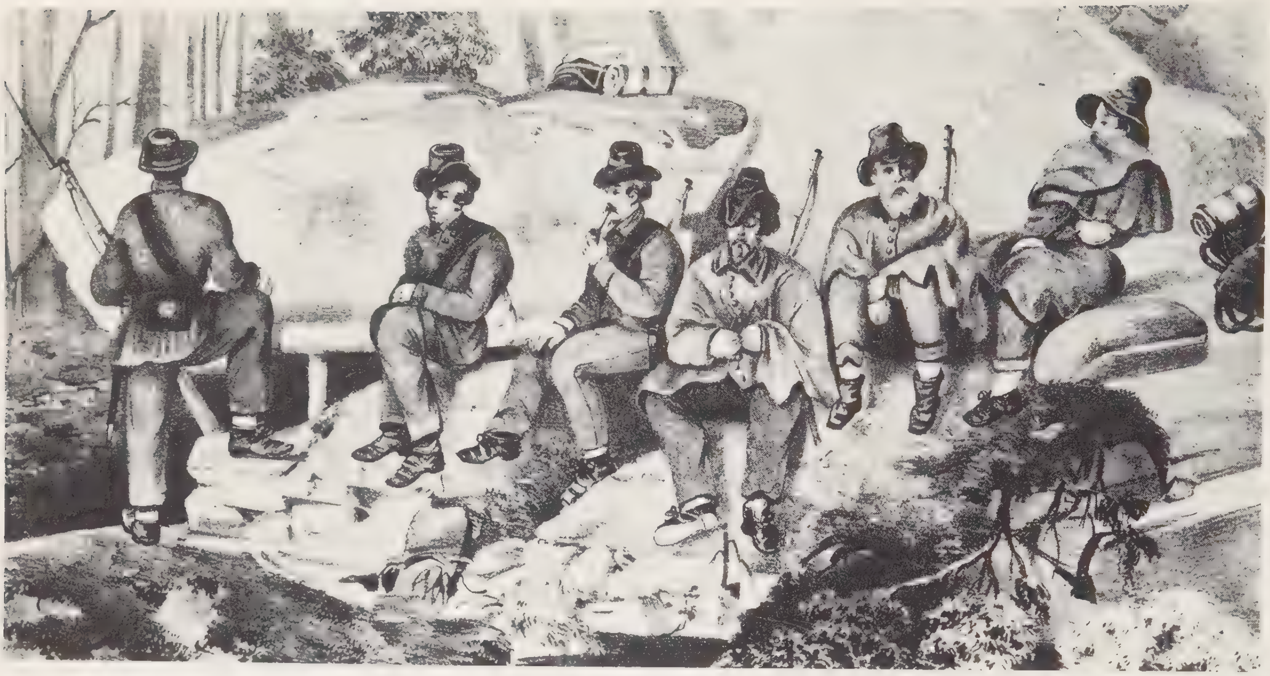
Advance in the woods, West Virginia



Tompkins' farm, Camp Gauley Mount, West Virginia

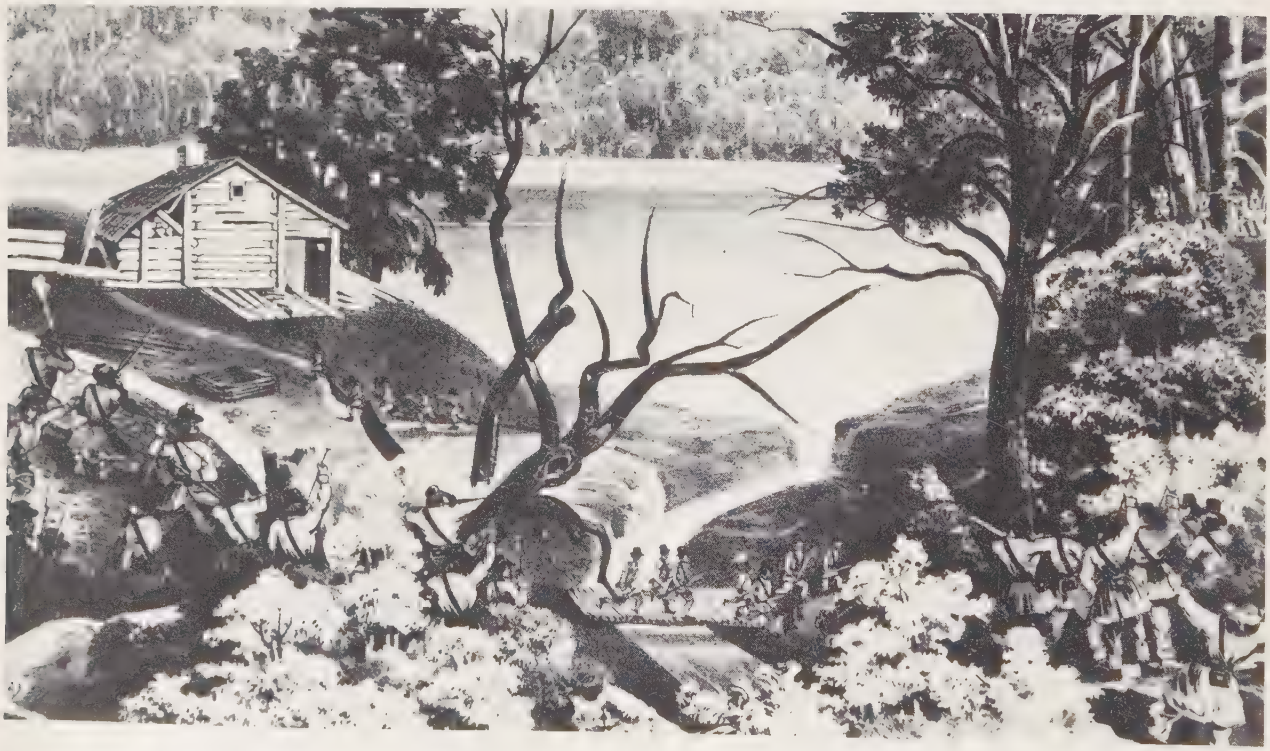


"Camp, near Gauley Bridge"

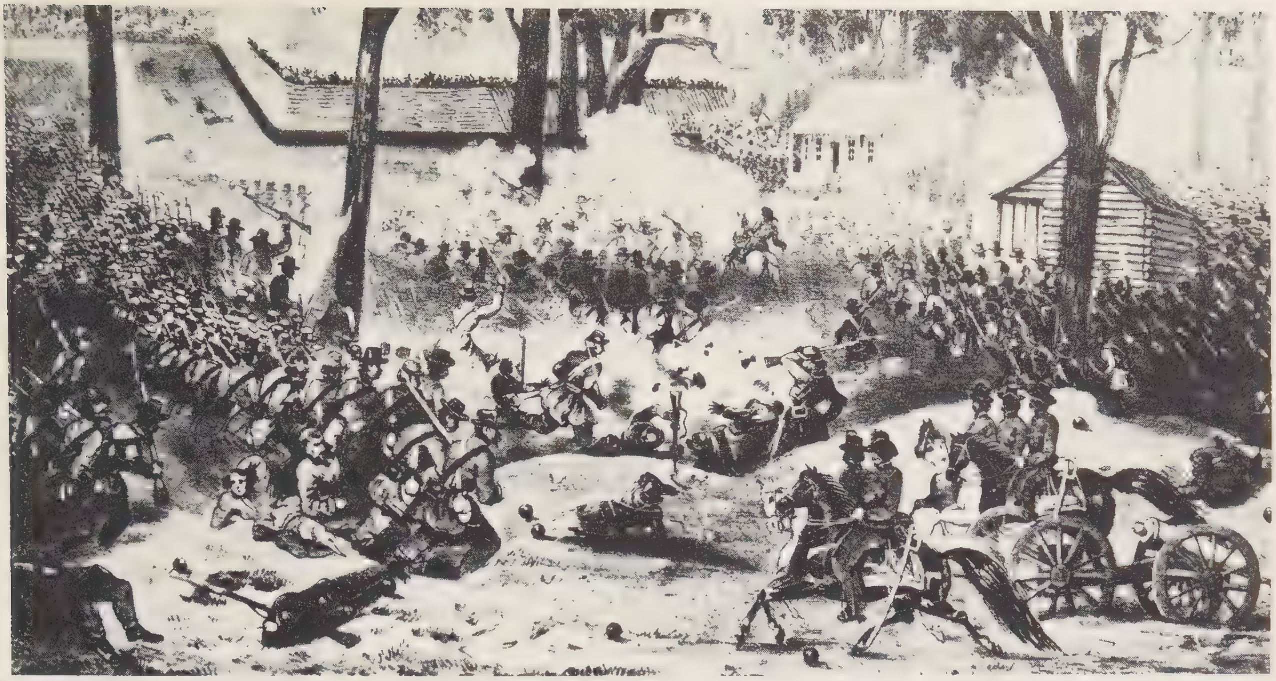


Pickets in the woods

"After the engagement near the drill ground, Camp Anderson."

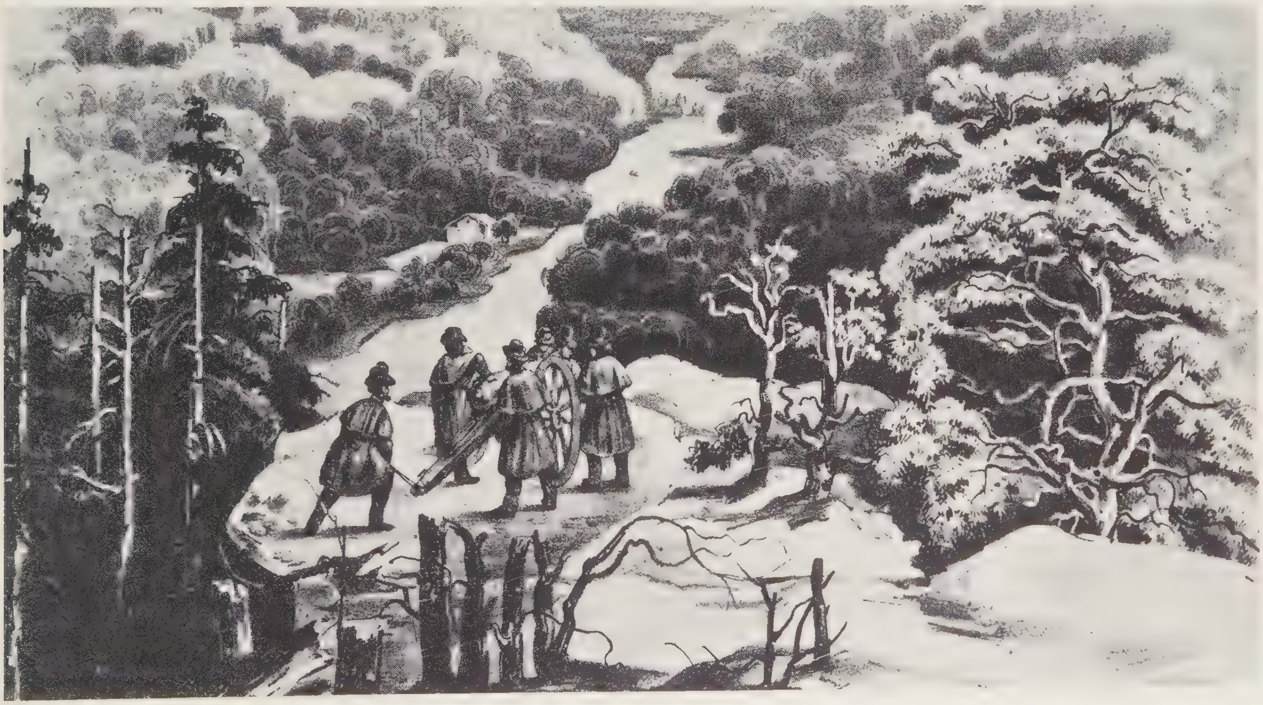


Skirmishing near New River

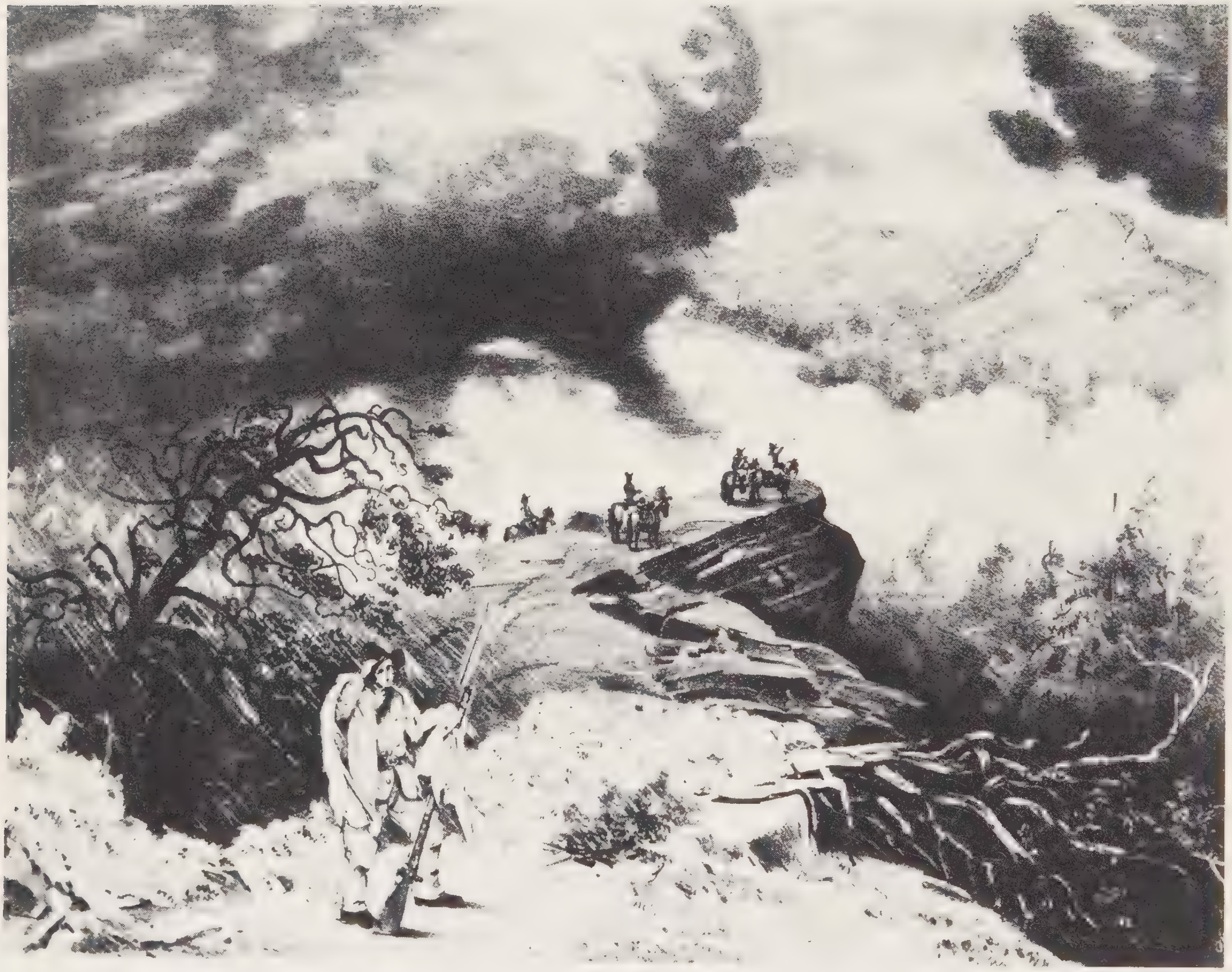


Battle at Carnifex Ferry

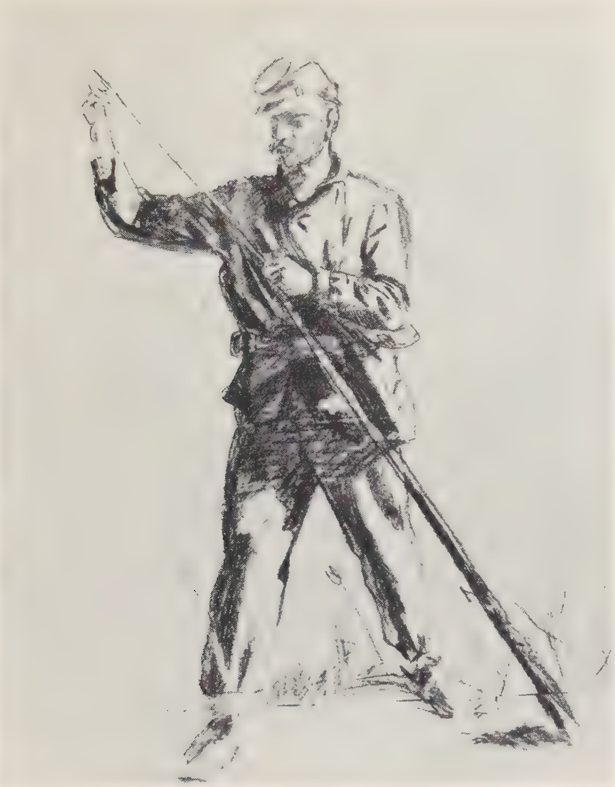
"My first experience under fire. I was assistant provost marshal on Gen. Rosecrans' staff and had charge of the captured property."



View from Hawk's Nest, towards the east



Thunder storm, Big Sewell Mountain

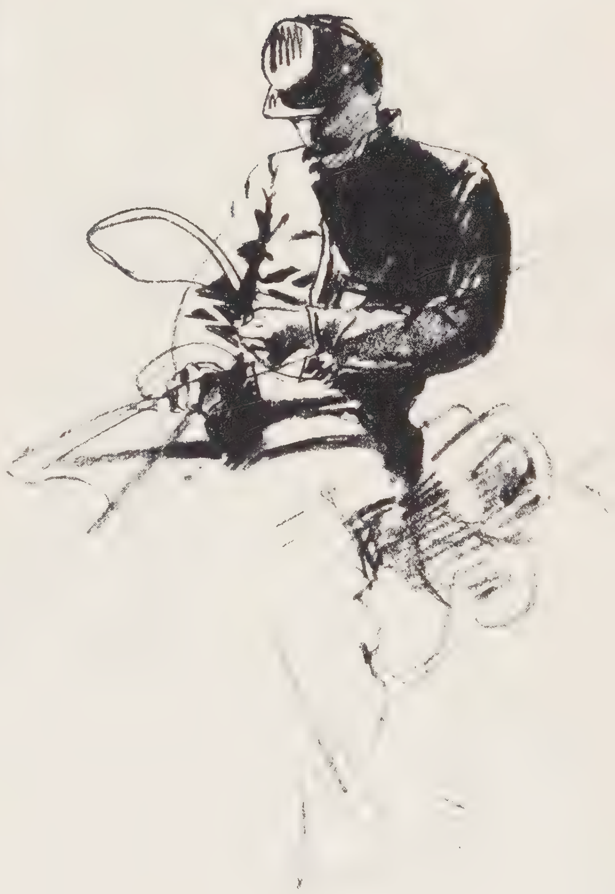


*From an original sketch in charcoal and white crayon on gray paper by Winslow Homer. Courtesy Cooper Union Museum for the Arts of Decoration*

## Sketch of a Federal soldier loading his rifle

The rifle used by the soldier in the Civil War was a muzzle-loading Enfield musket. The soldier seen in the sketch is in the act of tamping the powder and ball down the barrel with a ramrod. Homer probably made this sketch during the campaign of 1864 when he visited the front for the last time.

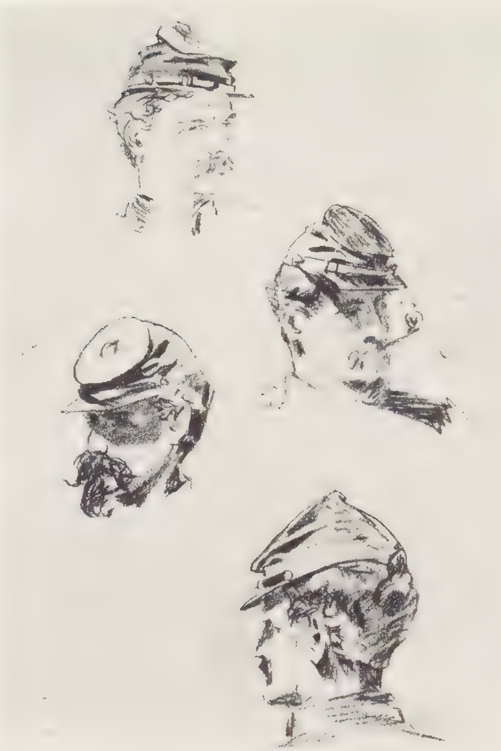
## Study of a Union cavalryman



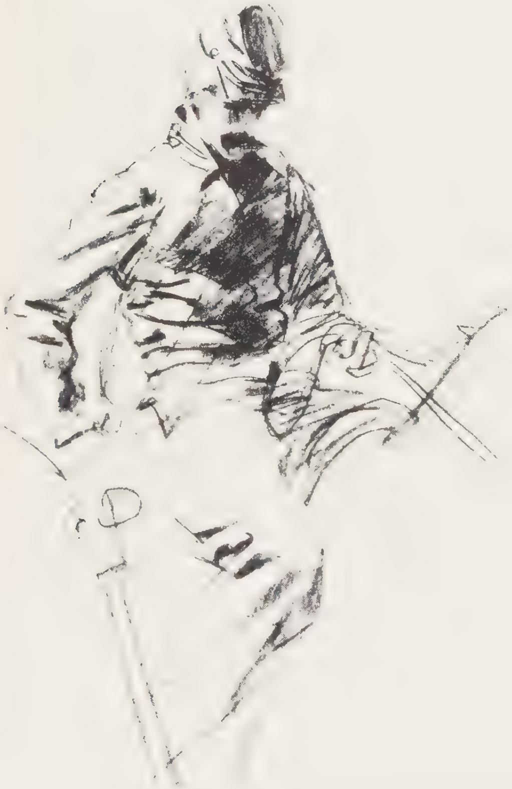
*From a crayon drawing by Winslow Homer. Courtesy Cincinnati Art Museum*

## Studies of Civil War soldiers by Winslow Homer

These studies of "Billy Yank" were probably sketched during the campaign of 1862 in Virginia, when Homer was with McClellan's Army of the Potomac advancing up the Peninsula to Richmond.



*From original sketches in charcoal on brown paper by Winslow Homer.*
*Courtesy Cooper Union Museum for the Arts of Decoration*

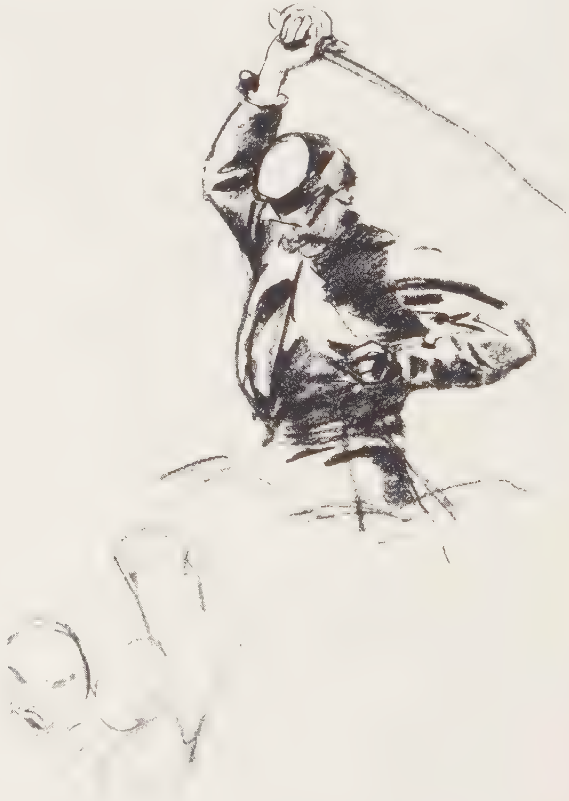


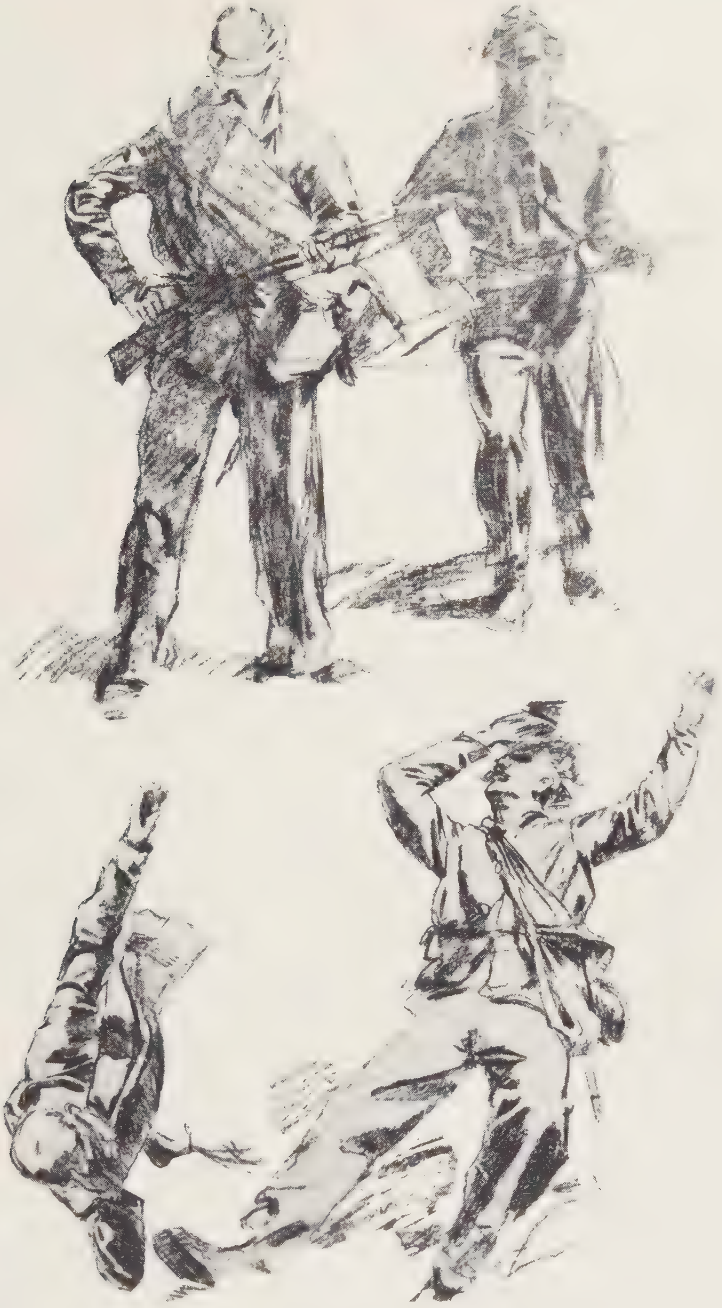
*From original sketches by Winslow Homer*
*Courtesy Cooper Museum for the Arts of Decoration*

## Two studies of Union Army cavalrymen by Winslow Homer

The Union cavalryman was the "glamour boy" of the Federal Army in the Civil War. These beautiful sketches, done in black crayon on brown paper, typify the Union horse trooper in different attitudes.

On the left, the trooper is shown astride his horse, riding at a gallop. In the sketch on the right he is seen wielding his saber.



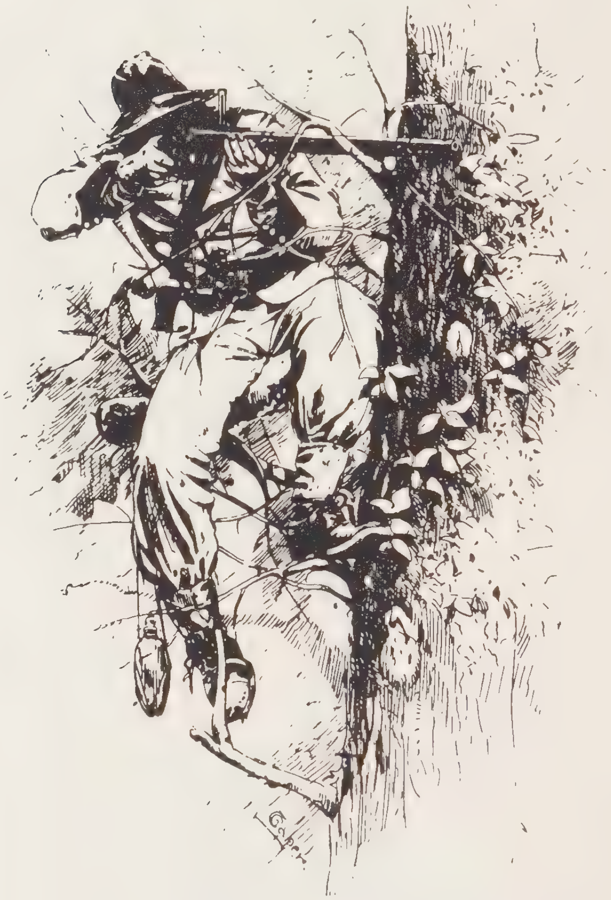


*From sketches by Winslow Homer. Courtesy Cooper Union Museum for the Arts of Decoration*

Four studies of infantrymen of the Army of the Potomac

Four sketches executed in charcoal on white paper. In the first sketch, upper left, the soldier is reaching for a cartridge. In the upper right, he is seen charging. The two lower figures depict different attitudes of soldiers who have just been shot.

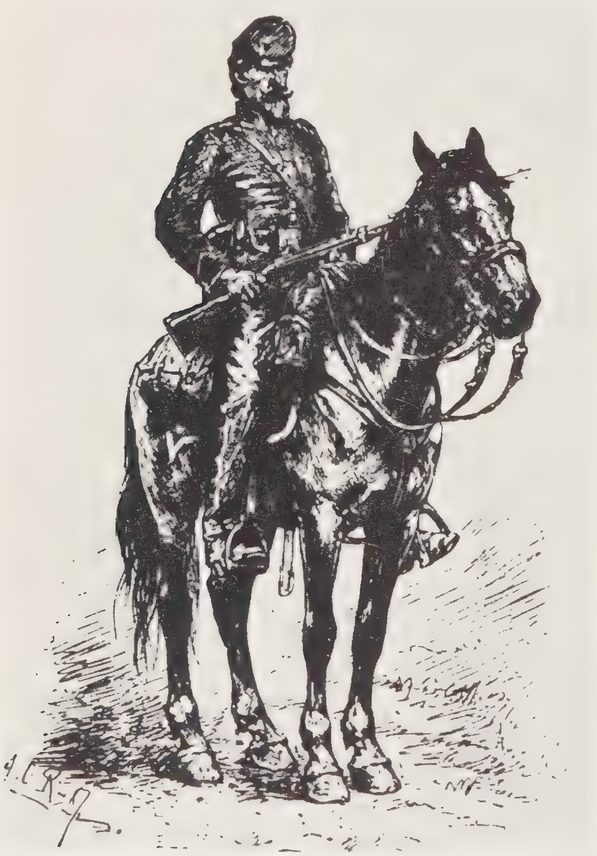
# *The Military Drawings of Lieutenant Allen Carter Redwood*



*From a drawing by Lieutenant Allen C. Redwood. Courtesy The Century Company*

Confederate sharpshooter

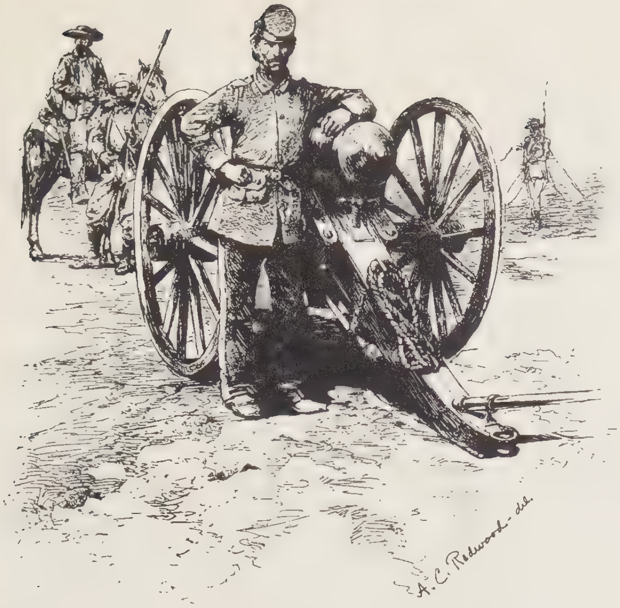
Trooper of the Virginia Cavalry, 1861



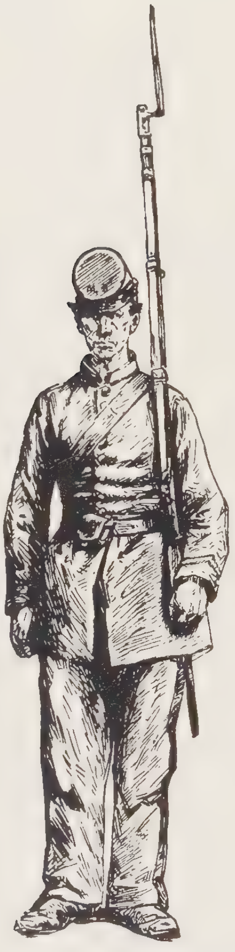
*Drawing by Lieutenant Allen C. Redwood. Courtesy The Century Company*

Allen Carter Redwood, one of the finest illustrators the Confederacy produced, took part in all the major battles in the eastern theater of the war. He was a member of the 55th Regiment, Virginia, and served as courier on the staff of General Lensford L. Lomax. His drawings have a style all their own, equaling Homer at their best. Although many of Redwood's drawings were made after the war, they nevertheless were done from personal experience and are accurate in every detail.

# Confederate types, 1862

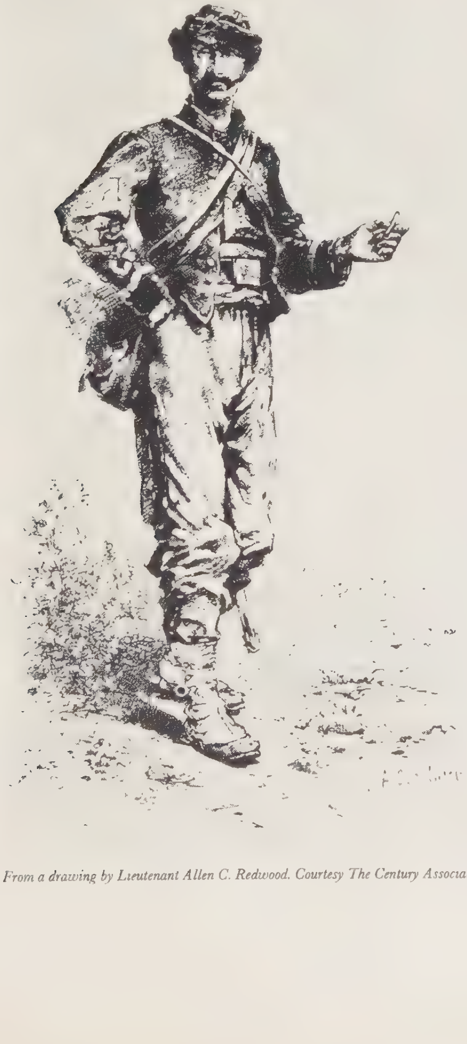

A. C. Redwood del.

*From a drawing by Lieutenant Allen C. Redwood. Courtesy The Century Association*



*From a drawing by Lieutenant Allen C. Redwood. Courtesy The Century Company*

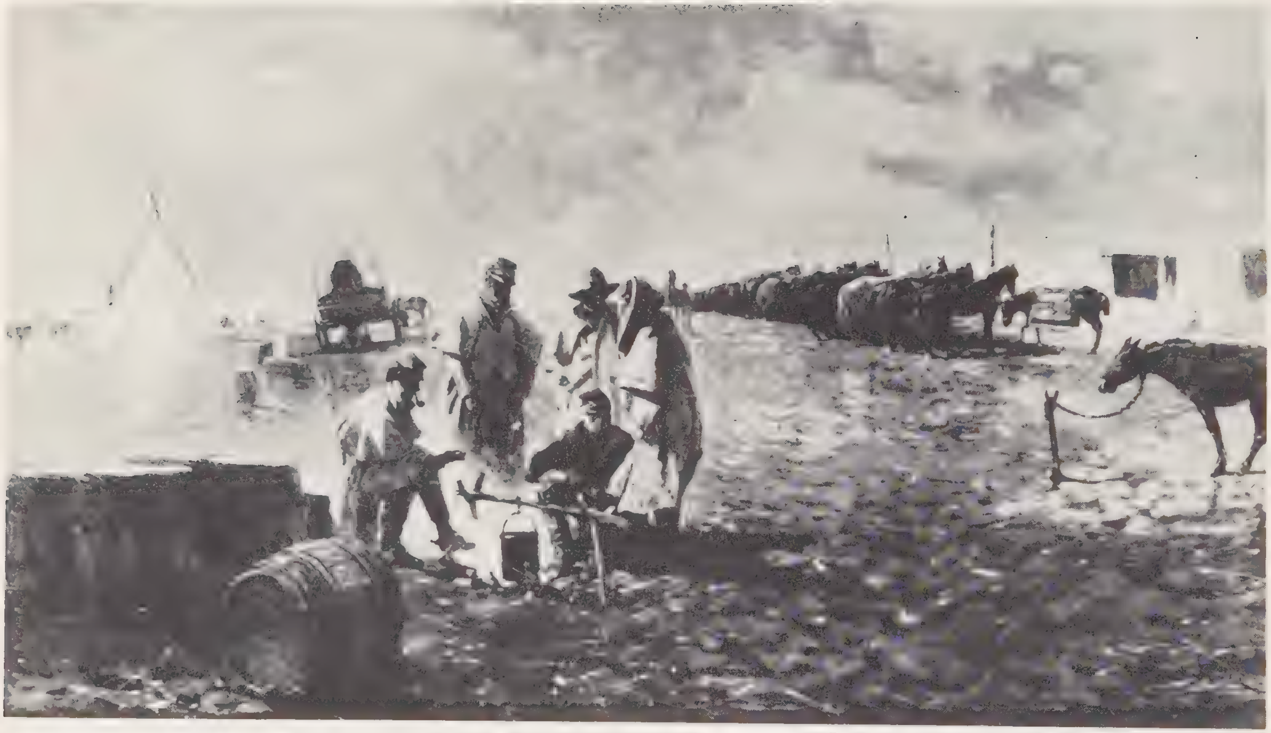
A Confederate soldier of 1862



## A Louisiana Pelican

Member of a Confederate Zouave Regiment, whose uniform was patterned after one worn in the French Army.

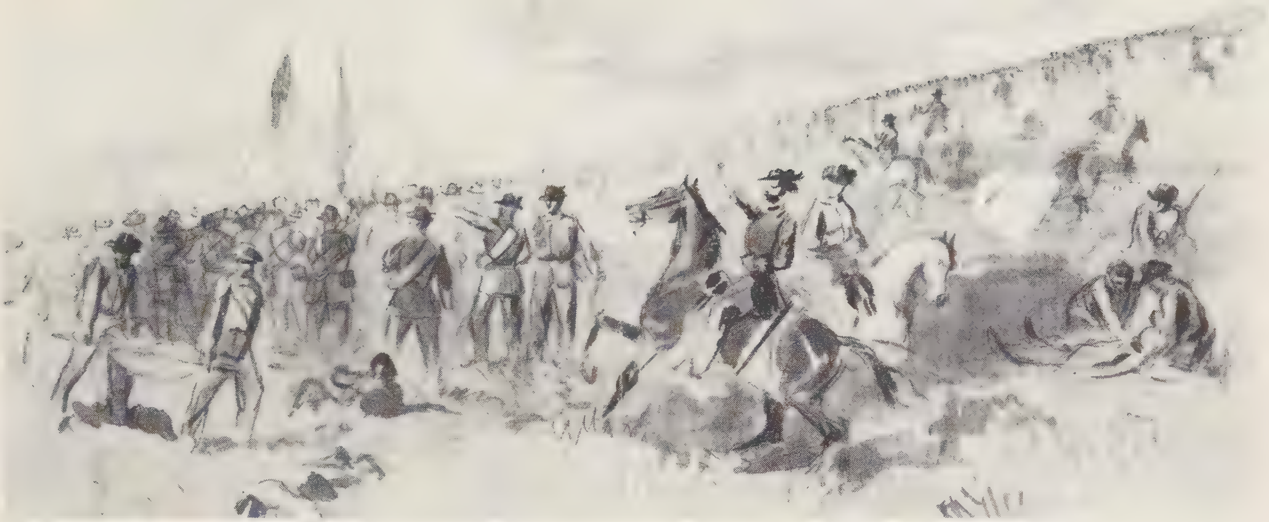
*From a drawing by Lieutenant Allen C. Redwood. Courtesy The Century Association*



*From a painting by Winslow Homer. Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art*

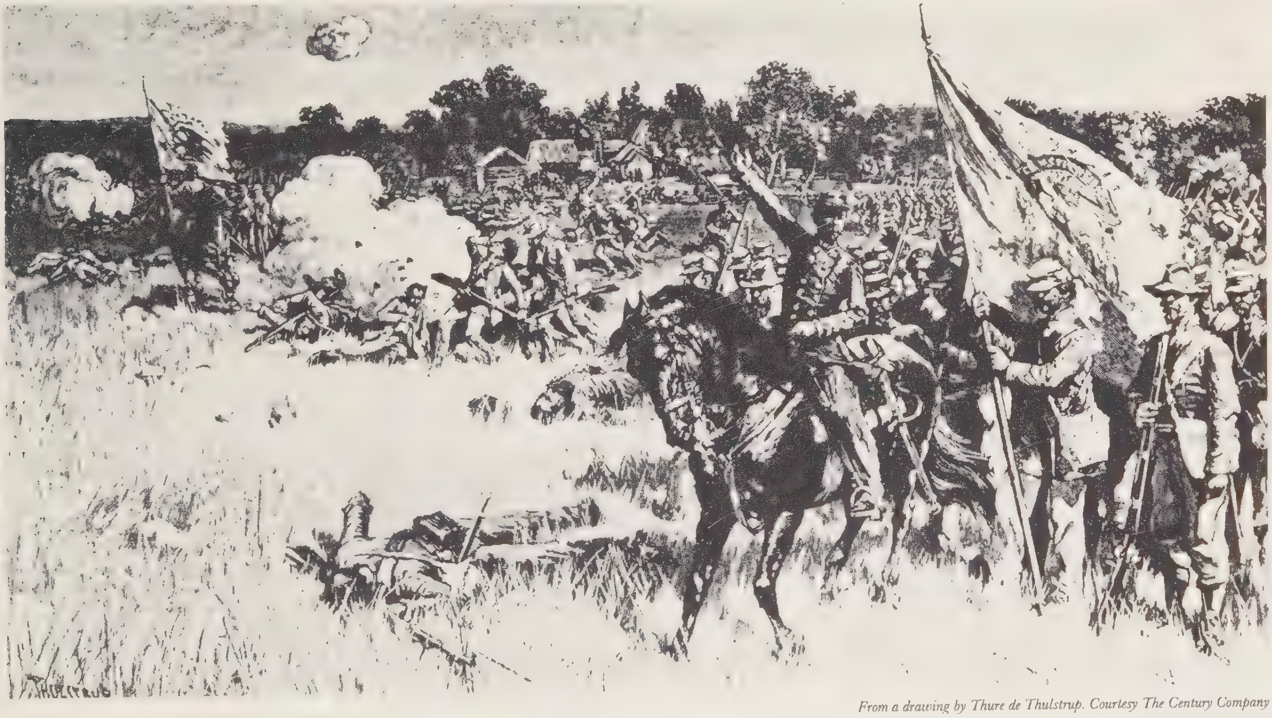
A rainy day in camp

A camp scene similar to many of Brady's photographs. Homer's painting shows a group of cavalrymen trying to keep warm and dry over the campfire. On the left are the Sibley tents. At the right is a row of cavalry horses.



*From a drawing by Alfred R. Waud. Courtesy Library of Congress*

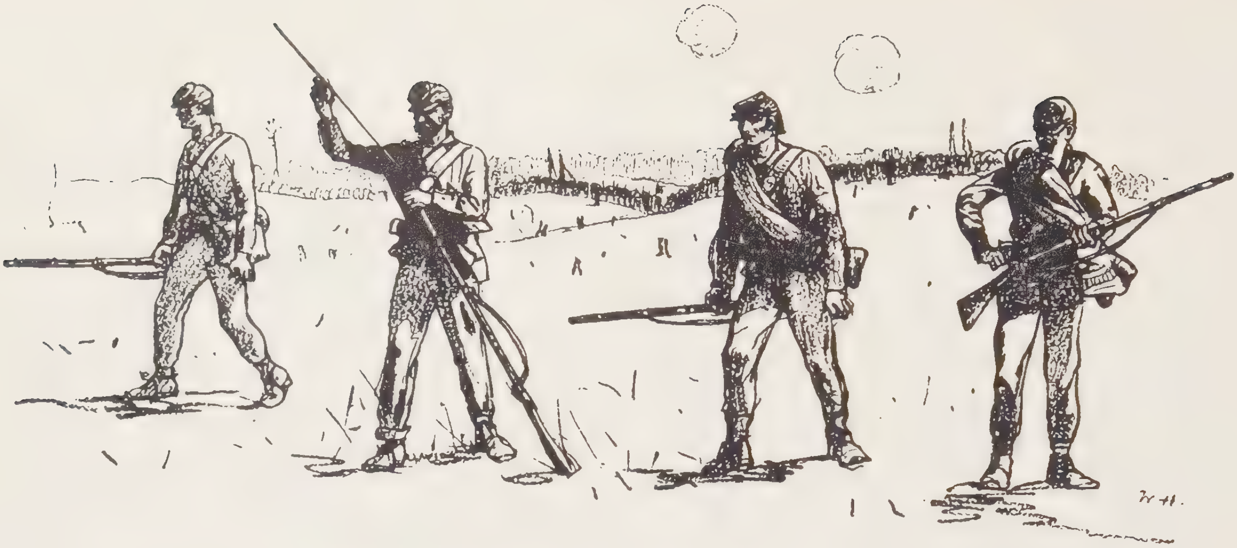
Colonel Ambrose Everett Burnside's brigade, 1st and 2nd Rhode Island and the 17th New York Regiment, with their artillery, attacking the Confederate batteries at Bull Run, July 21, 1861



*From a drawing by Thure de Thulstrup. Courtesy The Century Company*

Battle of Bull Run, July, 1861

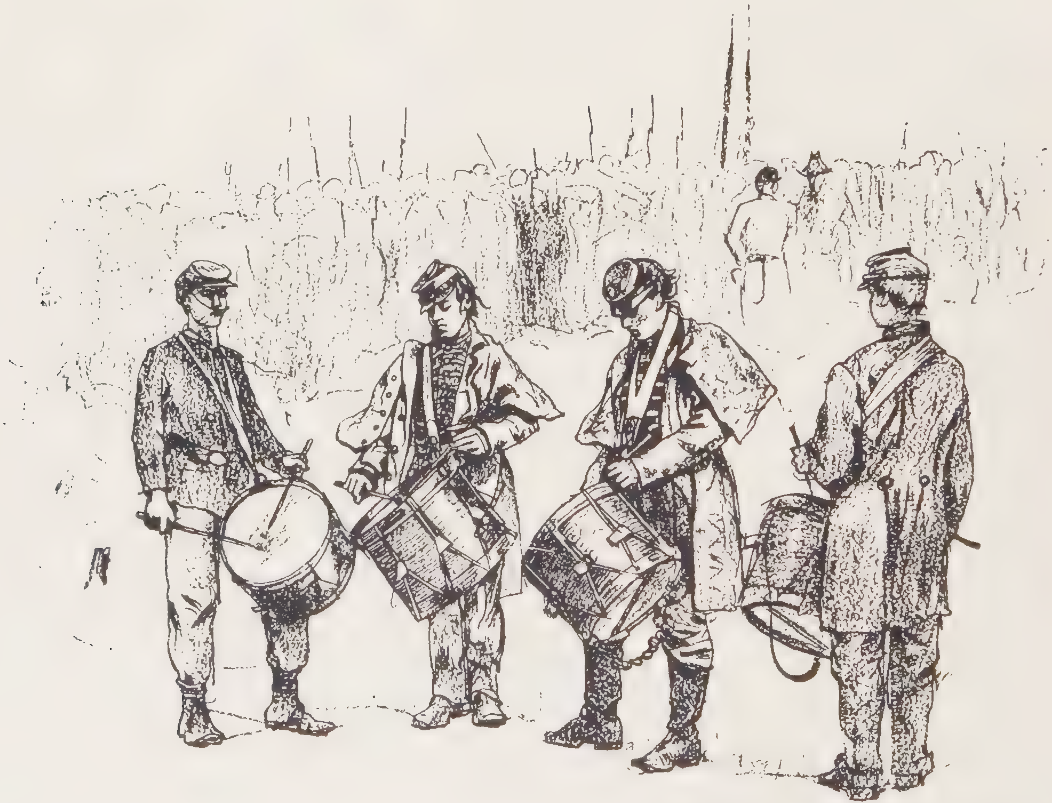
Rallying the troops of Bee, Bartow, and Evans, behind the Robinson House.



*From a sketch by Winslow Homer. Courtesy The Century Company*

"Feeling the enemy"

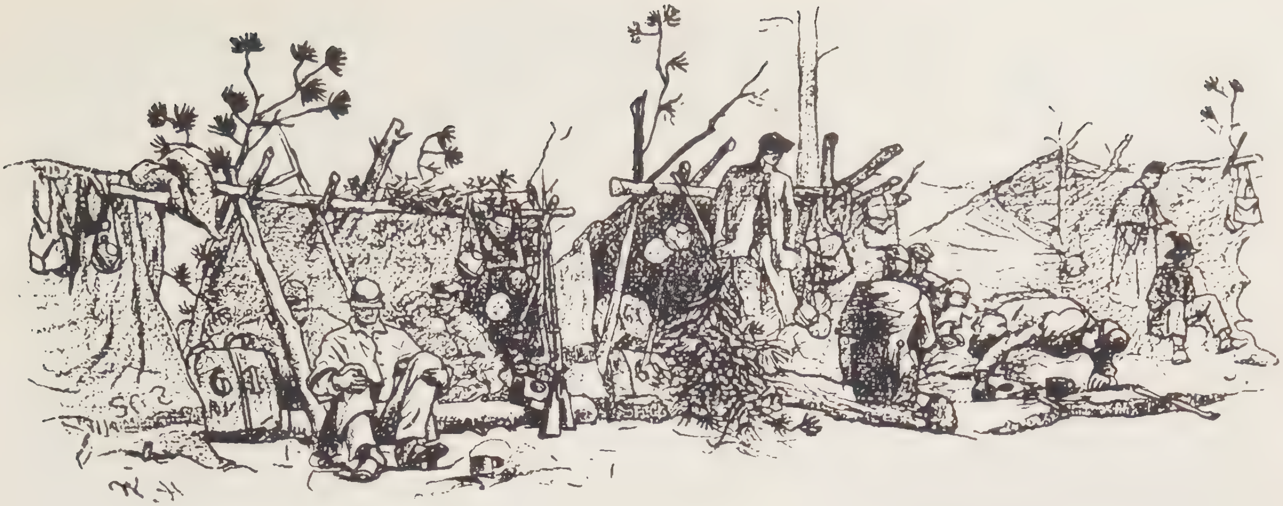
Skirmishers advancing in front of the main body of troops.



*From a drawing by Winslow Homer. Courtesy The Century Company*

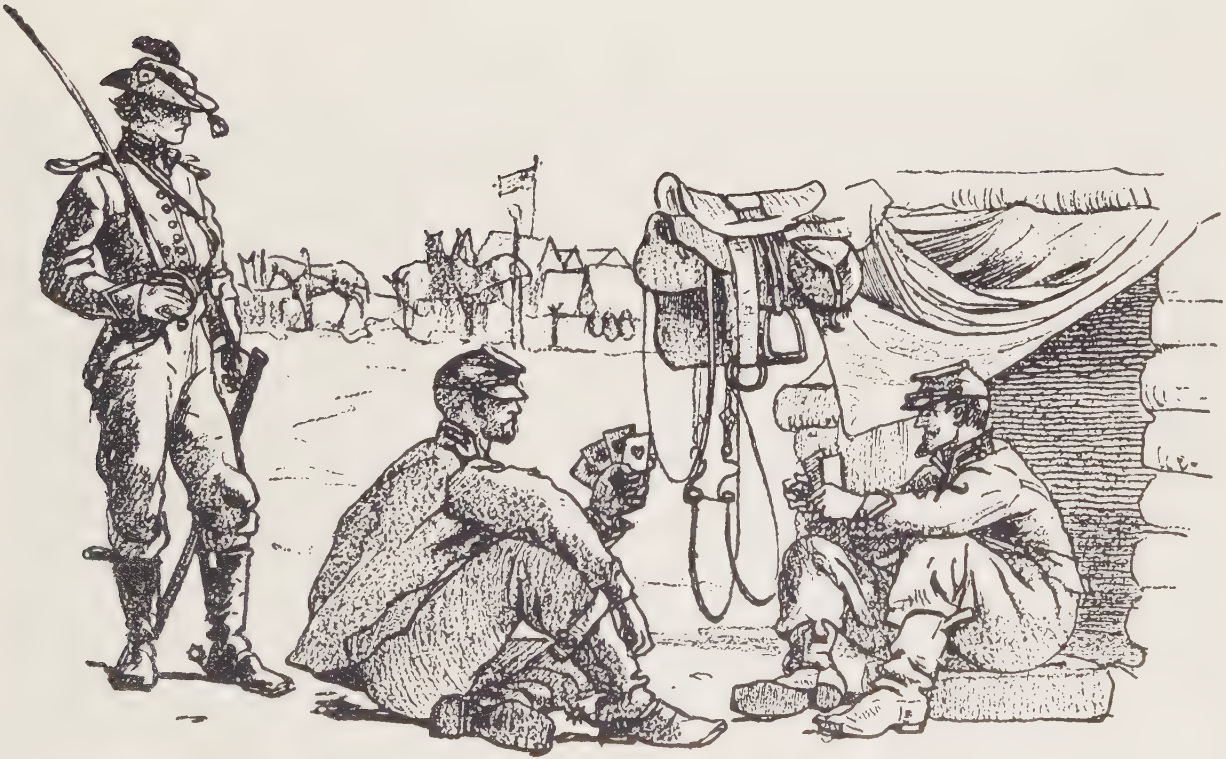
"Beating the long roll"

Drummer boys of the Union Army.



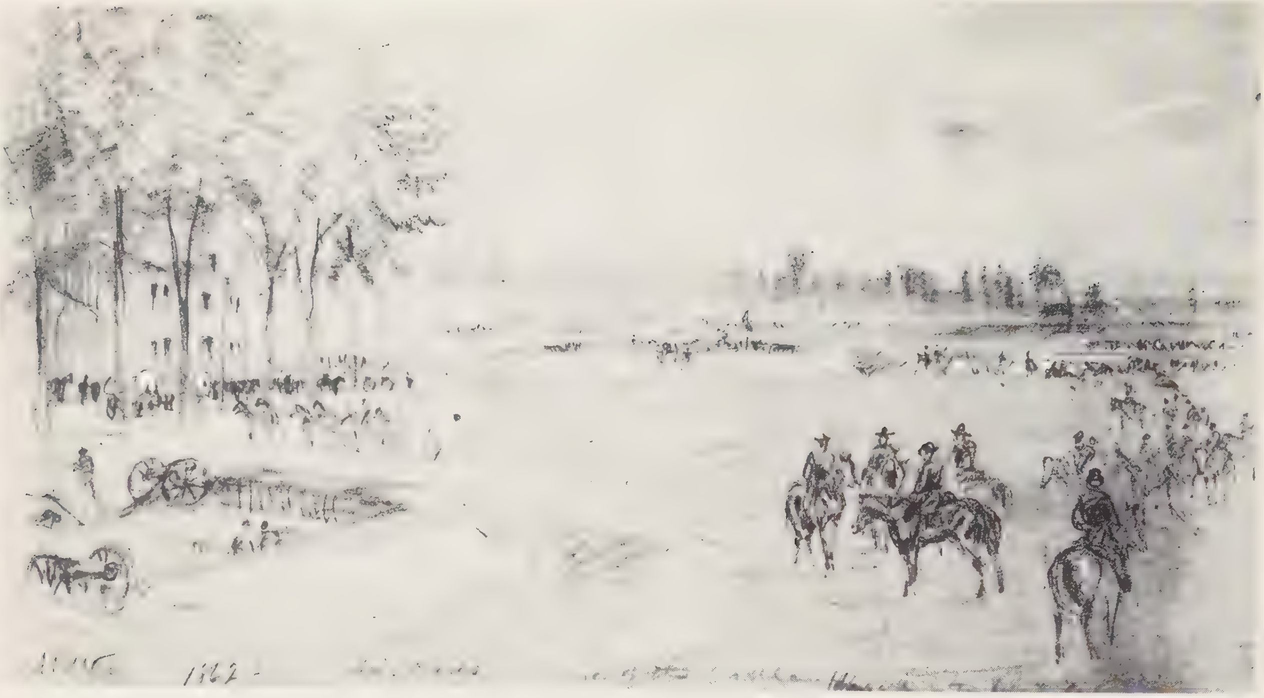
From a wartime sketch by Winslow Homer. Courtesy The Century Company

The 61st New York Regiment in camp at Ship Point, below Yorktown



From a wartime sketch by Winslow Homer. Courtesy The Century Company

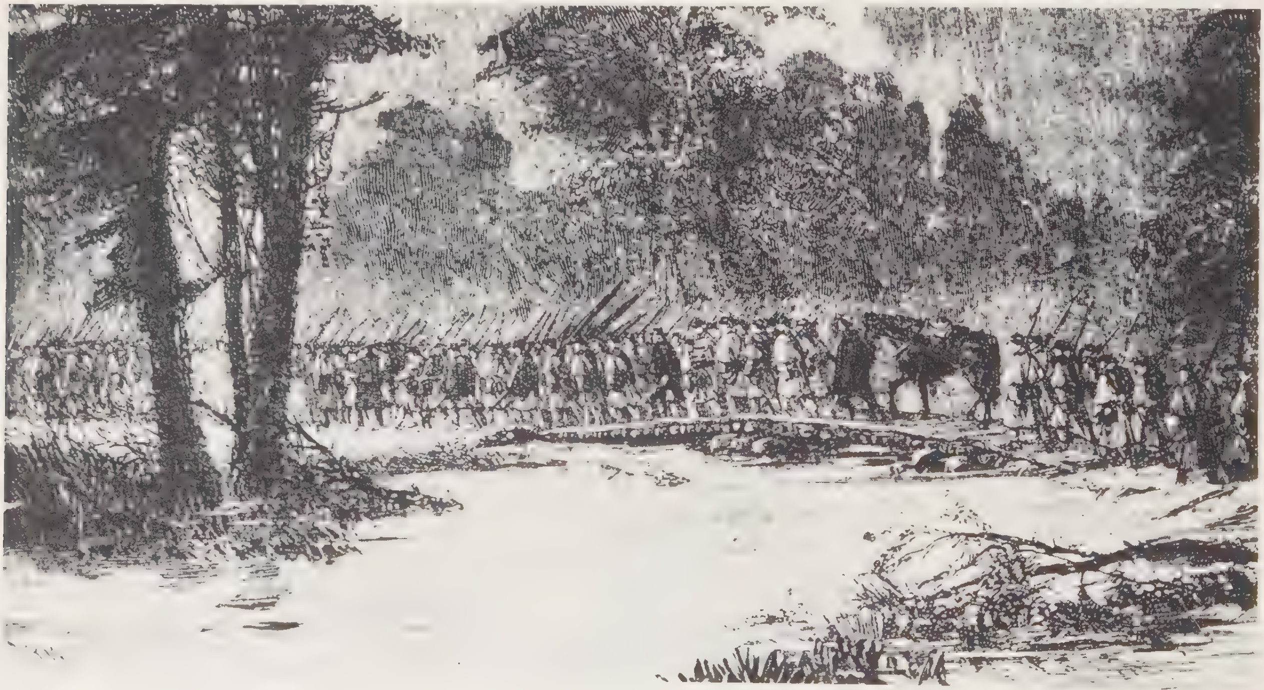
"Union camp scene—a quiet game"



From a drawing by Alfred R. Waud. Courtesy Library of Congress

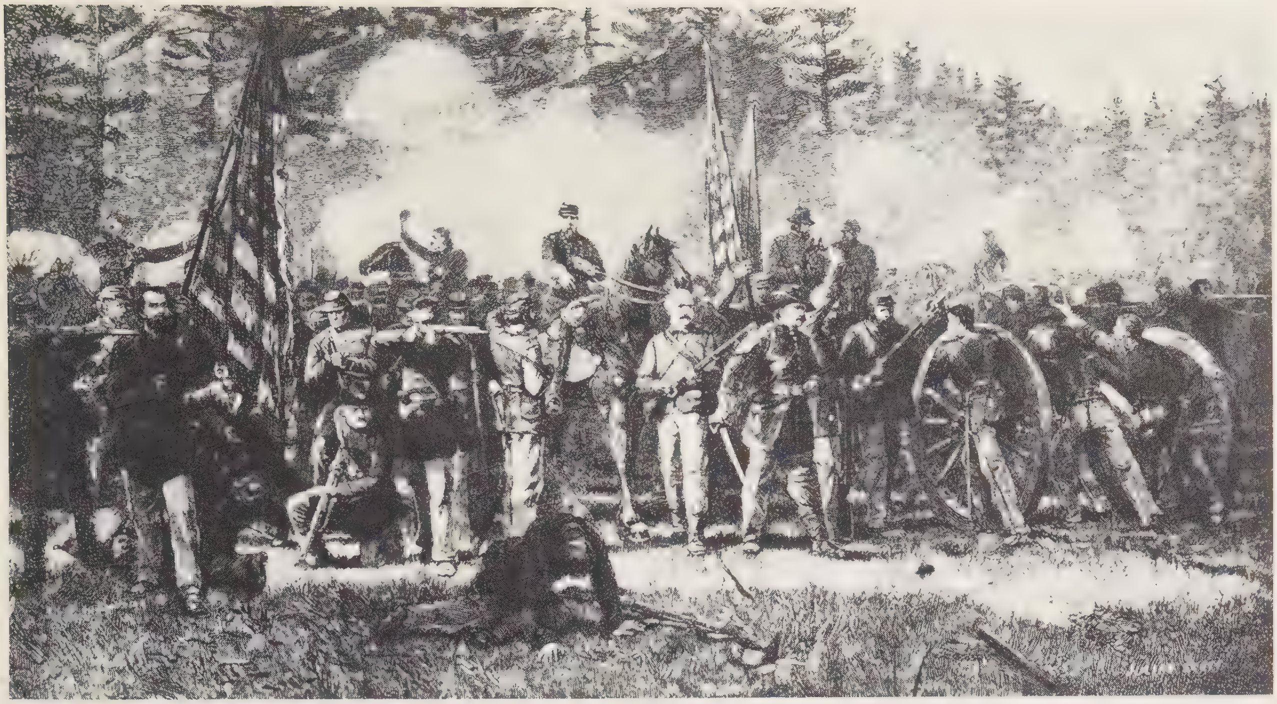
Scene of the battle of Fair Oaks, Virginia, 1862

Drawn a day or two before the Confederate advance.



From a drawing by Alfred R. Waud. Courtesy The Century Association

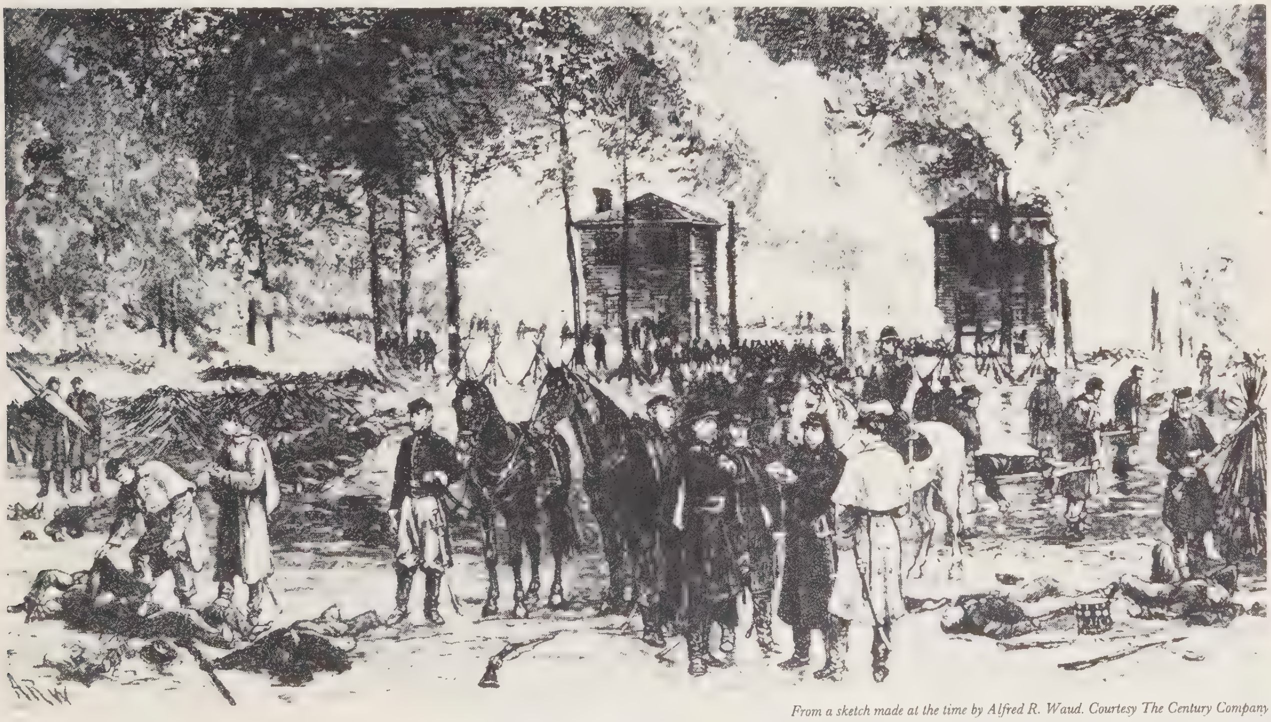
Sumner's corps crossing the overflowed "grapevine" bridge to reinforce Couch at Fair Oaks



*From an engraving of a painting by Colonel Julian Scott. Courtesy The Century Company*

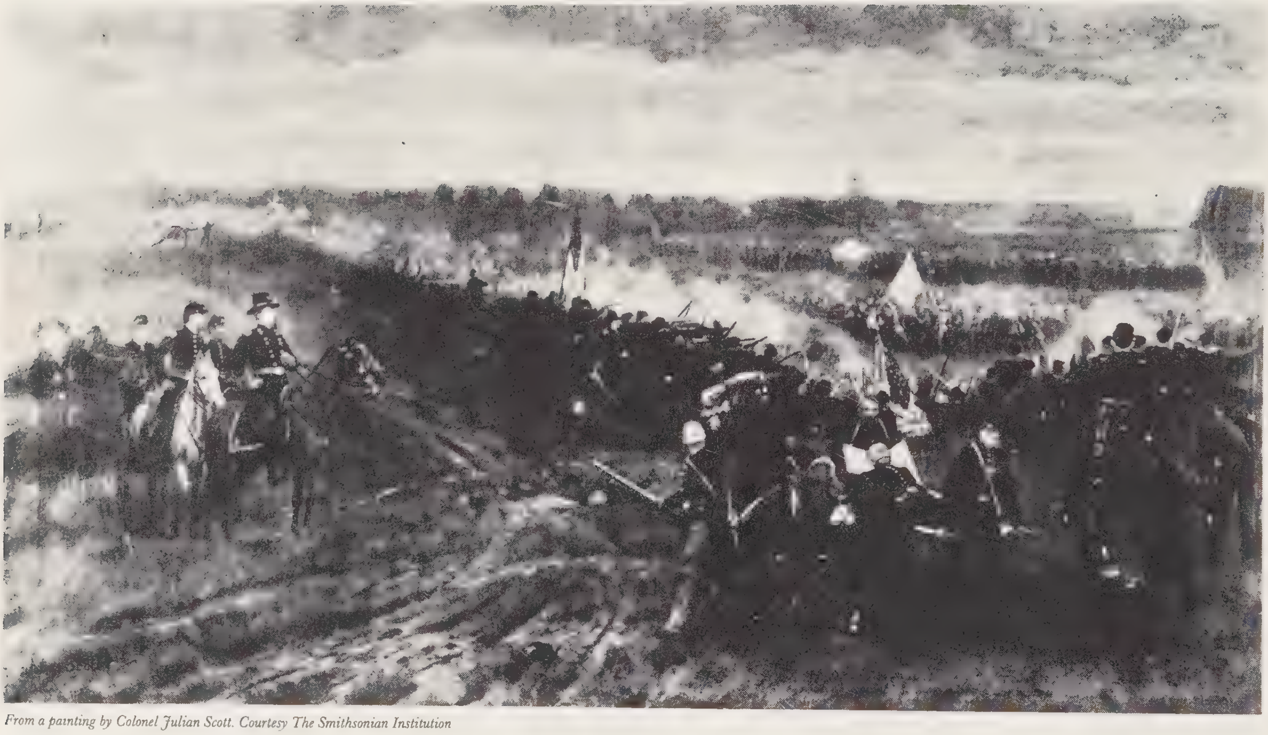
The rear guard at White Oak Swamp

General W. H. Smith's division fighting a rear-guard action at White Oak Swamp in the battles of the Seven Days, Virginia, 1862.



*From a sketch made at the time by Alfred R. Waud. Courtesy The Century Company*

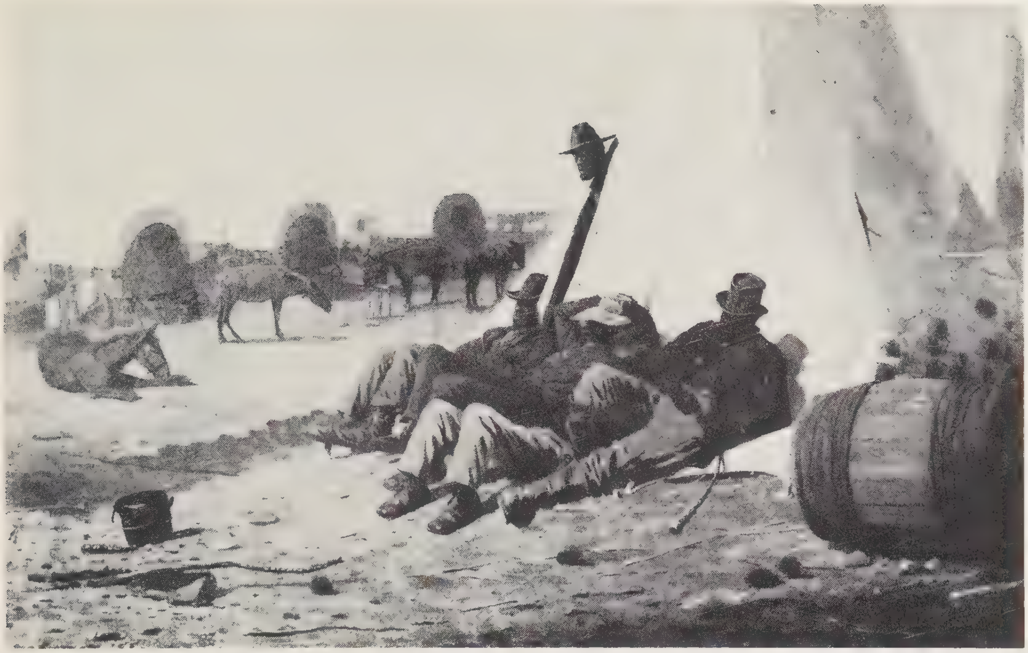
Burying the dead, and burning houses, at Twin Houses near Casey's redoubt



*From a painting by Colonel Julian Scott. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

Battle scene

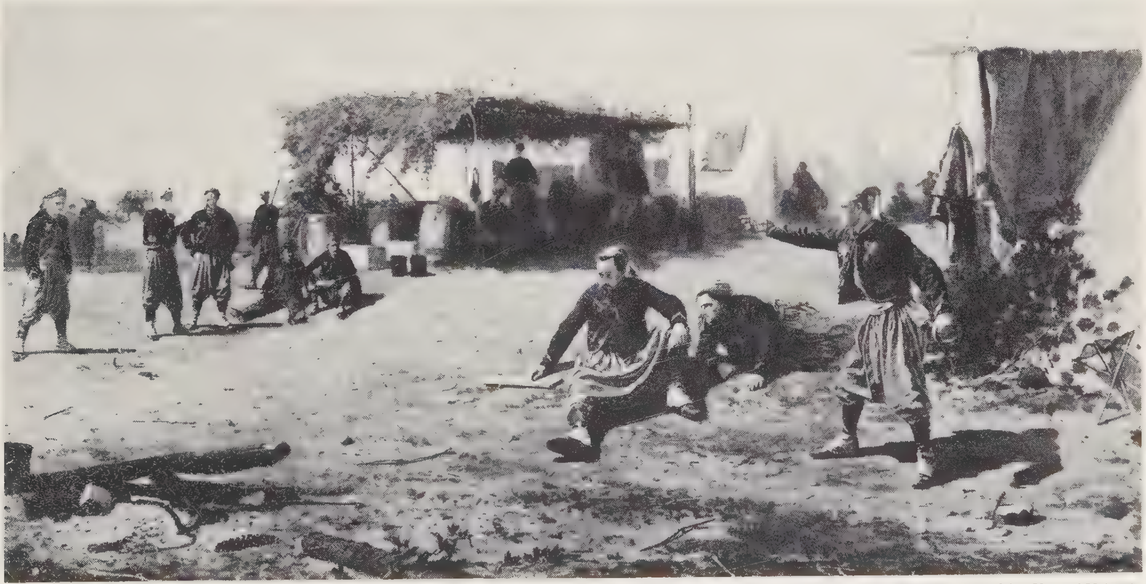
The battle of Cedar Creek, Virginia, 1862.



*From a painting by Winslow Homer. Courtesy Harold T. Pulsifer and W. H. Tobey, Waterville, Maine*

## Army teamsters or "contraband"

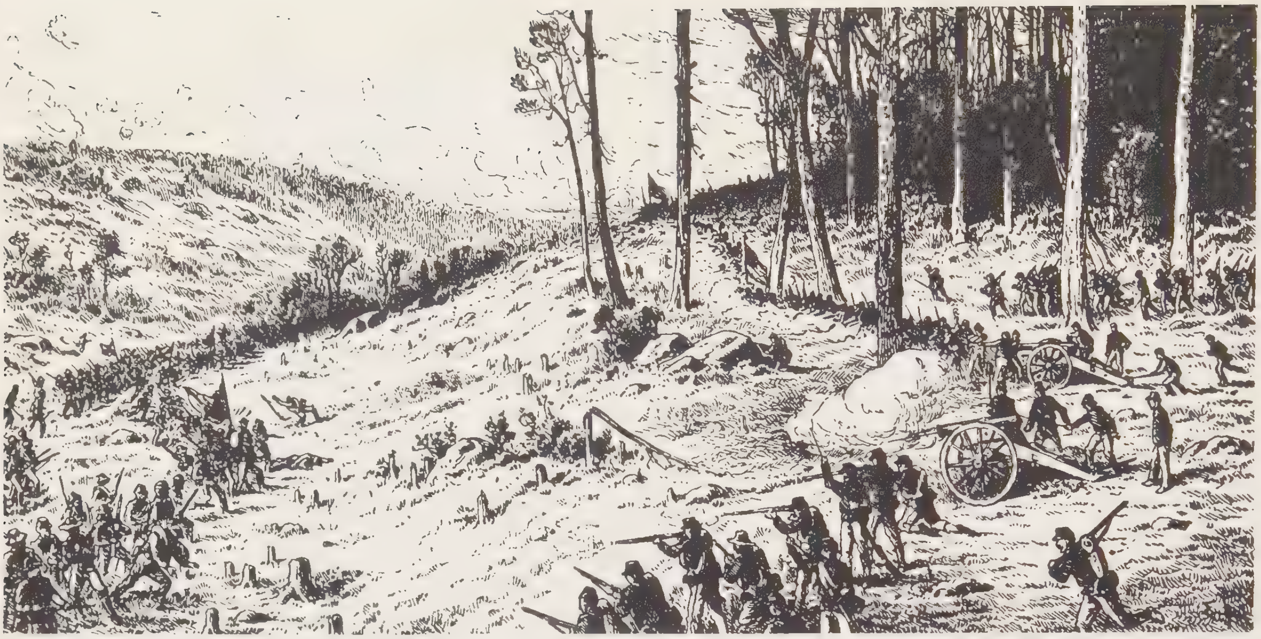
Winslow Homer was always interested in the lowly members of the army. The Negro "contraband," freed from slavery and given jobs as army teamsters and officers' servants, formed subjects for his paintings of army camp life. The comic figure poking his head through the Sibley tent flap reflects the northern stereotype of the happy Negro indifferent toward his lot.



*From a painting by Winslow Homer. Courtesy the Fogg Museum of Art, Harvard University*

## Pitching quoits

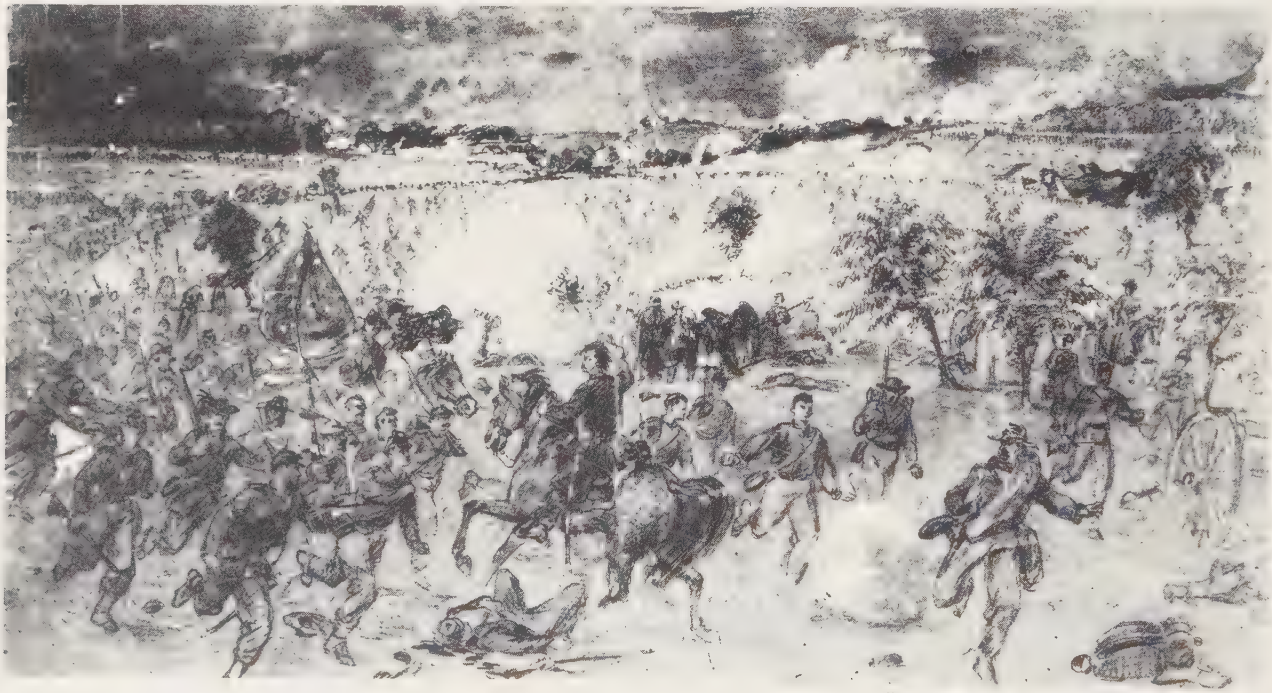
Zouave regiments were common in the early part of the war, but the uniform was later largely discarded for regulation blue. Several regiments, to retain their identity, continued to wear them.



*From a drawing by Edwin Forbes. Courtesy The Century Company*

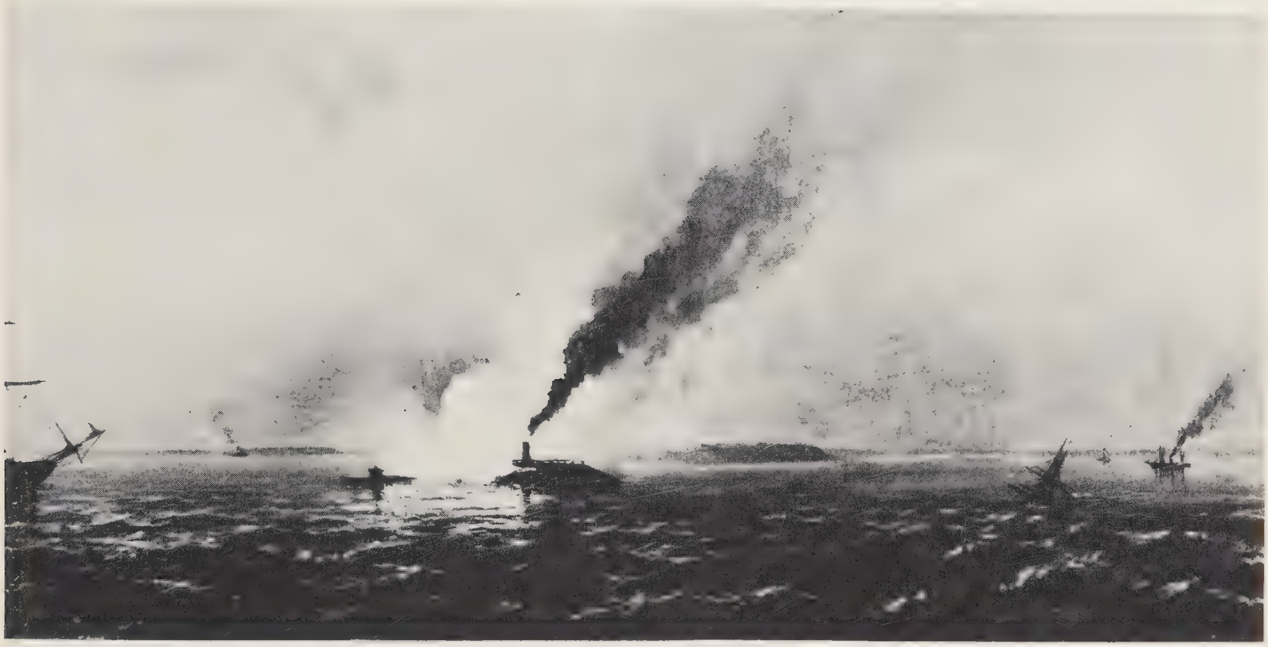
The battle of Shiloh, Tennessee, April 6 and 7, 1862

Checking the Confederate advance on the evening of the first day of the battle. General Grant wrote, "Above this ravine, near the landing [Pittsburg Landing], the Federal reserve artillery was posted, and it was on this line the Confederate advance was checked, about sunset, Sunday evening. The Confederates then . . . bivouacked in the Federal camps."



*From a drawing by Alfred R. Waud. Courtesy Library of Congress*

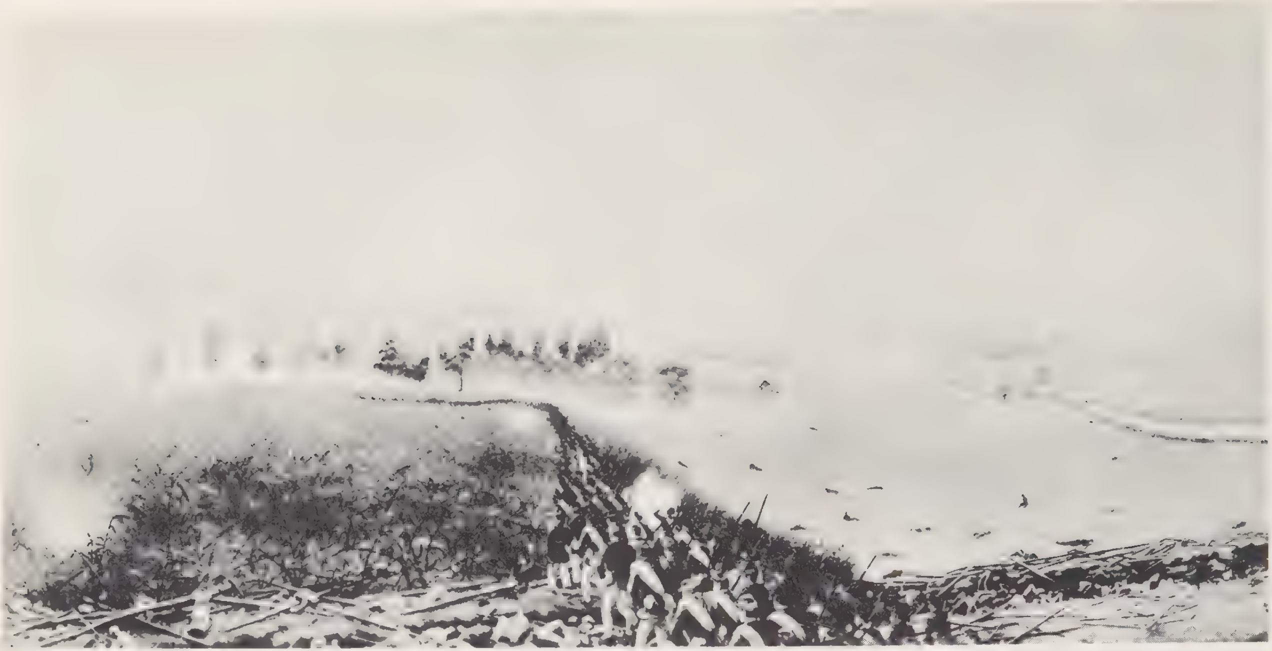
Defeat of the army of General Pope at Manassas on the old Bull Run battleground, Saturday, August 30, 1862



From a painting by James Hamilton. Courtesy Historical Society of Pennsylvania

Battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*
at Hampton Roads, Virginia, March 8, 1862

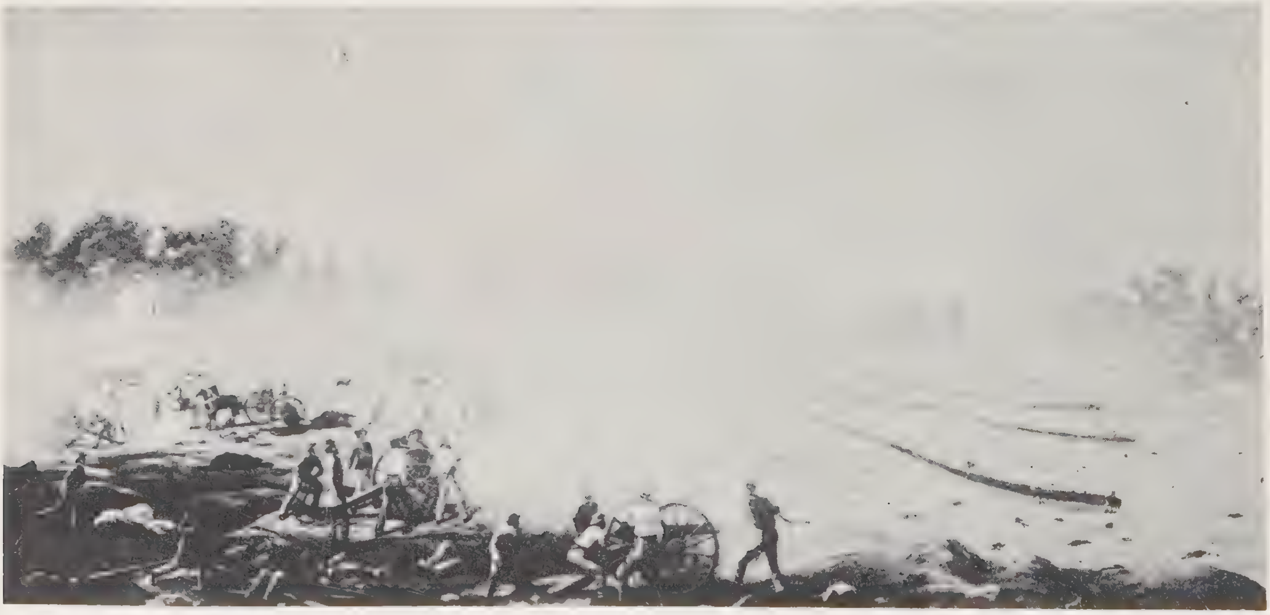
Inscription: "Action between *Merrimac* and *Monitor*—Craney Island in middle ground—fog clearing off—."



From a painting by Captain James Hope. Courtesy Library of Congress

Battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam, September 17, 1862

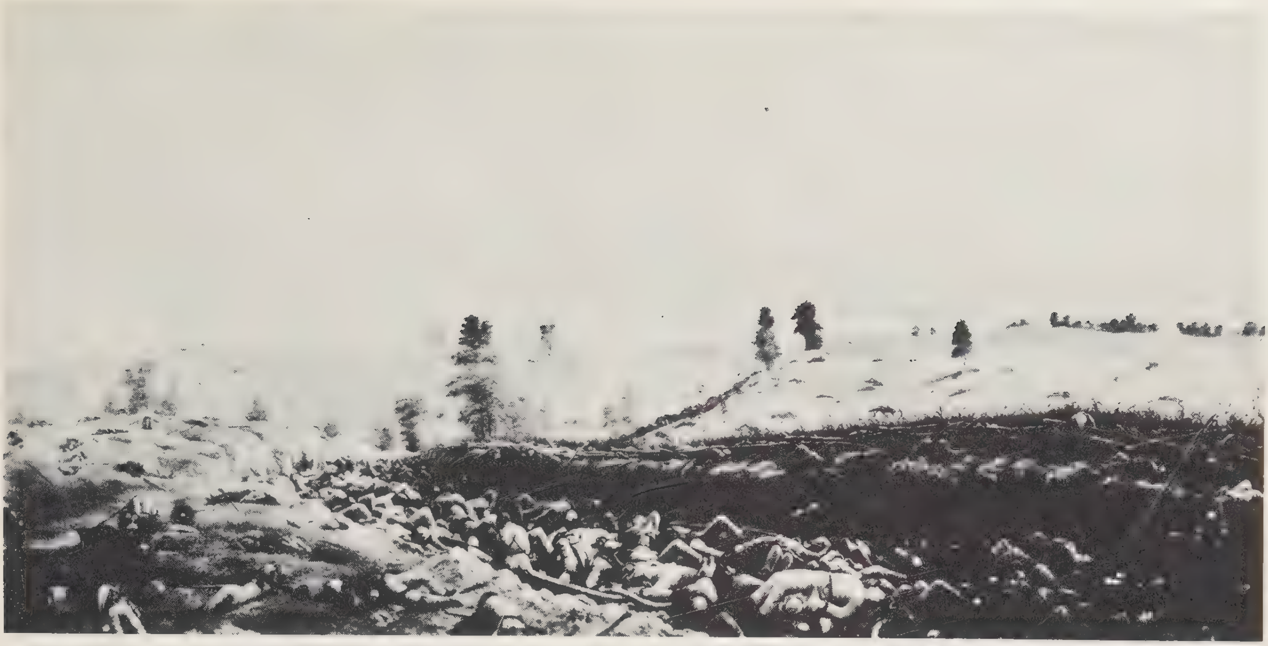
McClellan's troops, advancing toward the Confederate center, cross the "Bloody Lane" filled with the dead of Walker's and Anderson's brigades, the result of the enfilading fire of the Union forces.



From a painting by Captain James Hope. Courtesy Library of Congress

Battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam, September 17, 1862

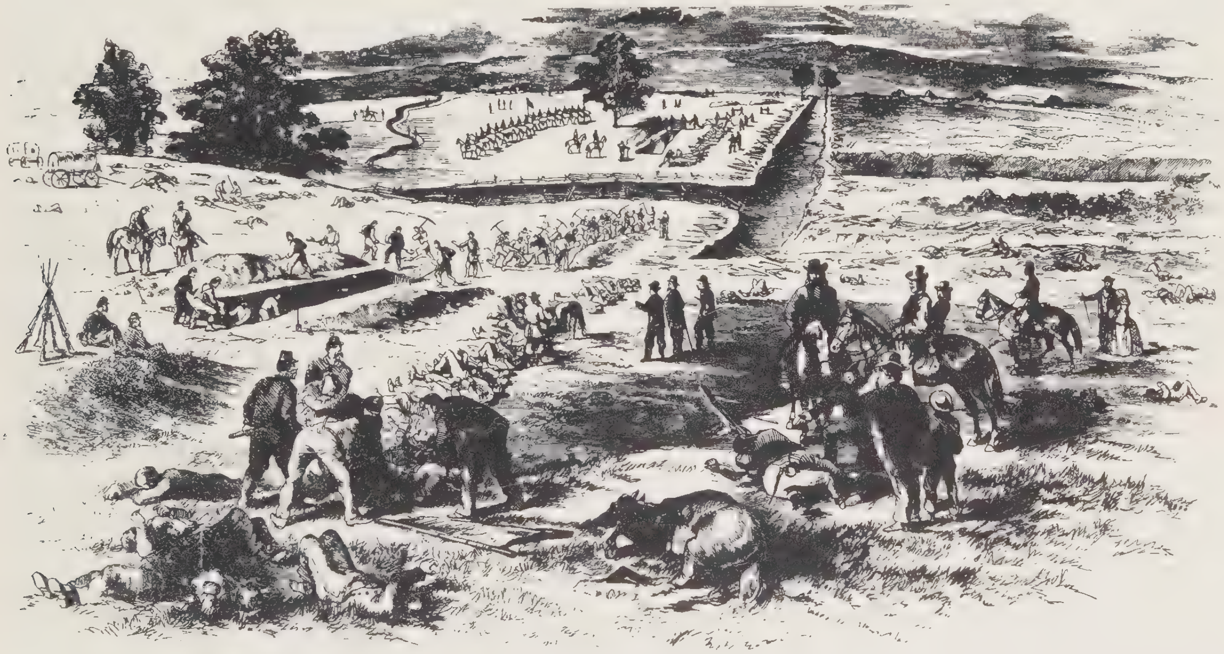
Stephen D. Lee's battery in action near the Dunker Church. The long lines of Union troops are men of Hooker's division. Three times Hooker broke the Confederate line, three times Hood's men threw them back. Then Mansfield and Sumner attacked and both were repulsed by McLaws.



*From a painting by Captain James Hope. Courtesy Library of Congress*

## Battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam, September 17, 1862

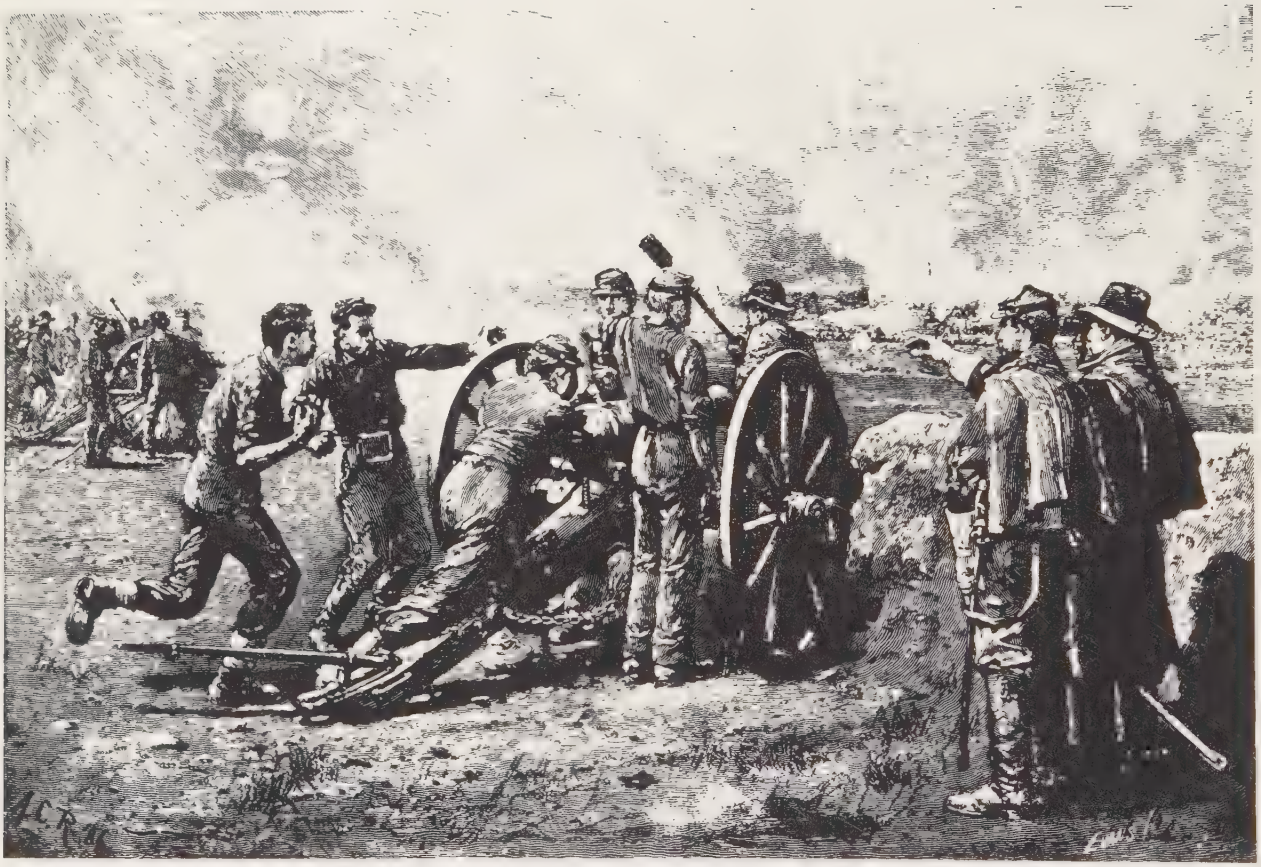
The "Bloody Lane," name given to a sunken road on Farmer Piper's farm, was well earned. In it the corpses of the men of Hill and Anderson, victims of a terrible concentration of enfilading fire, stare sightless at the sky. Meagher's Irish Brigade, the New Hampshire and New York regiments, gained the road and broke the Confederate line back to the village.



*From a drawing made on the spot by Frank Schell. Courtesy Harper's Weekly*

## Gathering the dead for burial in slit trenches on the battlefield of Sharpsburg

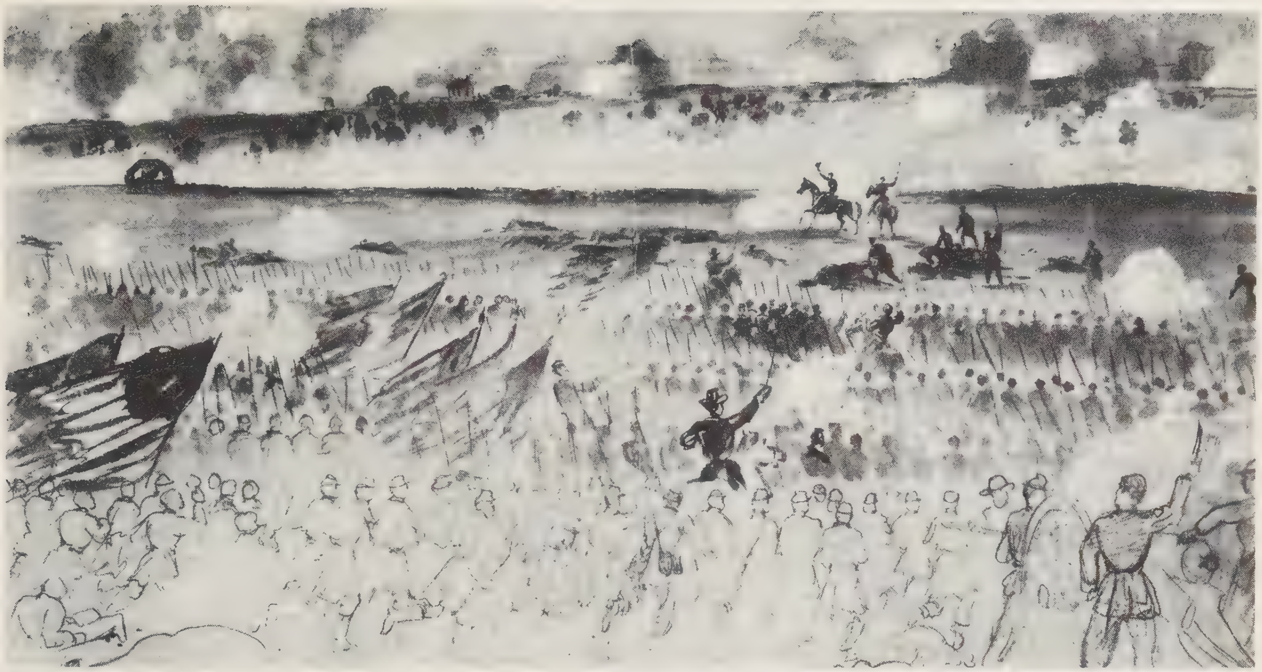
Frank Schell has here caught with his pencil the horror of the scene following the battle of Antietam. The burial details have dug slit trenches. Curious civilians, some with children, are witnessing the grisly undertaking.



*From a drawing by Lieutenant Allen C. Redwood. Courtesy The Century Company*

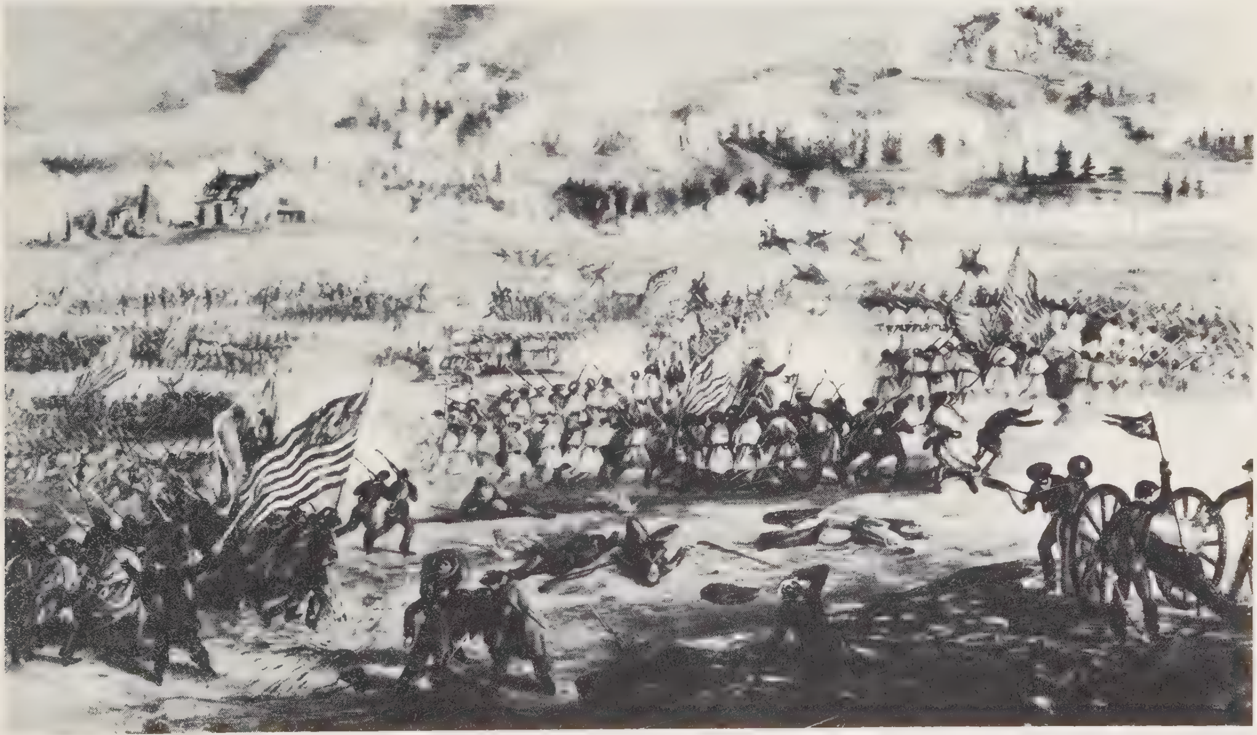
The Washington Artillery of New Orleans on Marye's Hill
firing on the Union columns forming for the assault

Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.



*From a drawing by Alfred R. Waud. Courtesy Library of Congress*

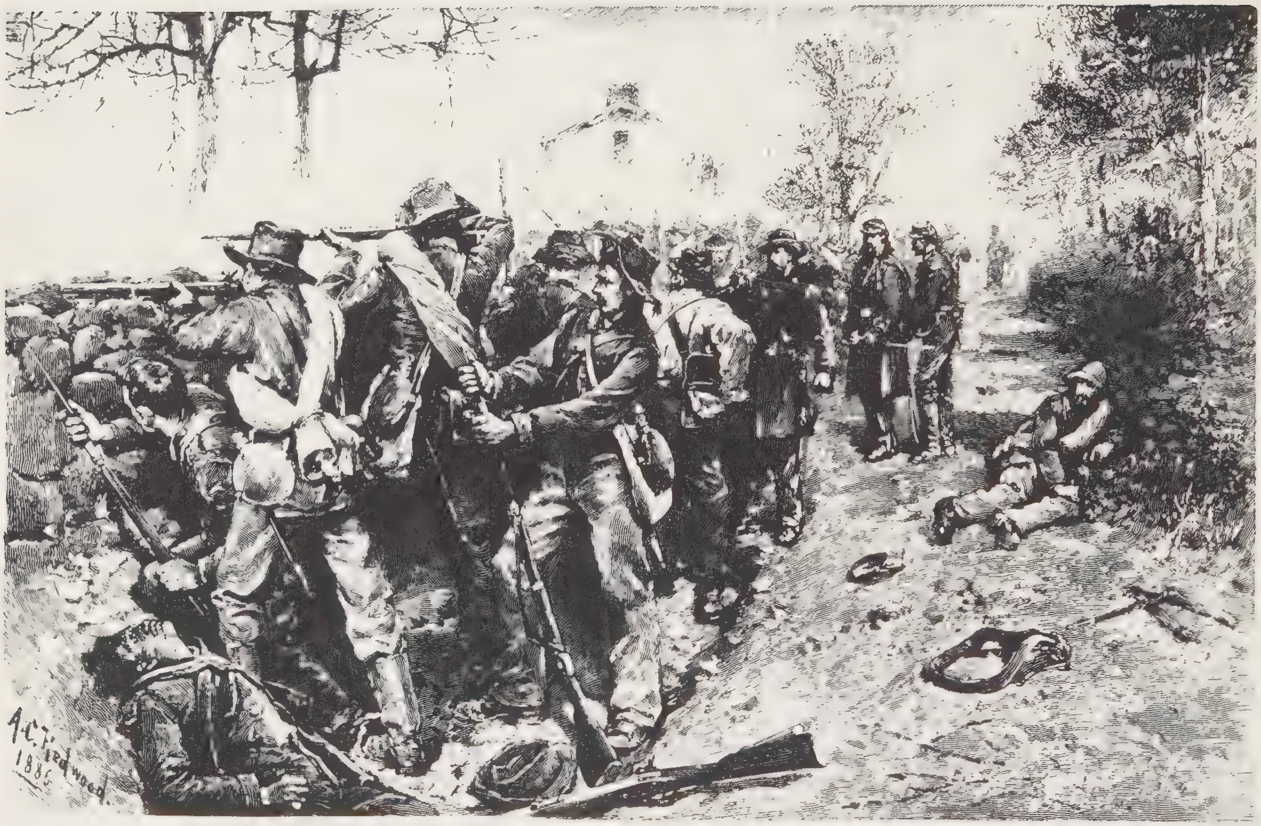
The charge of Humphrey's division, battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862



*Courtesy Historical Society of Pennsylvania*

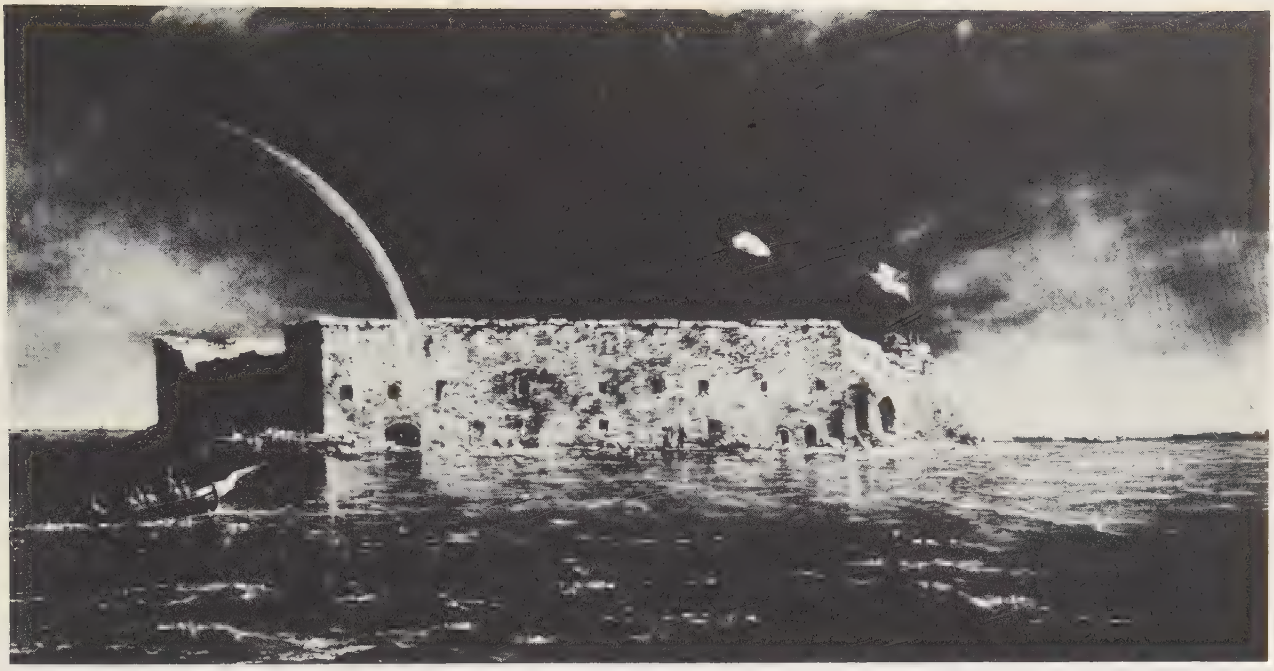
Battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13, 1862

From a painting by Lieutenant Frederick F. Cavada, 14th Pennsylvania Volunteers, a unit participating in the battle.



*From a drawing by Lieutenant Allen C. Redwood. Courtesy The Century Company*

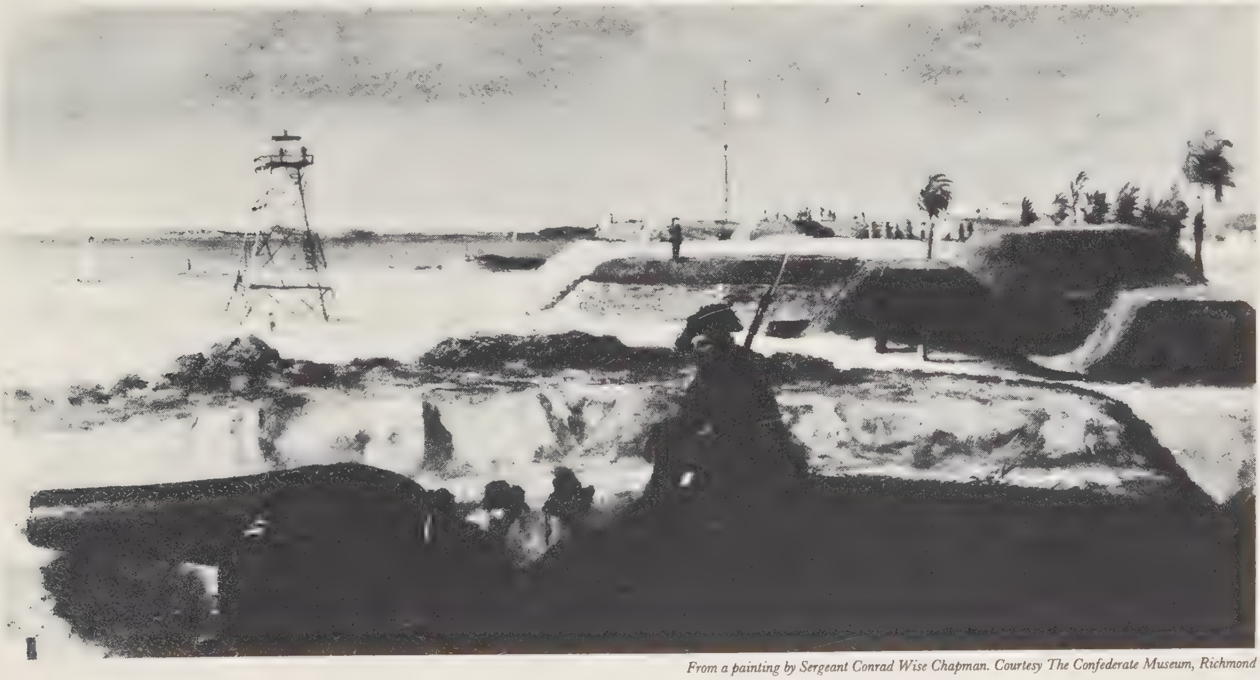
Cobb's and Kershaw's troops behind the stone wall,
Marye's Heights, Fredericksburg, May, 1863



*From a painting by J. Linton Chapman. Courtesy Victor D. Spark*

View of Fort Sumter, South Carolina

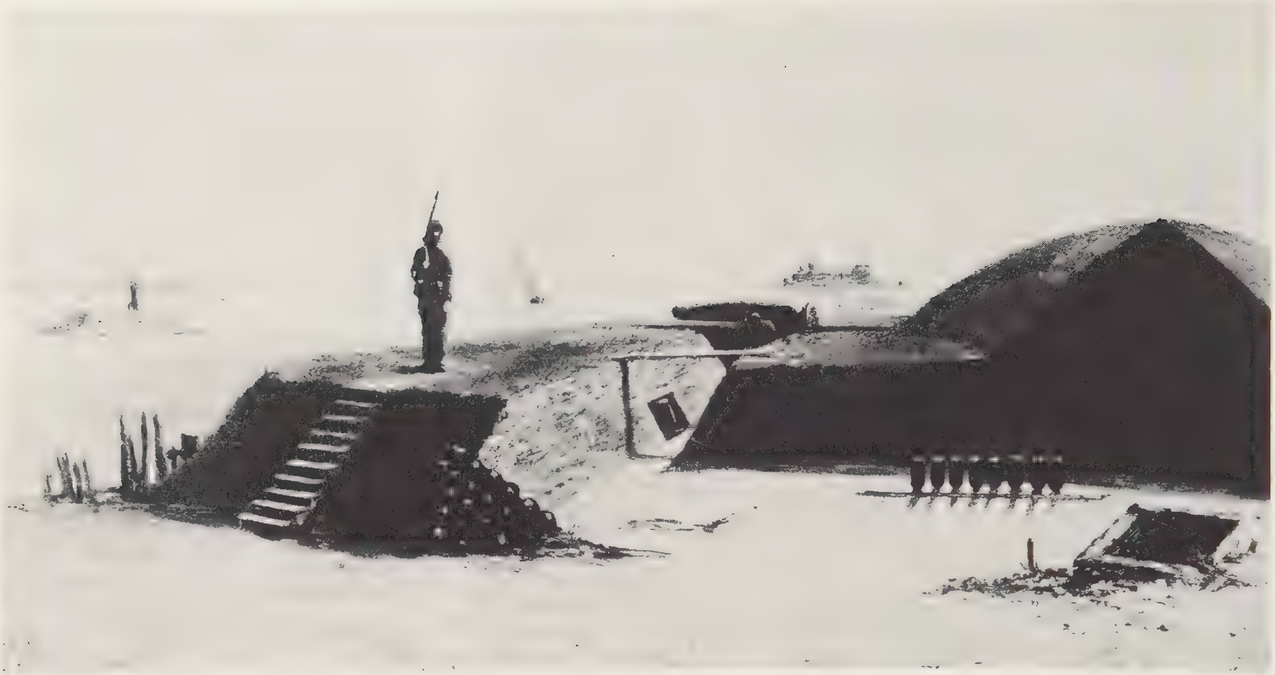
"Fort Sumter, painted by J. Linton Chapman after the original painted by his brother, Conrad Wise Chapman, of the 59th Regular Virginia Volunteers—Wise's Brigade, while stationed at Charleston in 1862–63."



*From a painting by Sergeant Conrad Wise Chapman. Courtesy The Confederate Museum, Richmond*

Battery Rutledge

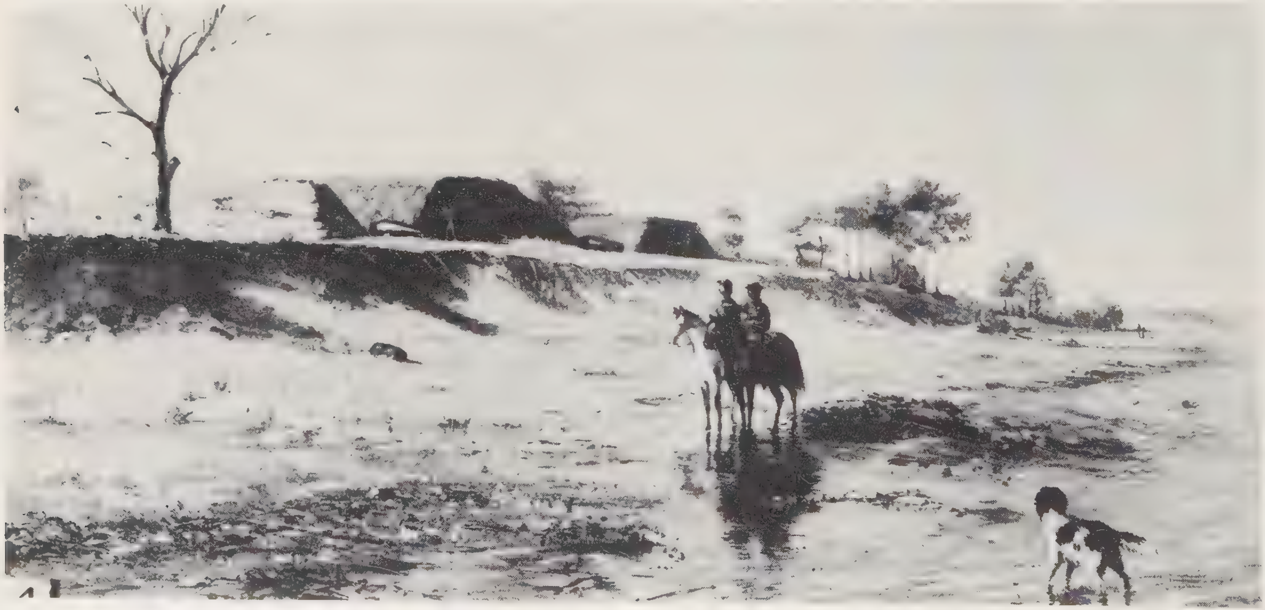
Between Battery Bee, on the west side, and Fort Moultrie was Battery Marion and a work called Battery Rutledge. This latter was the eastern flanking work of Fort Moultrie.



*From a painting by Sergeant Conrad Wise Chapman. Courtesy The Confederate Museum, Richmond*

Battery located on Laurens Street, Charleston, February 7, 1864

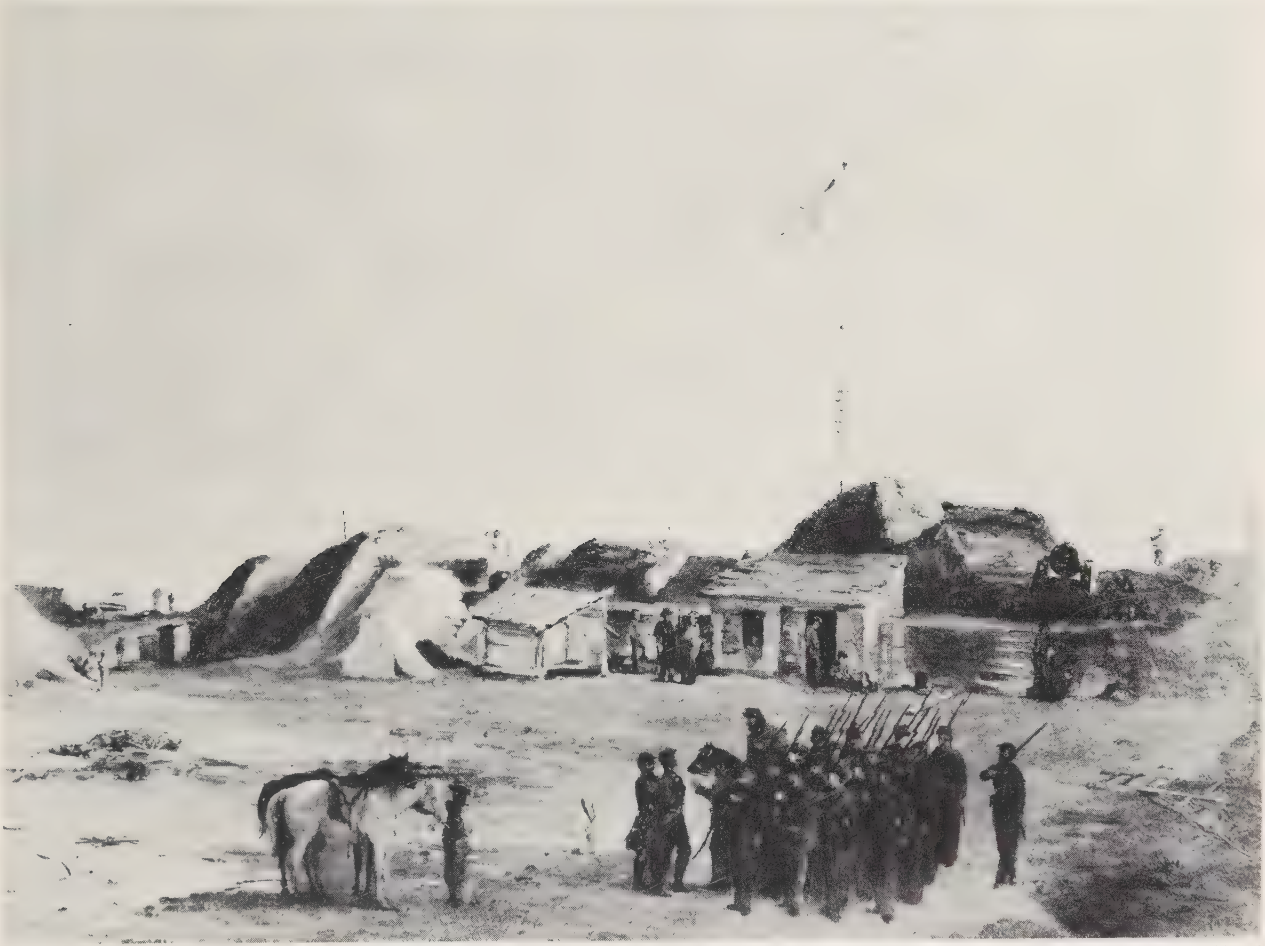
Battery Laurens, at the foot of Laurens Street, Charleston, was one of many such batteries within the city itself. Depicted is the fort's interior, a Columbiad on a sea-coast carriage, magazines, and a row of spherical shells. In the channel, a Confederate ironclad gunboat, similar to the *Merrimac*, moves up the channel. A lone sentry stands on the parapet.



*From a painting by Sergeant Conrad Wise Chapman. Courtesy The Confederate Museum, Richmond*

Battery Wampler, March 4, 1864

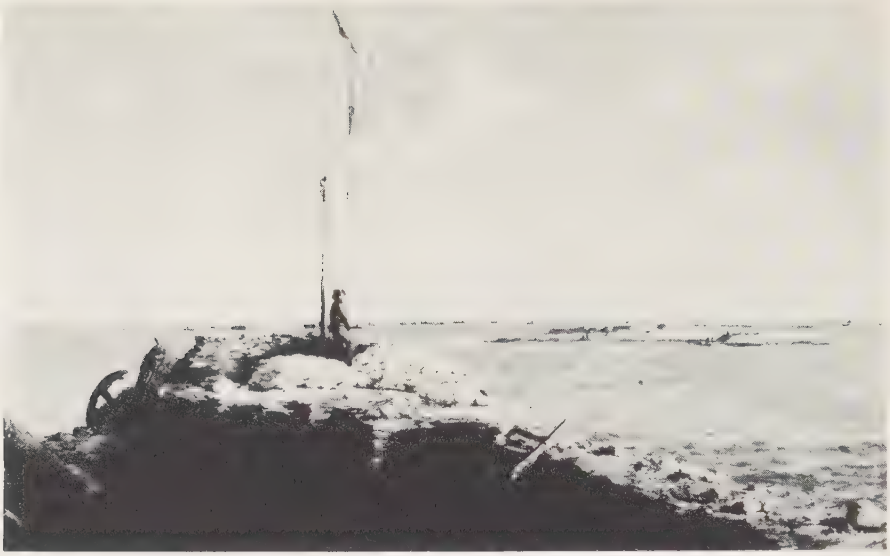
Directly west of Fort Duncan was Battery Wampler on James Island, flanking Fort Ripley. Typical of small Confederate coastal fortifications, it boasted two Columbiads mounted on siege carriages.



*From a painting by Sergeant Conrad Wise Chapman. Courtesy The Confederate Museum, Richmond*

Battery Bee on Sullivan's Island

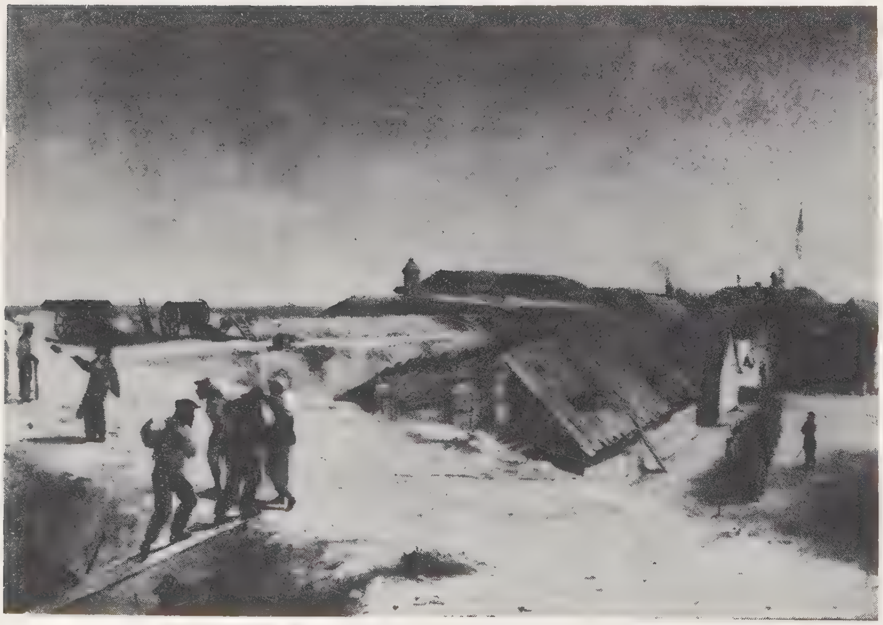
Named after the Confederate General Barnard E. Bee, who lost his life at the first battle of Bull Run, Battery Bee, west of Fort Moultrie, was located as a flanking fort to the main work, Fort Moultrie. Under command of Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Simkins, it accommodated three companies of First South Carolina regulars, five ten-inch and one eight-inch Columbiads.



*From a painting by Sergeant Conrad Wise Chapman. Courtesy The Confederate Museum, Richmond*

Confederate flag over the battered ramparts of Fort Sumter

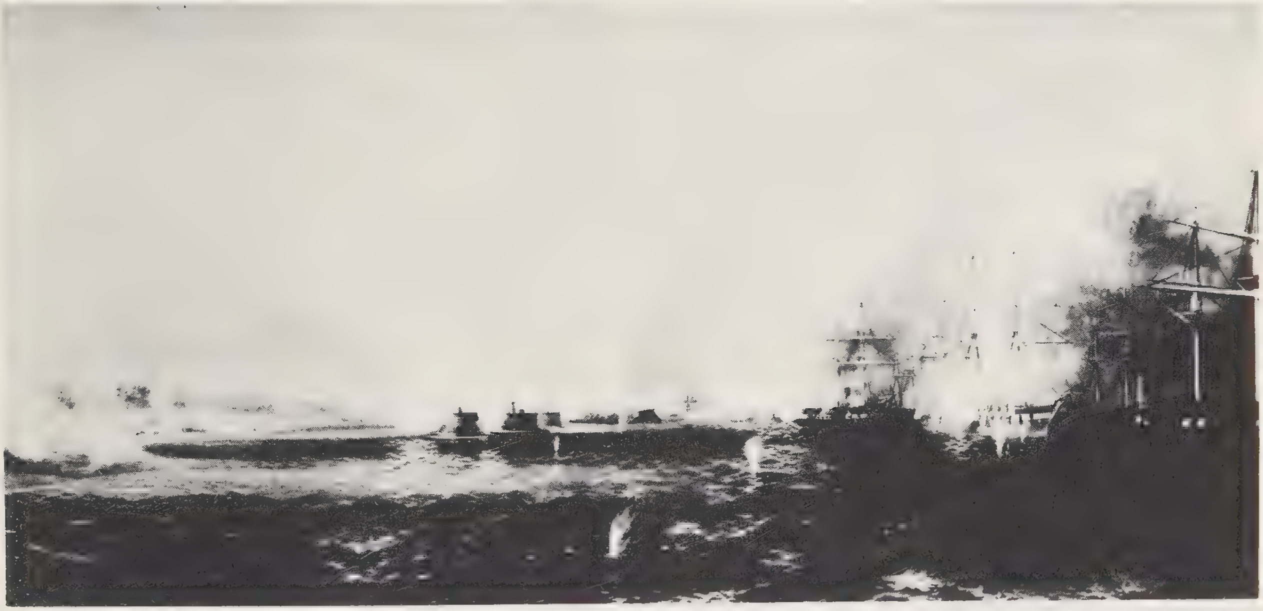
By 1863 Fort Sumter was nothing but a pile of rubble. Pounded to pieces by the Federal monitors, the fort held out to the end of the war, even though breached by the Federal forts on Morris and Sullivan's islands. In the background the fleet of the Atlantic Blockading Squadron rides at anchor.



*From a painting by Sergeant Conrad Wise Chapman. Courtesy The Confederate Museum, Richmond*

Battery Marshall, Sullivan's Island

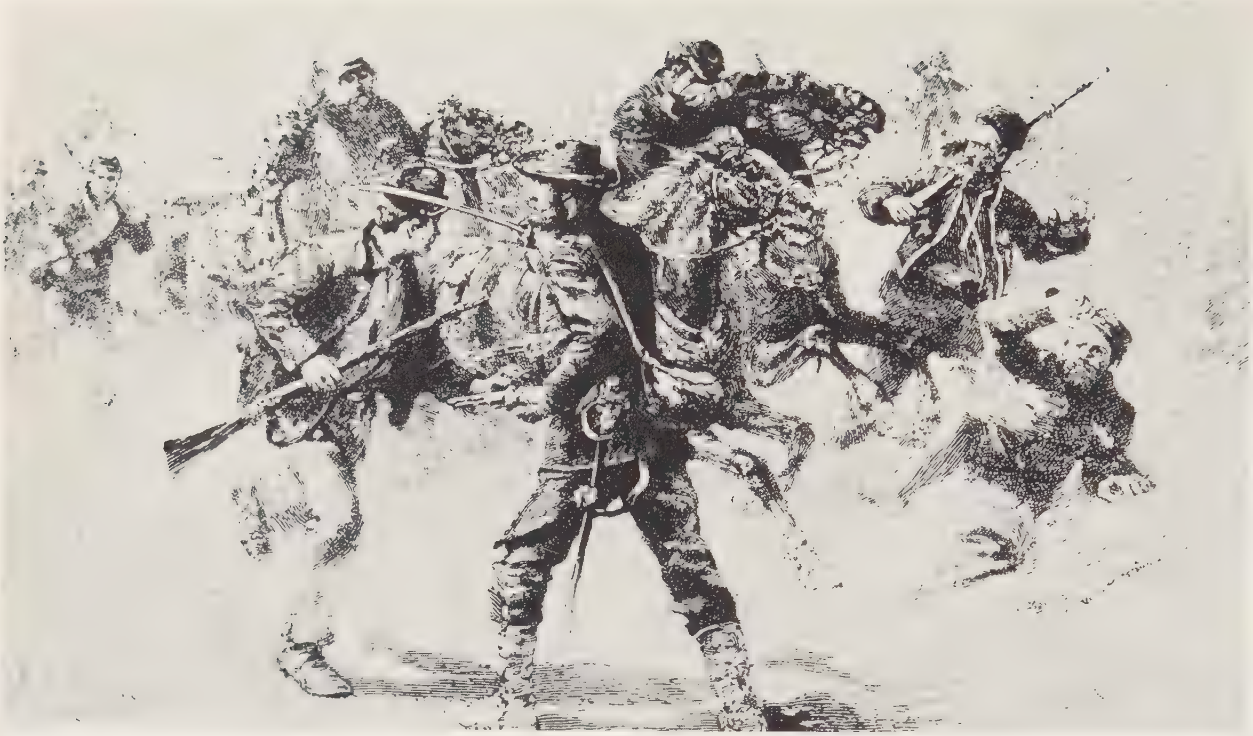
Battery Marshall, located at the eastern extremity of Sullivan's Island, was the last of the chain of forts comprising Beauregard, Rutledge, and Moultrie. In the painting are barracks surrounded by parapets of sand, powder magazines, and two sea-coast Columbiads on field carriages.



*From a painting by Xanthus Smith. Courtesy The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts*

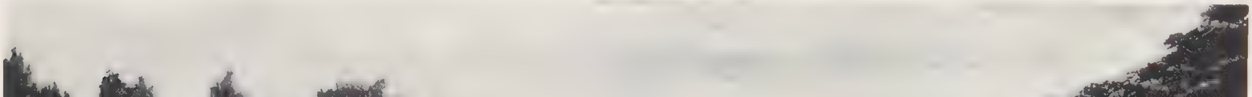
## Attack on Fort Fisher, North Carolina, December 24, 1864

The United States fleet, largest until then ever assembled by the Navy, attacked Fort Fisher. Under the command of Admiral David Dixon Porter, 60 warships of all types—monitors, ironclads, frigates—mounting a total of 316 heavy caliber naval rifles, plastered the powerful fort with 21,716 shells. On Christmas Day an amphibious landing was attempted by the troops of General Benjamin Butler, but the fort proved to be still too strong and the troops were withdrawn. Finally, the fort was carried by assault with the forces of General Alfred H. Terry, January 15, 1865.



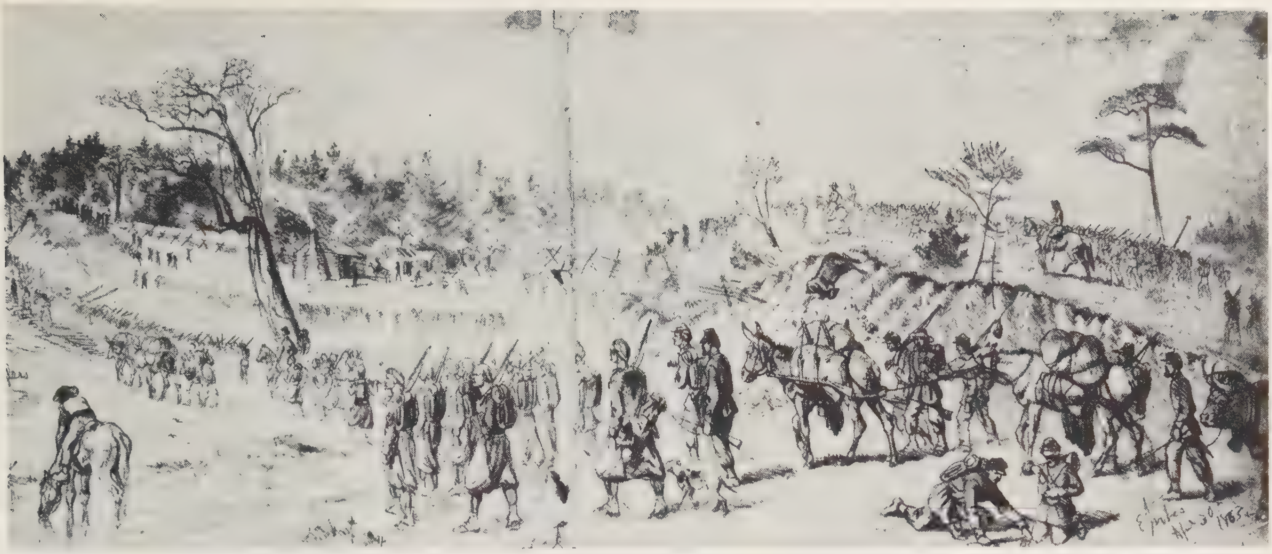
*From a drawing by Lieutenant Allen C. Redwood. Courtesy The Century Company*

Stampede of the 11th Corps on the plank road, Chancellorsville, 1863



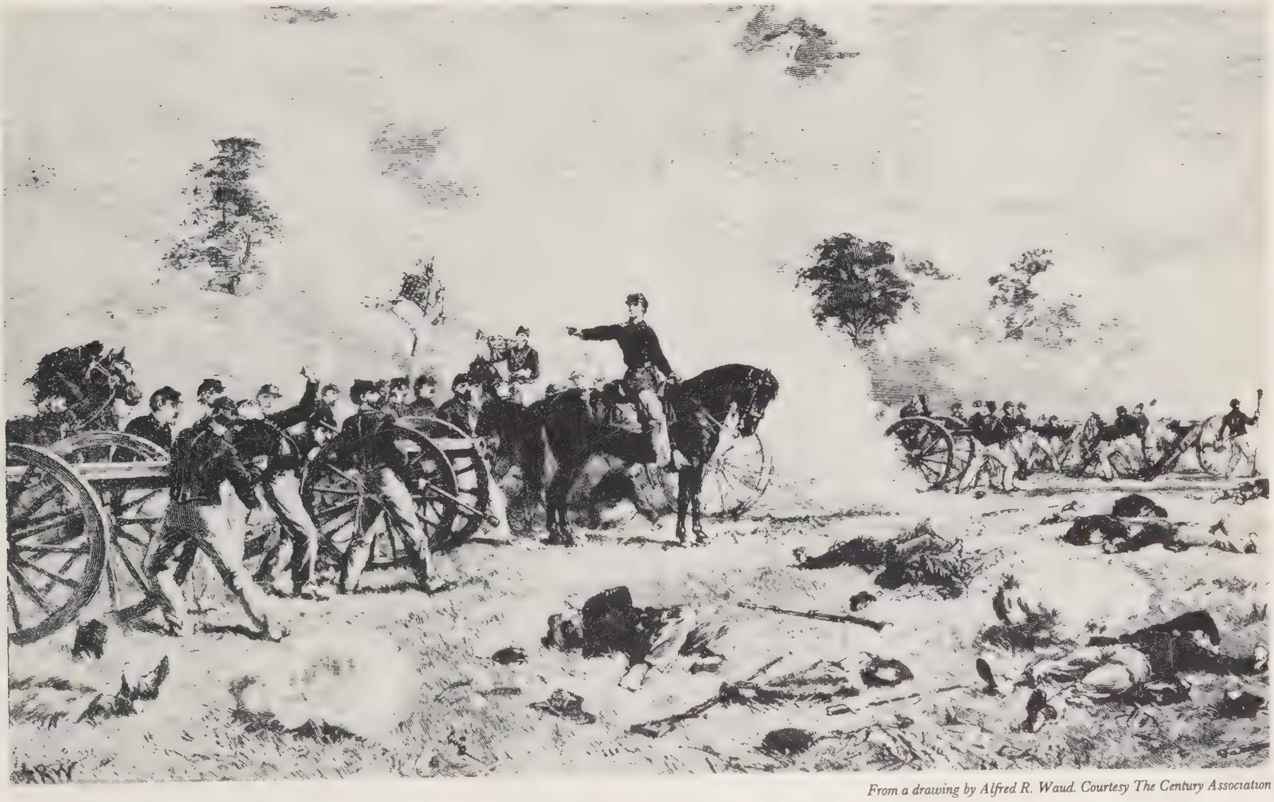
*From a painting by Captain Alexander Lawrie. Courtesy Victor D. Spark*

"17th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Patterson, crossing the Monocassie River"



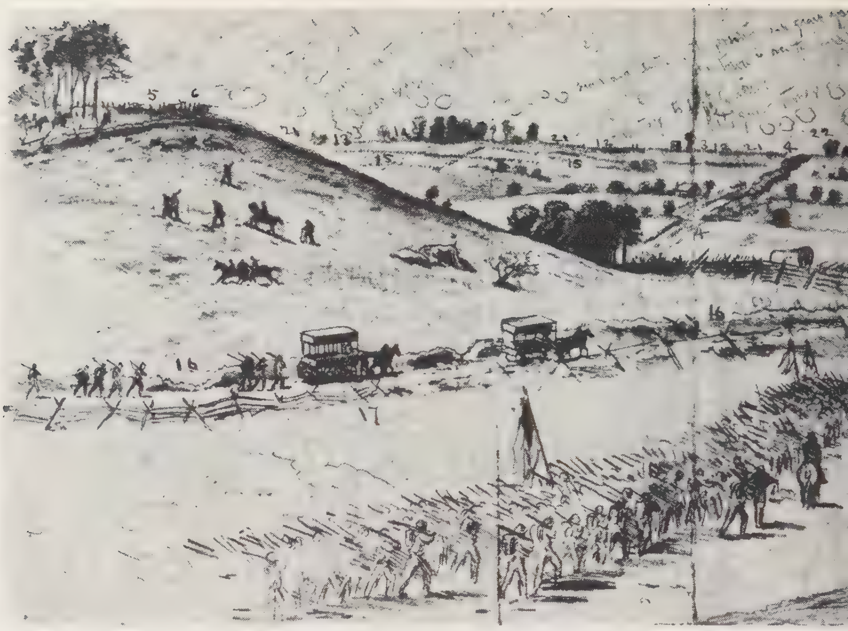
From a drawing by Edwin Forbes. Courtesy Library of Congress

The Army of the Potomac on the march to Chancellorsville passing along the north bank of the Rappahannock on the way to Kelly's Ford, April 30, 1863

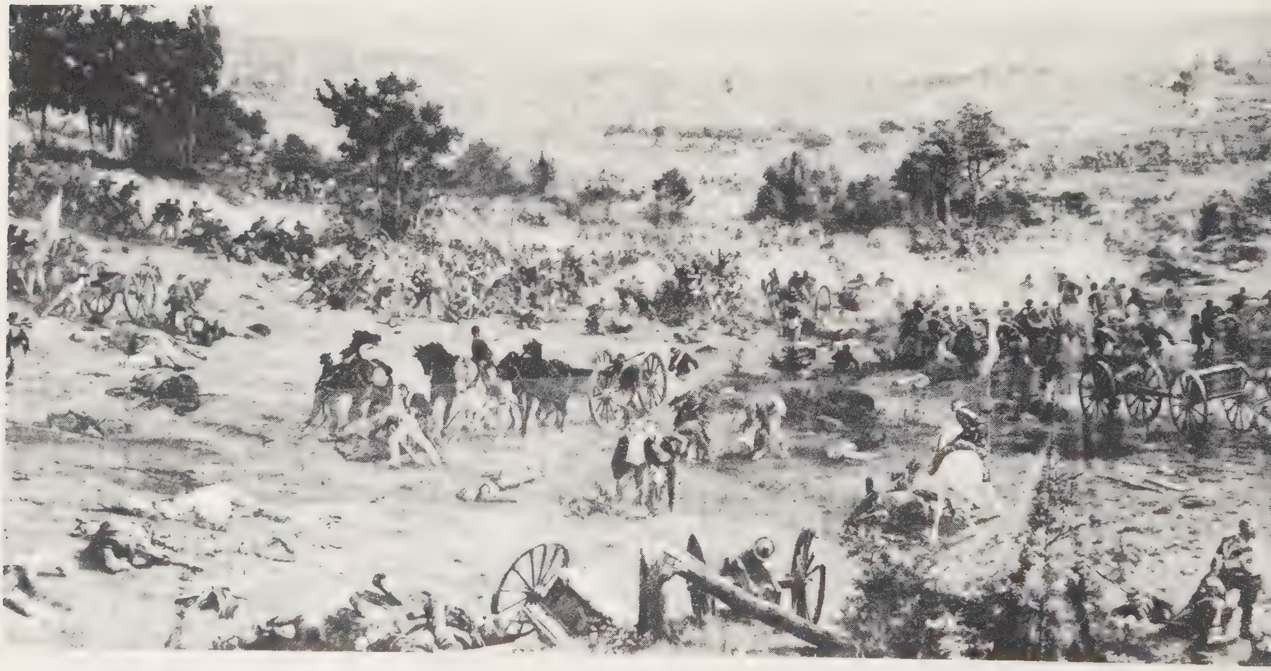


From a drawing by Alfred R. Waud. Courtesy The Century Association

Lieutenant Bayard Wilkeson holding his battery (G, 4th United States Artillery) to its work in an exposed position at Gettysburg

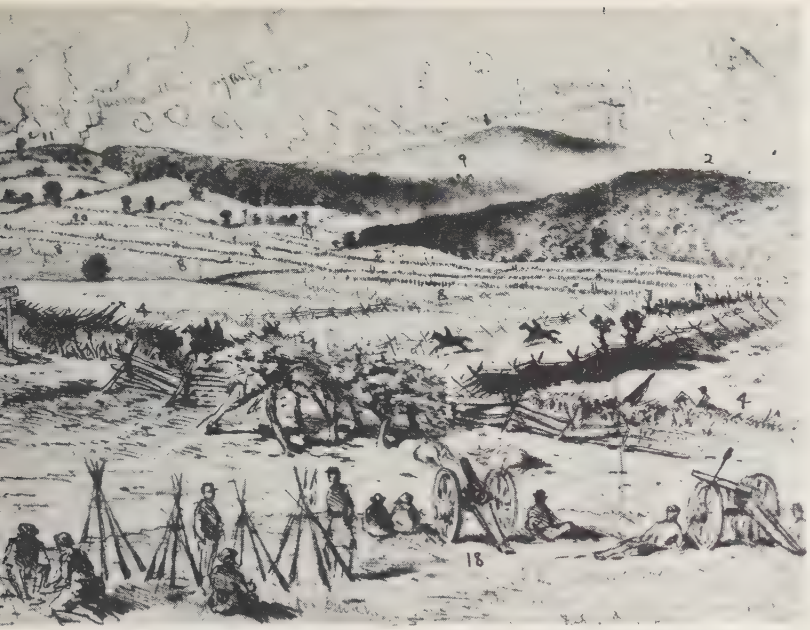


Battle of Gettysburg, third day, July 3, 1863, 10 A.M.

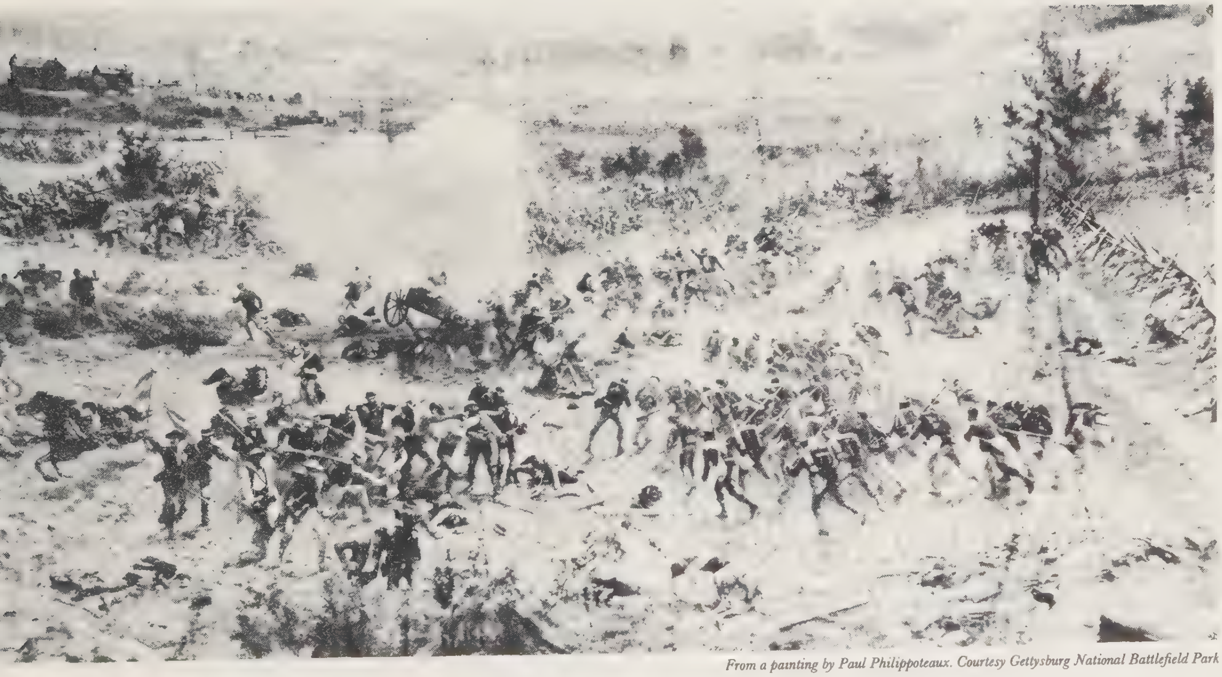


## The battle of Gettysburg, third day, July 3, 1863

One of the greatest battles of all time, Gettysburg was the turning point in the war for the Union. Over 23,000 men lost their lives in the holocaust. Here, depicted by the brush of Paul Philippoteaux, is the climax of General George E. Pickett's charge, the "high water mark" of the Confederacy.

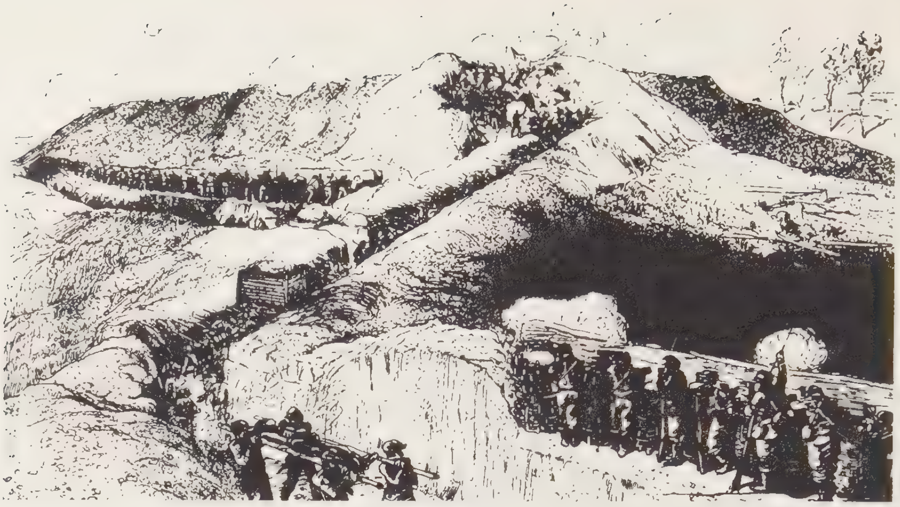


*From a drawing in two sections by Alfred R. Waud. Courtesy Library of Congress*



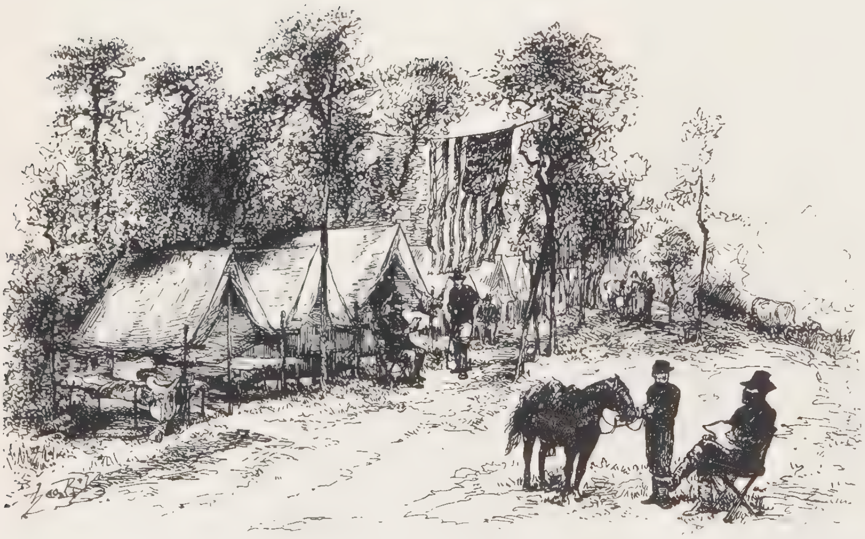
*From a painting by Paul Philippoteaux. Courtesy Gettysburg National Battlefield Park*

The brigades of Pettigrew, Trimble, and Garnett dashed themselves to pieces against the Union line of Major Alexander Webb's Philadelphia Brigade. It was Lee's last cast. After that the war returned to Virginia, to end finally at Appomattox. The painting is of heroic size, measuring 385 feet in length, 35 feet in height; about a quarter of it is reproduced here.



From a sketch by Theodore R. Davis. Courtesy The Century Company

The fight in the crater after the explosion of the Union mine under the Confederate fort, Jackson Road, Vicksburg, June 25, 1863

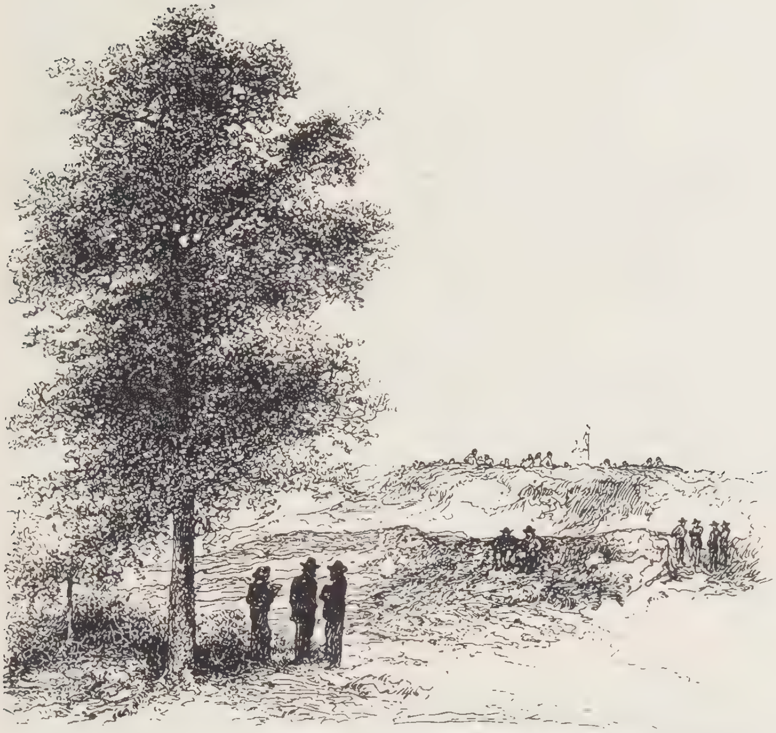


From a sketch by Theodore R. Davis. Courtesy The Century Company

Union headquarters, July 3, at Vicksburg,
General Grant receiving General Pemberton's message

General Grant, in his *Personal Memoirs* wrote: "On leaving Bruinsburg for the front I left my son Frederick, who had joined me a few weeks before, on board one of the gunboats asleep, and hoped to get away without him until after Grand Gulf should fall into our hands; but on waking up he learned that I had gone, and being guided by the sound of the battle raging at Thompson's Hill—called the battle of Port Gibson—found his way to where I was. He had no horse to ride at the time, and I had no facilities for even preparing a meal. He, therefore, foraged around the best he could until we reached Grand Gulf. Mr. C. A. Dana, then an officer of the War Department, accompanied me on the Vicksburg campaign and through a portion of the siege."

Seated before the tent, under the flag, is General Grant. The young "soldier" with the pony is Master Frederick Dent Grant. Seated near him is Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War.

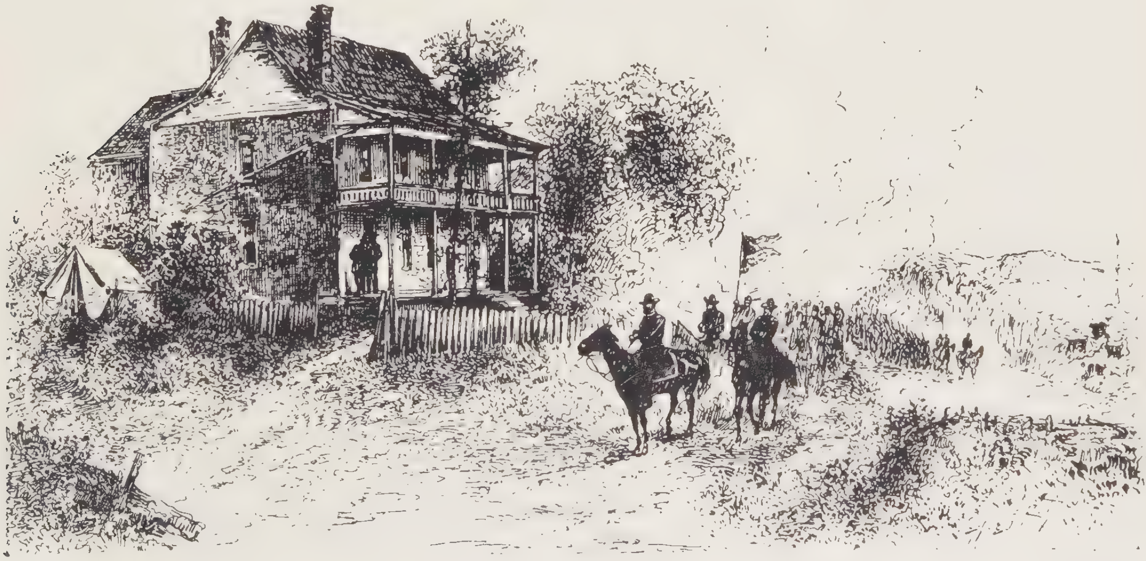


From a sketch made at the time by Theodore R. Davis. Courtesy The Century Company

First conference between Grant and Pemberton July 3, 1863

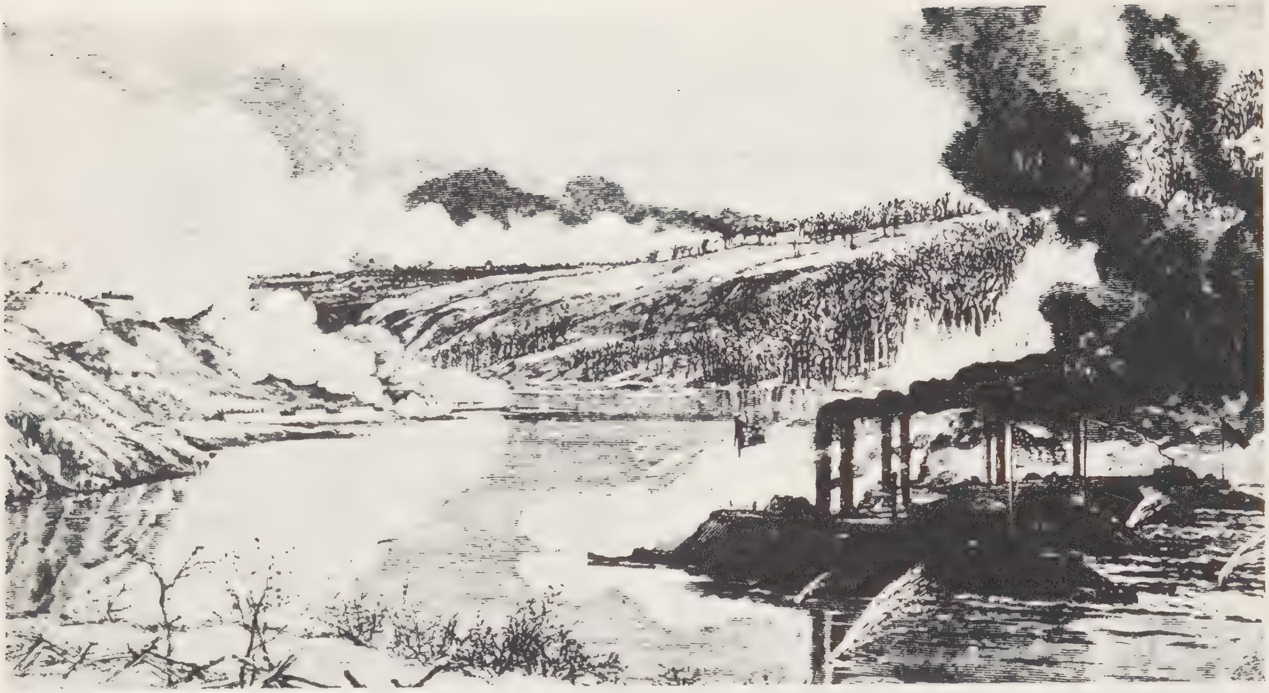
"Grant and Pemberton met near the tree and went aside to the earth-work, where they sat in conference. To their right is a group of four, including General John S. Bowen, C. S. A., General A. J. Smith, General James B. McPherson, and Colonel L. M. Montgomery. Under the tree are Chief-of-Staff John A. Rawlins, Assistant Secretary of War Charles A. Dana."

Standing with these officers is Theodore R. Davis, special artist who made this sketch.



From a drawing made at the time by Theodore R. Davis. Courtesy The Century Company

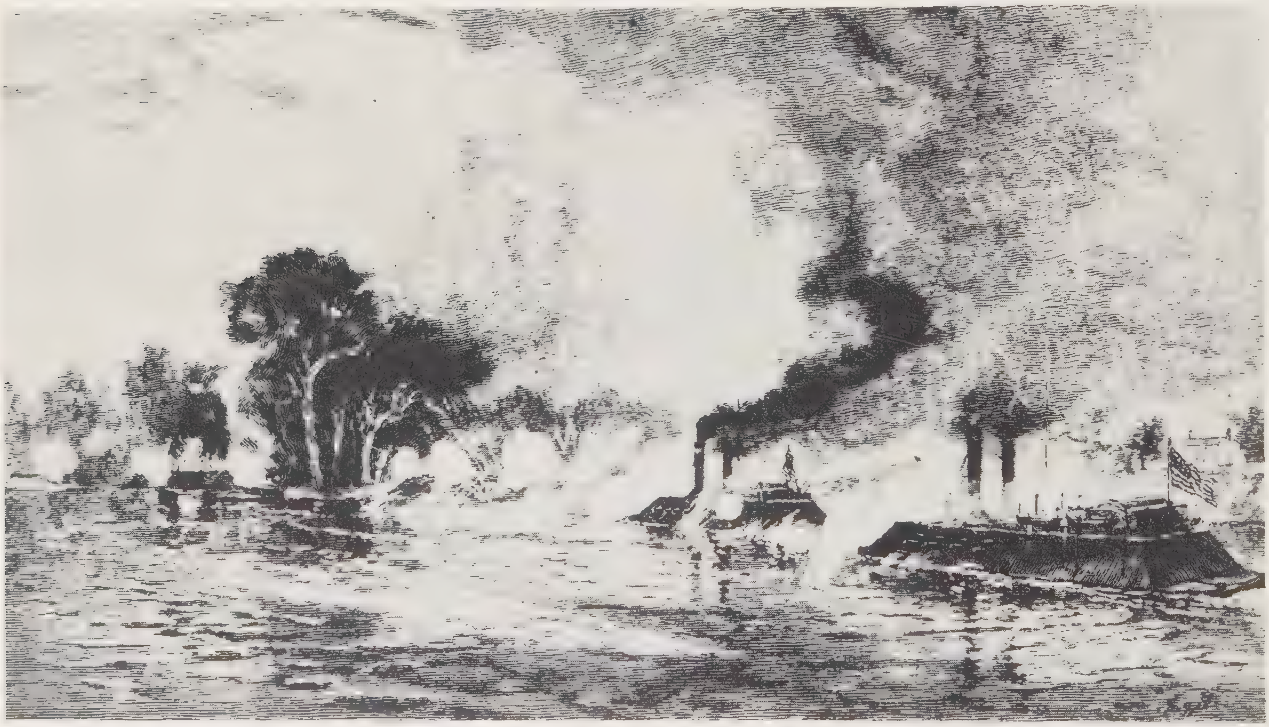
Arrival of General Grant at General Pemberton's Vicksburg house, July 4, 1863



*From a drawing by Rear Admiral Henry N. Walke. Courtesy The Century Company*

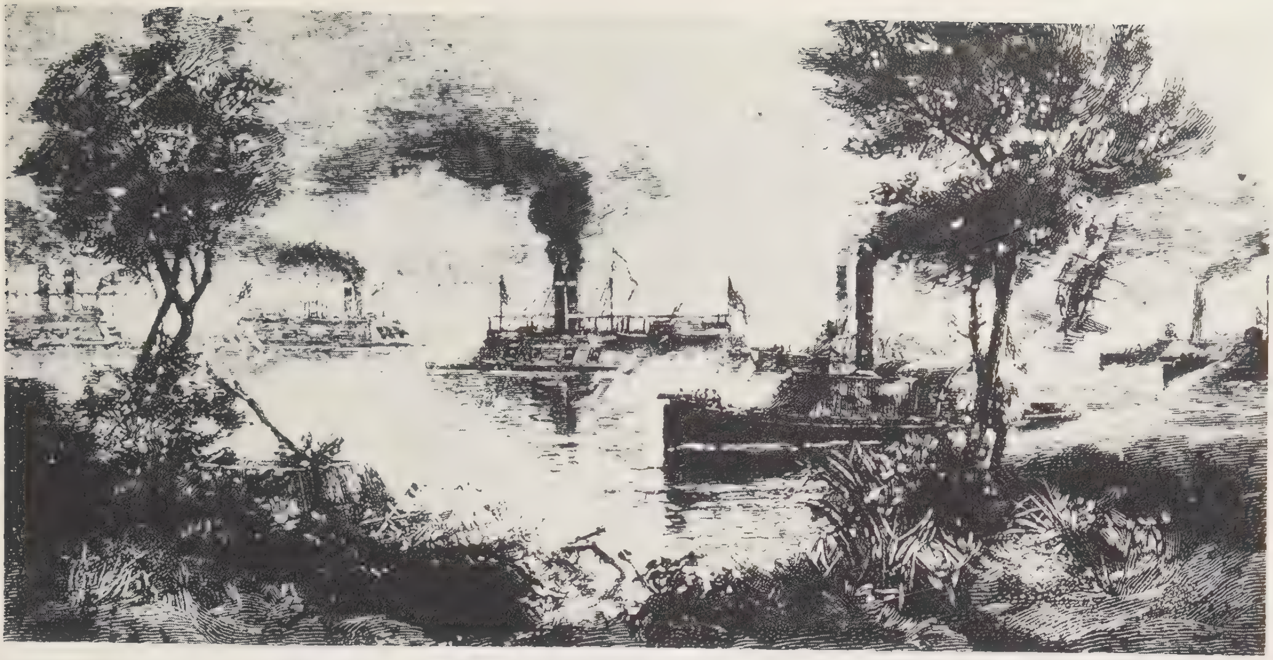
The United States gunboats at Fort Donelson, February 14, 1862

The land attack in concert with the naval attack can be seen in the distance.



*From a drawing by Rear Admiral Henry N. Walke. Courtesy The Century Company*

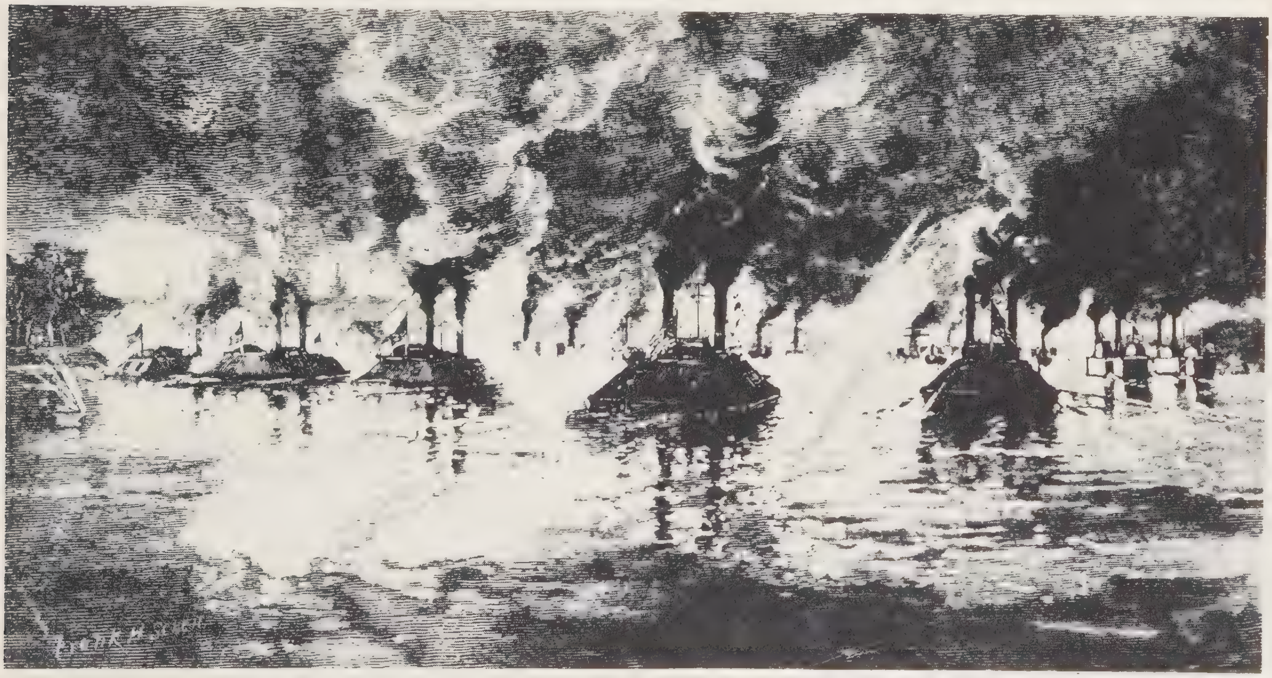
The ironclads *Carondelet* and *Pittsburg* capturing the batteries below New Madrid



*From a drawing by Rear Admiral Henry N. Walke. Courtesy The Century Company*

The battle of Fort Pillow, May 10, 1862

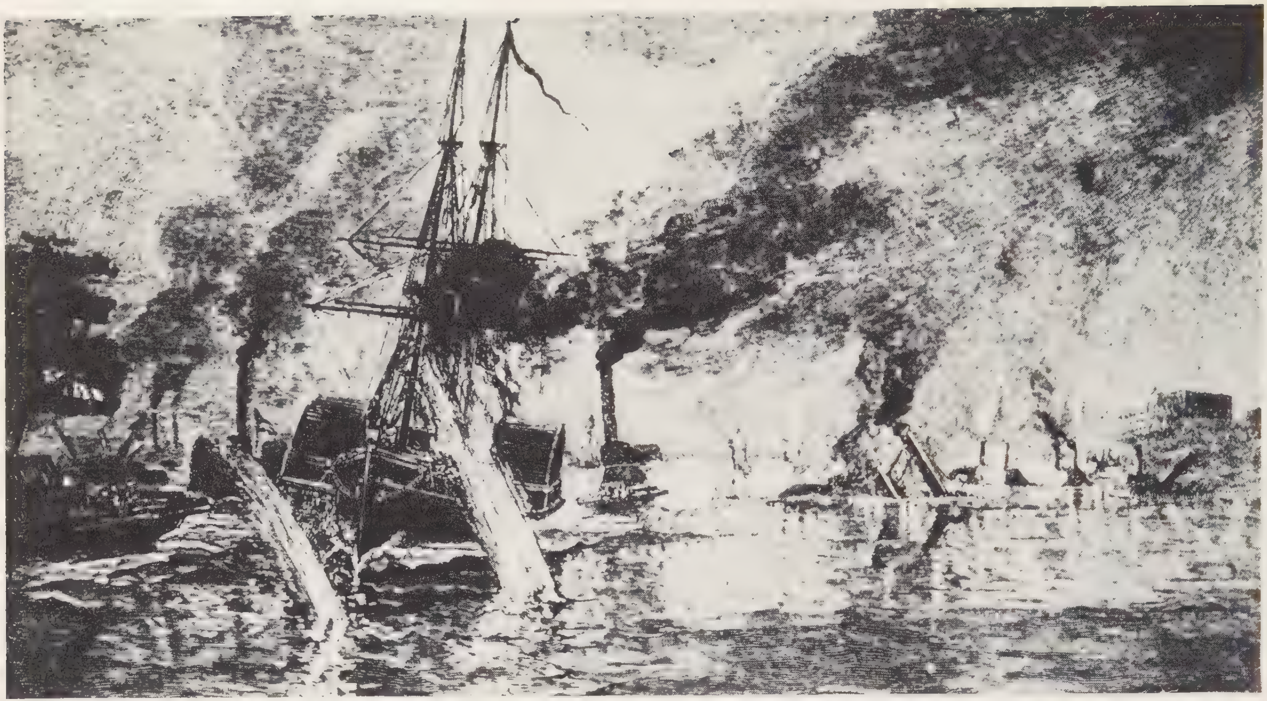
U. S. gunboats *Mound City, Carondelet,* and *Cincinnati* are engaged with the Confederate river fleet: *Price, Bragg, Sumter,* and *Little Rebel.*



*From a drawing by Rear Admiral Henry N. Walke. Courtesy The Century Company*

The battle of Memphis, Tennessee, June 6, 1862

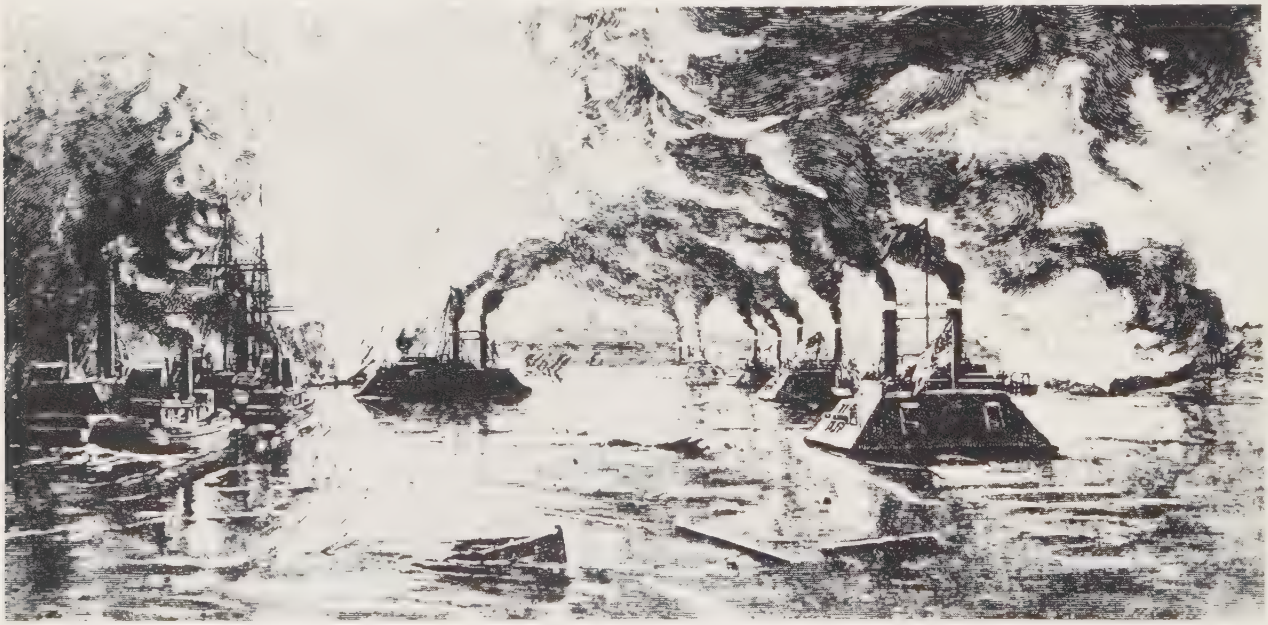
In the foreground are the U. S. gunboats *Carondelet, Benton, St. Louis, Cairo, Louisville, Queen of the West,* and *Monarch.* In the distance can be seen the Confederate fleet advancing.



From a drawing by Rear Admiral Henry N. Walke. Courtesy The Century Company

The battle of Memphis, looking north, June 6, 1862

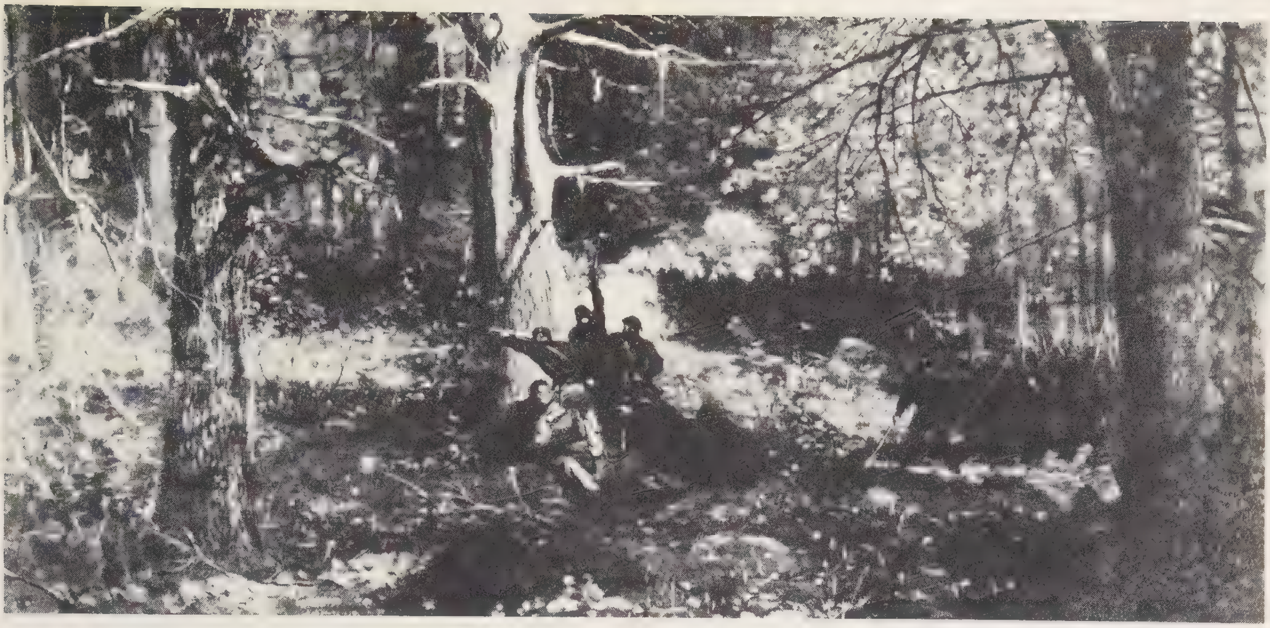
In the foreground is the remainder of the Confederate fleet, and the U. S. gunboats *Queen of the West* and *Monarch.* To the right of the drawing is the *Beauregard* sinking; the *Lovell* is already on the bottom.



From a drawing by Rear Admiral Henry N. Walke. Courtesy The Century Company

Close of the battle of Memphis, June 6, 1862

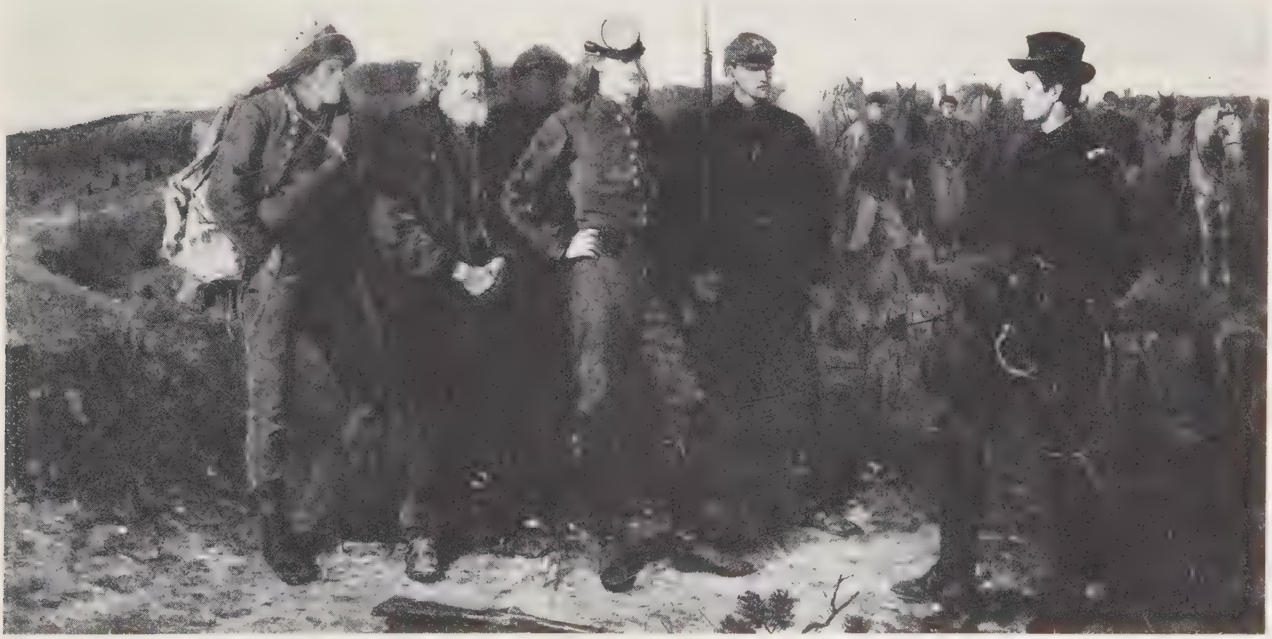
To the left of the drawing are the captured Confederate gunboats *Sumter, Bragg,* and *Thompson,* which can be seen blowing up. In line are the U. S. gunboats *Memphis, Louisville, Benton, St. Louis, Carondelet,* and *Cairo.*



*From a painting by Winslow Homer. Courtesy Robert C. Vose Galleries, Boston*

## A skirmish in the Wilderness

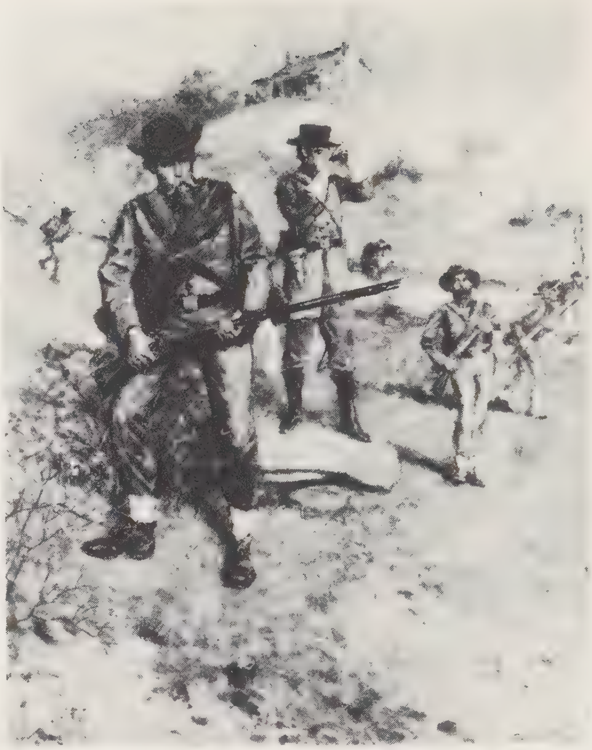
The most unusual of Civil War battles was Grant's battle in the Wilderness. In the campaign of 1864–1865, Grant and the Army of the Potomac aimed again at Richmond and Petersburg. This time there would be no turning back. Lee maneuvered Grant into fighting in an area known as the Wilderness, a dense forest of swamp, tangled thicket, scrub oak, and underbrush. From sketches made by Winslow Homer "on the spot" this painting was made.



*From a painting by Winslow Homer. Courtesy The Metropolitan Museum of Art*

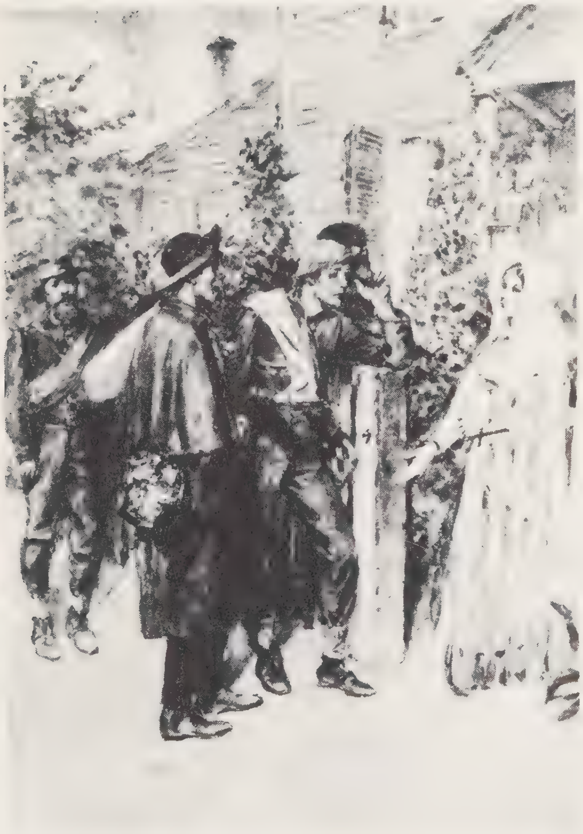
## Prisoners from the front

Homer's war painting won unstinted praise. The young Union officer is General Francis Barlow. "No picture has been painted in America in our day that made so deep an appeal to the feeling of the people . . ." said Clarence Cook.



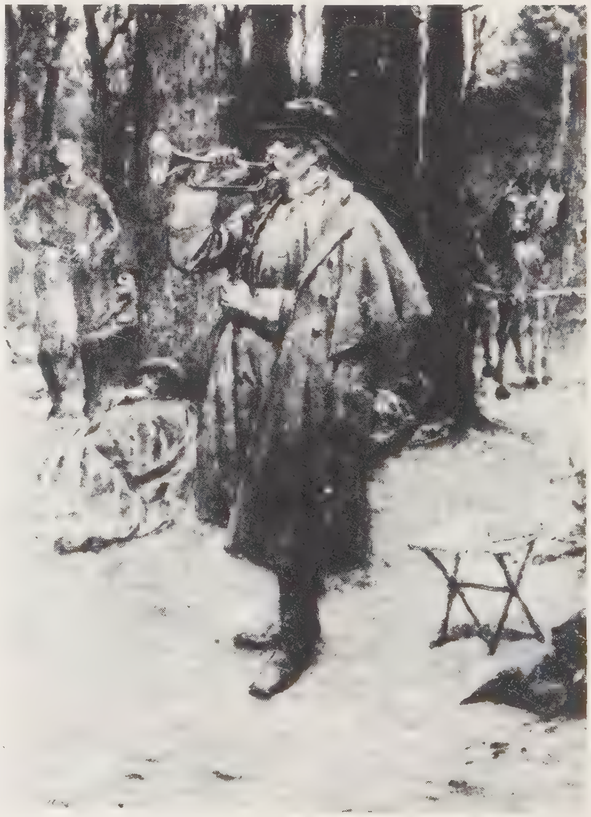
## Opening of the spring campaign in Virginia

"Skirmishers forward!" "Feeling out" the enemy, Confederate skirmishers advance over the budding countryside.



## Company "Q" stragglers

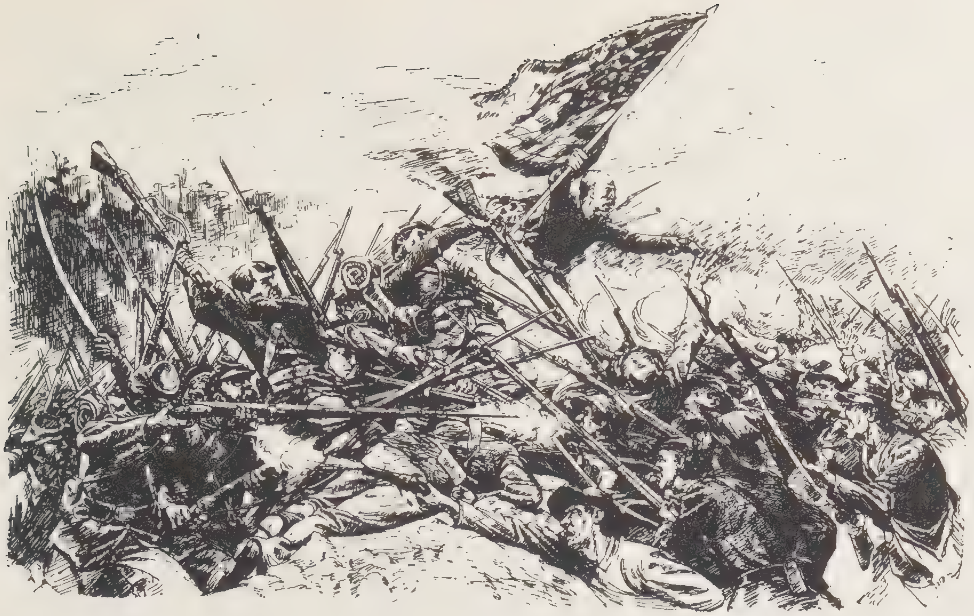
Company "Q" was a mythical company and a designation for unhorsed troopers who had lost their mounts in battle. They belonged to Company "Q" until they either found or stole another horse. Judging from the skillet in one trooper's hand, they are begging a little food.



## Reveille

The sharp notes of the bugle ring out in the forest bivouac.

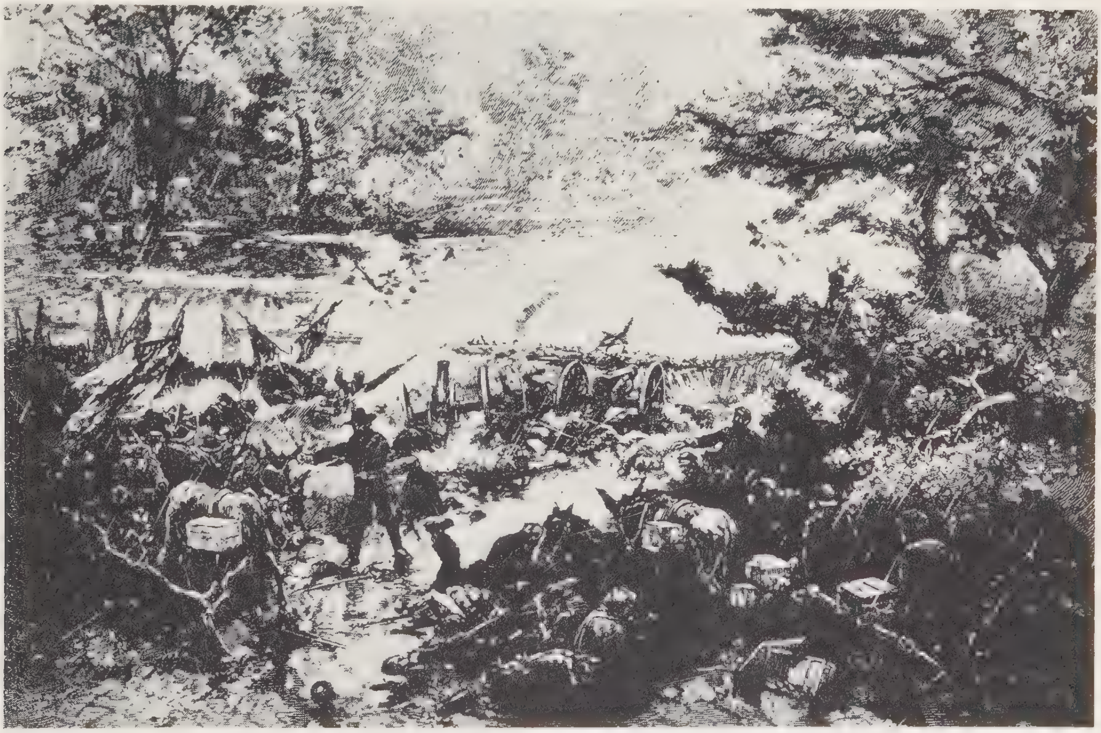
*From water colors by Lieutenant William L. Sheppard, C. S. A.*
*Courtesy The Confederate Memorial Museum, Richmond*



*From a drawing by Frank H. Schell, an eyewitness to this engagement. Courtesy The Century Company*

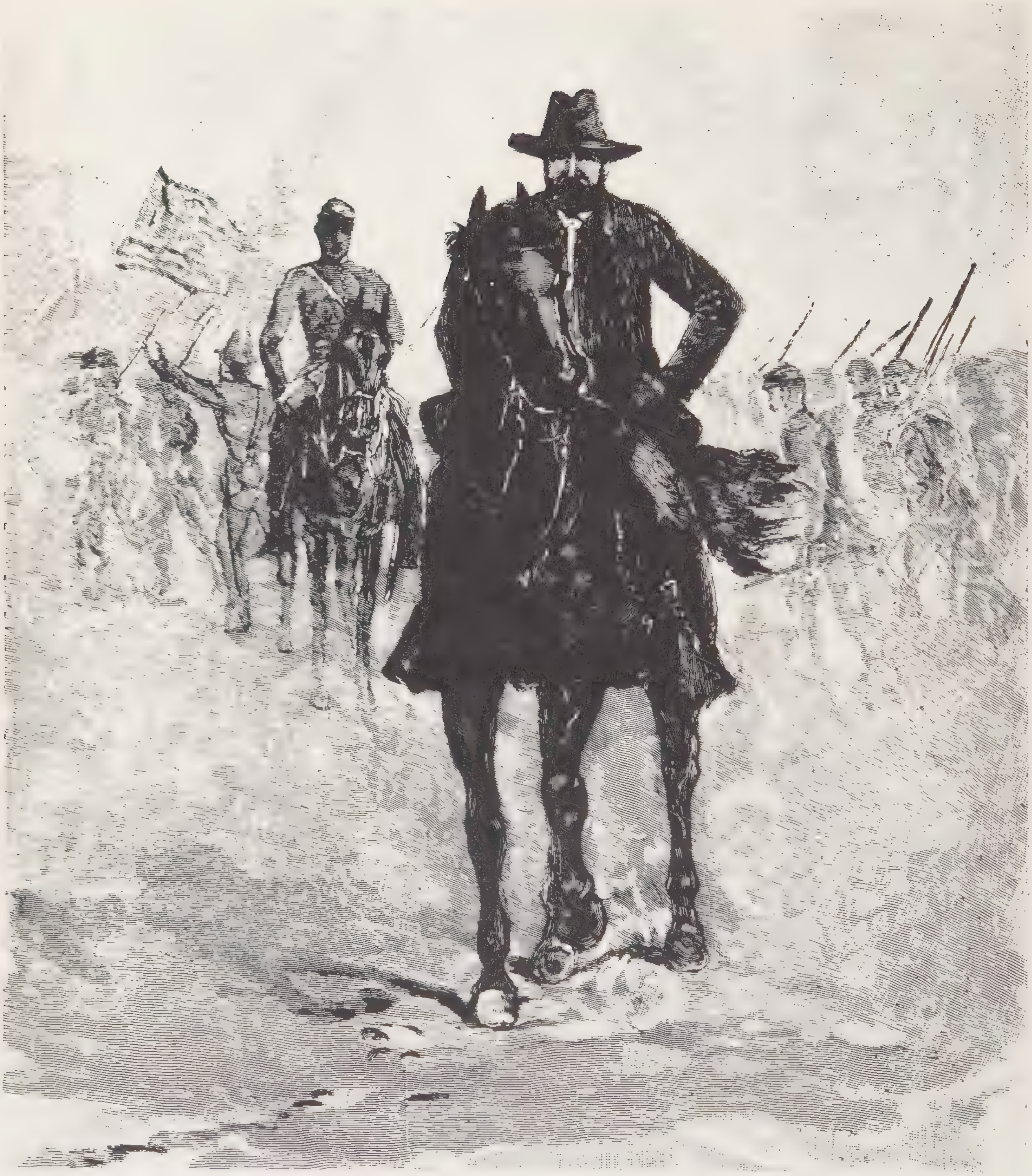
The battle of Spotsylvania Court House

Upton's Brigade at the "Bloody Angle"



*From a sketch by Alfred R. Waud. Courtesy The Century Company*

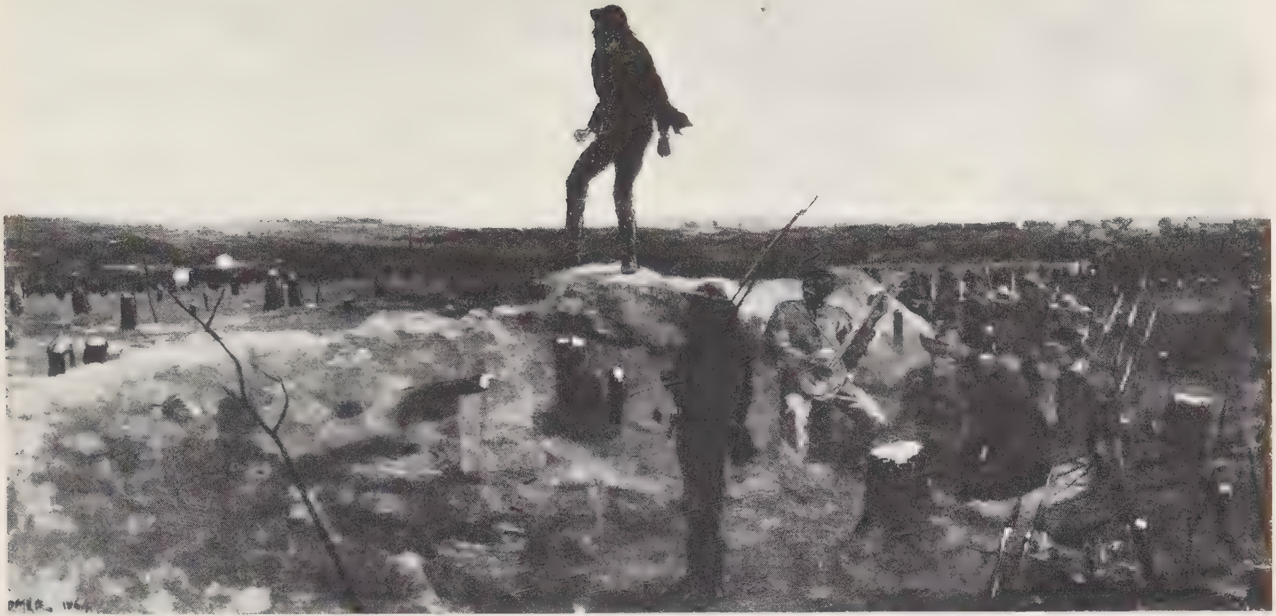
Distributing ammunition under fire to Warren's 5th Corps
during the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864



*From a sketch by Charles H. Reed. Courtesy The Century Company*

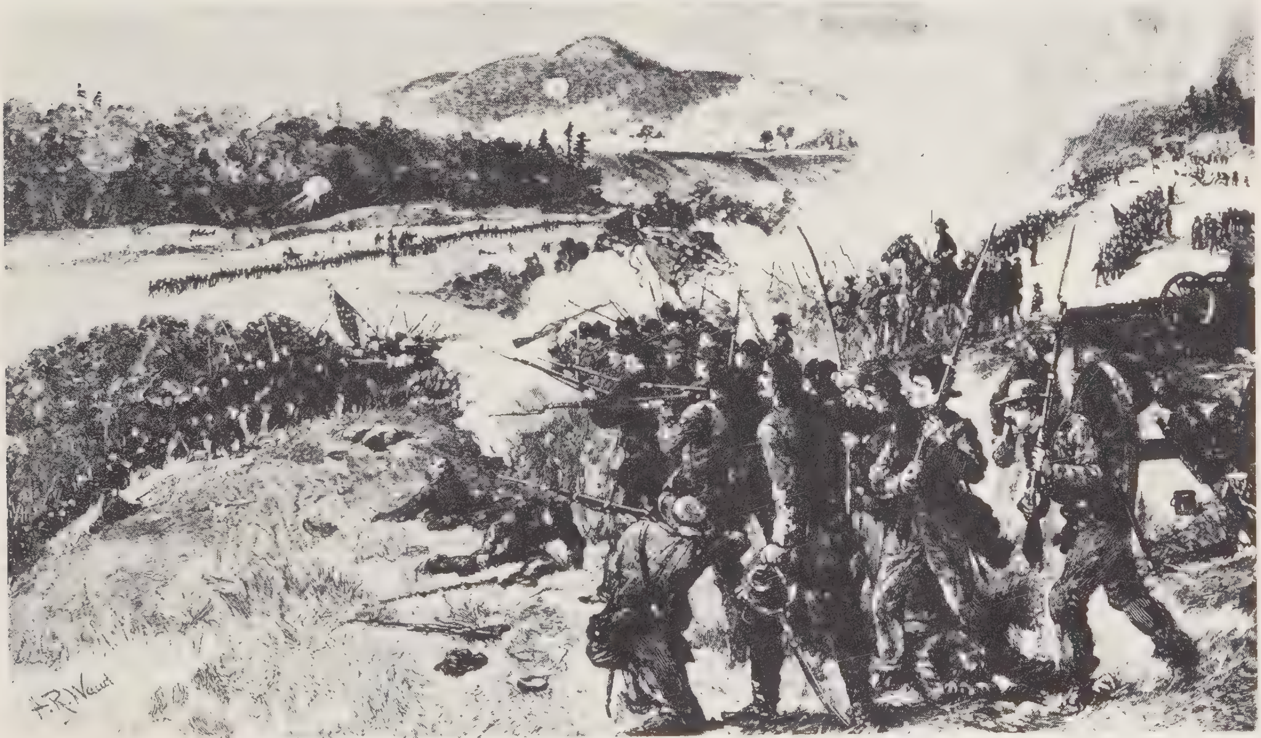
General Grant reconnoitering the Confederate position at Spotsylvania Court House

Charles H. Reed, the artist who made this sketch, was a soldier in Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts Battery, which, with a battery of the 5th U. S. Regular Artillery, was holding the Fredericksburg Road where General Grant made his observation. The troops in the background are the 9th Massachusetts Volunteers.



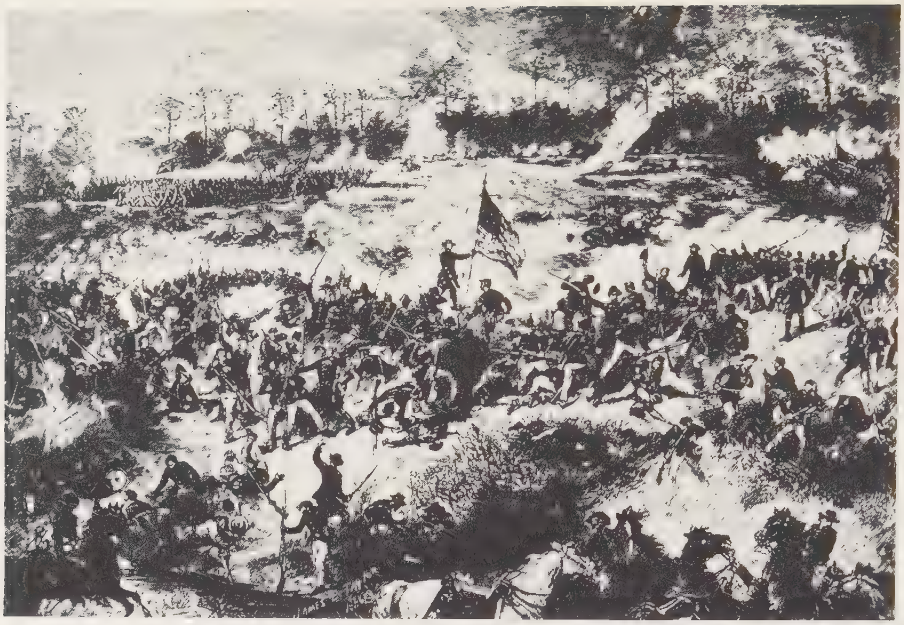
From a painting in oil by Winslow Homer. Courtesy The Detroit Institute of Arts

Defiance: inviting a shot before Petersburg, Virginia, 1864



From a drawing by Alfred R. Waud. Courtesy The Century Company

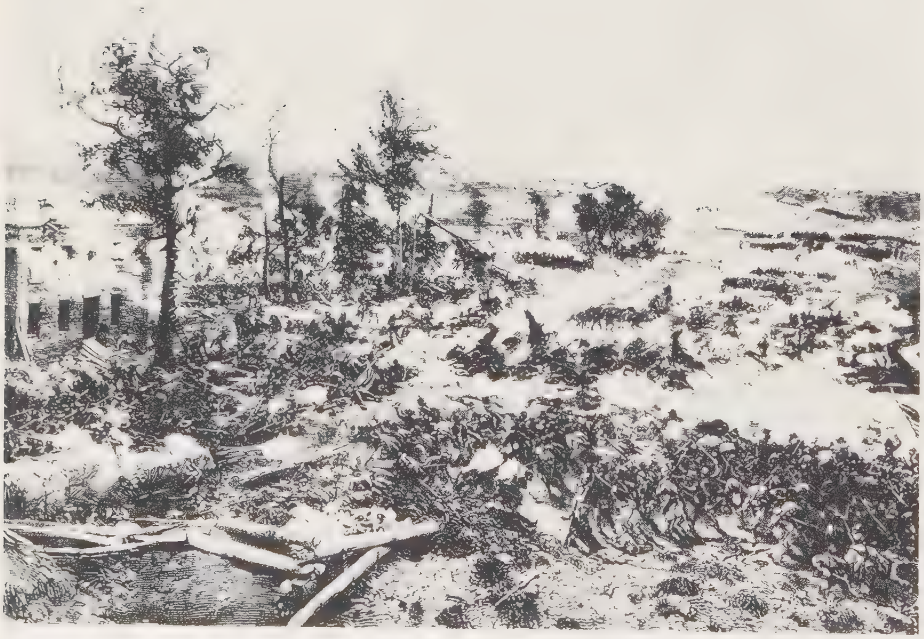
The battle of Resaca, Georgia, May 15, 1864



*From a painting by James E. Taylor. Courtesy The Century Company*

The battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864

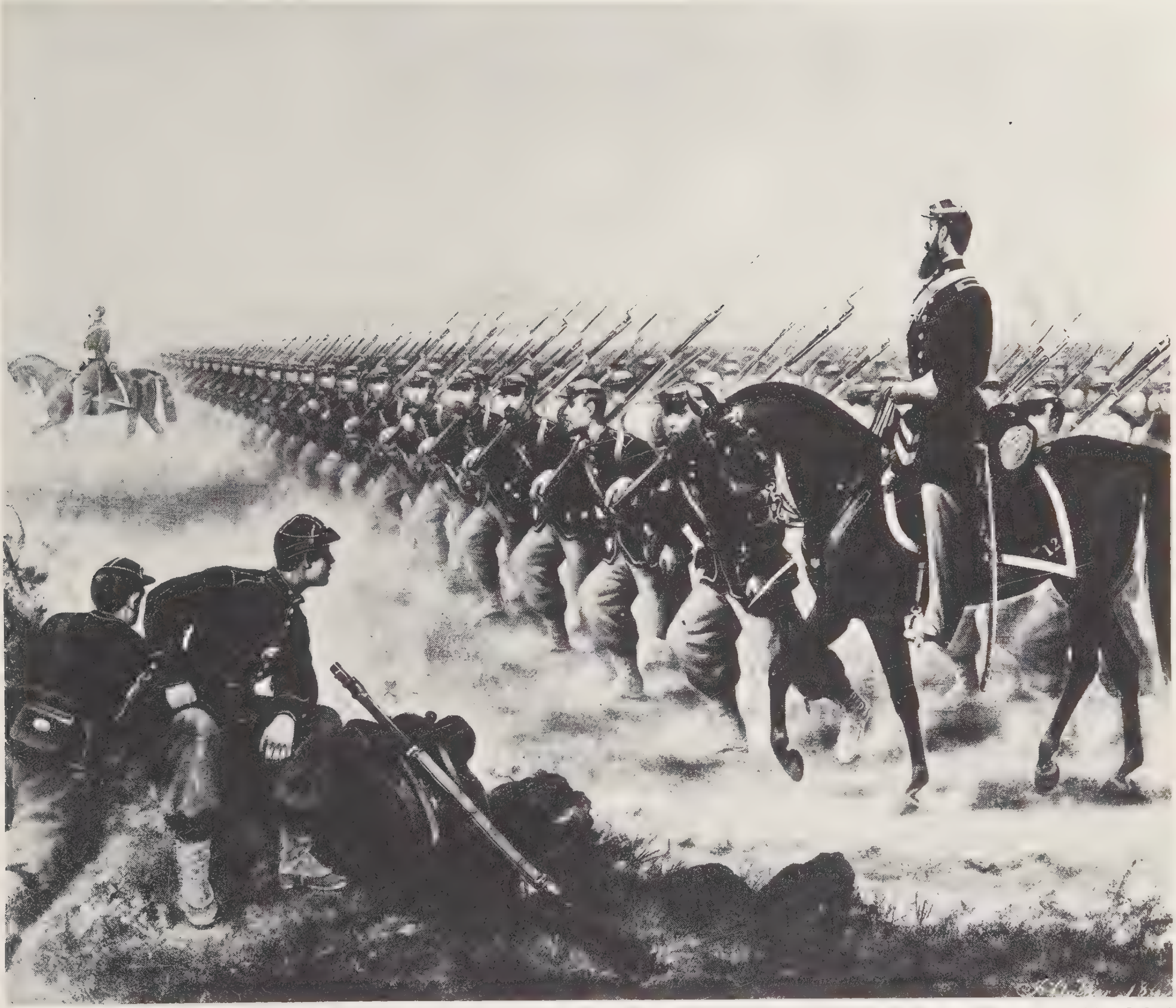
Fuller's division of the 16th Corps rallying to hold their ground after being forced back by the first charge of the Confederates in their flank attack.



*From the Panorama of Atlanta. Courtesy The Century Company*

Battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864

The contest on Bald Hill, 4th Division, 15th Corps, in the foreground.



*From a painting by James Walker. Courtesy of Victor D. Spark*

## Review of the Grand Army of the Republic

One of the proudest days of the nation's history is depicted in James Walker's painting of the last grand review of the Union armies before they disbanded. To the strains of popular music of the time they marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, bayonets flashing in the sun. Walker's painting places the Capitol in the distant background, but according to Mathew Brady's photographs the troops marched within stone's throw of the Capitol. The war was won.

# 8

# Light Cavalry Overture

## *Indian War*

## 1876–1890

The long, bloody, and dramatic struggle with the red man in his own domain in the Great West is a story whose last episode begins soon after the Civil War. Many Union and Confederate soldiers and officers who had difficulty in rehabilitating themselves to the ways of peace made their way West and joined U. S. cavalry units fighting the Indians.

There is no question that the Indian was badly treated by the white man. The records show justification for the red man's claims. Government officials, many unscrupulous, made all sorts of treaties with the Indian, guaranteeing certain reservations of land to the red man, only to break them. The white man never kept his word. A deplorable string of broken promises and worthless treaties can be traced as far back as the days of Sir William Johnson. The Indian's lot was one of desperation. Being forced to migrate from one place to another, his natural instinct was to fight back with every means at his command. The result was the Indian wars.

An outstanding battle took place at the Little Big Horn in Montana in 1876, when Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer, sent on a scout with a small detachment of the U. S. 7th Cavalry, apparently disobeyed the orders of his commanding officer, General Alfred H. Terry, and foolishly brought on an engagement which cost him his life and the lives of his entire command. At least recorded evidence points in that direction. Colonel George Armstrong Custer was a rash officer, given to heroics. Custer's rise from lieutenant to brevet brigadier general was meteoric. Somewhat of a dandy, he sported uniforms of his own special design and wore his blond hair in long flowing waves; he could have been called the American Murat. Colonel Newhall, author of *With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign,* describes him: "Custer of the golden locks, his broad sombrero turned up from his hard-bronzed face, the ends of his crimson cravat floating over his shoulders, gold galore spangling his jacket sleeves, a pistol in his boot, dangling spurs on his heels and a ponderous claymore swinging at his side, a wild dare-devil of a general, and a prince of advance guards, quick to see and act." Custer's love for fancy uniforms was no less flamboyant than his reckless attitude toward danger. He was daring and careless, not only of his own life but of the lives of his men as well. At the close of the Civil War Custer was appointed to the command of the United States 7th Cavalry at Fort Lincoln.

Colonel Gibbon's official report explains, as well as any, the action at the Little Big Horn as it had been planned: " . . . That evening the plan of operations was agreed upon. Lieutenant Colonel Custer, with the Seventh Cavalry, was to proceed up the Rosebud till he struck an Indian trail, discovered during Major Reno's scout. As my scouts had recently reported smoke on the Little Big Horn, the presence of an Indian camp some distance up that stream was inferred.

"Lieutenant Colonel Custer was instructed to keep constantly feeling toward his left, well up toward the mountains, so as to prevent the Indians escaping in that direction, and to strike the Little Big Horn, if possible above (south of) the supposed location of the camp, while my command was to march up the Yellowstone to the mouth of the Big Horn to the mouth of the Little Big Horn and up that stream, with the hope of getting the camp between the two forces . . .

"He got off with his regiment at 12 o'clock the next day [June 22]: three Gatling guns, under Lieutenant Low, Twentieth Infantry, being detached from his regiment and sent to join my command . . . "

The story of Custer's last stand, and of the massacre of his entire command, has been told and retold. For years controversy raged as to what actually happened. The only men who knew were Custer, and the sole survivor, Sergeant Edward Windolph. The only direct evidence was the battlefield strewn with the bodies of soldiers. Colonel Gibbon in his report wrote: " . . . We continued to move rapidly forward, still uncertain as to the fate of Custer's command, Captain Ball's company about a mile in advance. While passing through the Indian camp a report reached me from our scouts in the hills to the north of the river that a large number of bodies of white men had been discovered, and shortly afterward Lieutenant Bradley came in with the information that he had counted 194 bodies of dead soldiers. All doubt that a serious disaster had happened to Lieutenant Colonel Custer's command now vanished, and the march was continued under the uncertainty as to whether we were going to rescue the survivors or to battle with the enemy who had annihilated him . . ."

The life of a soldier or trooper in General Nelson A. Miles' command was no sinecure. The western frontier military service conducted by General Miles' troops on the southwestern border was a sort of police service. Small skirmishes could at any time break into open warfare over a large area. The marauding Indians had no homes, no base of operations, no supplies to cut off, no military code, no purpose or plan more definite than to wander about the mountains, to take their revenge, and to gratify their passion for cruelty. But while the Apaches could desist from fighting at any time, and retreat and renew their supplies by plunder, the soldiers had to always be on guard, subsist on scanty fare, and camp without tents.

If the individual U. S. Cavalry trooper that Frederic Remington sketched had had a biography, it would have contained nothing more notable than such notes as these:

"Jack Hayward, a tall young fellow, born in Connecticut, became bankrupt in New York; did not know what else to do, so he enlisted, and discovered that he was born with an uncommon capacity for Apache warfare. The grizzly veteran, who looks like a pirate, has enlisted five times. Of course he swore every time that he would never enlist again; but he was not happy out of the army. Another is a scarred soldier who got his military training in the Prussian military service; and another is an Irishman who kept going West without knowing why, and who tried to earn a living one way or another and then for the same reason, and without being able to explain it any more than he could foresee it, he found the soldier's life on the Frontier not only tolerable but an ideal life . . . "

Remington would probably have made an excellent soldier for he was vitally interested in the subject and loved soldier life. He was quite positive in his support of the Indian as a soldier, trained as a cavalryman. He wrote a very revealing article for *Harper's* which shows his aptitude not only as a military artist of distinction but as a discerning reporter as well.

"The Indian tribes are yet warriors; they have not lost their instincts or respect for the trade of war; but an Indian will do the most arduous and laborious work if he has a cavalry uniform on, when he would not lift his little finger to the task if dressed in his bright blanket and bead-work, both of which are emblematic of a thousand years of glorious deeds of arms. He sees the white soldiers work, and makes as great a distinction between the laboring soldier and his agricultural brother, as you would between a farmer and a gentleman cultivating orchids in his conservatory. I had become aware that the government was trying the experiment at Fort Keogh. When at that place I was driven out to the little village of Lieutenant E. W. Casey's Cheyenne scouts. I saw a long line of well-constructed log buildings, corrals, and stables, also a large garden fenced and cultivated. I entered the houses and saw comfort and cleanliness. I saw smiling faces and laughing children. I saw perfectly kept cavalry arms and accoutrements, and fine Indian soldiers, who stood like bronze statues, and saluted in the best possible form, while never a muscle of their stern faces twitched, and they looked a soldier, and felt a soldier, and were in fact the finest I had ever seen. I saw them mount and fall in and drill in admirable shape, all by a sign of Lieutenant Casey's right hand, because they do not understand English well enough. I admired the indomitable zeal of Lieutenant Casey, and hoped his work would lead to greater things. Indeed, if he were properly supported, why could not Fort Keogh be abandoned at some future day, and why could not Casey and his company of the First Irregular Cavalry do the work of the garrison, and let the Eighth Cavalry and the Twenty-second Infantry go to Fort Snelling, and there perfect themselves, so that when we call for the skeleton of our army organization in time of war, we will find it worthy to be built on to?

"Six months before, all these men were down at the Lame Deer Agency doing nothing, unless to go out gunning for a ranchman's cattle. Lieutenant Casey brought them up to the mouth of the Tongue River, uniformed and equipped them, and ploughed and made a garden after irrigating the land. He then took them up the Yellowstone, and—it is almost beyond belief—gave them axes, with which they mauled logs, and with the help of their ponies they tugged them out to the river, and drove them down to the fort. They then hewed the logs, and built cabins as good as any ranchman's in the country. Lieutenant Casey and his interpreter (an old Fifth Infantry soldier who has been in battle against Cheyennes) were the only white men along. Beyond doing all this work, they are well drilled, and all in six months. We keep army recruits four months at a depot before we forward them. I should not be surprised if Lieutenant Casey had his Indians herding sheep in course of time, and that is the particular thing that an Indian will not do.

"What did I see at the Lame Deer Agency? A lot of shrouded creatures lying about or darting over the hills, as purposeless and mysterious as creatures out of Dante's *'Inferno.'* Later on in my travels a lot of dark-skinned soldiers were drawn up to escort a major-general. They were the Crow Scout Corps of Fort Custer, under command of Lieutenant S. C. Robertson, of the First Cavalry, another zealous young man with a fiery purpose to have the best scout corps on the crust of the earth. His methods are different from Casey's. He wastes no time on industrial affairs, but goes in for the purely military standard. He is a West-Pointer and a graduate of the French School of Cavalry, talks the sign language, and is rapidly mastering the Crow tongue. Lieutenant Casey is a West-Pointer, an old soldier who has fought with Indian scouts under him, and has seen much of their people. Here are young men as types. They are educated; they are brave; they are soldiers for life. They can have no success in life beyond what their military accomplishments bring them. They know that the least indiscretion on their part would cost them their commissions. This is the sort of man who should take the place of the ha'-penny politician who has been nurtured in the belief that to plunder the Indians is a natural reward for good service in his political district. As we rode along with these active warriors they would put their ponies at top speed down very steep hills; they were far ahead and on the flanks. It was the most perfect piece of escort duty that I ever saw. They wore leather leggins instead of cavalry boots, as did Casey's men, and they had no saddle pockets or rope lariats. Instead of this latter, they carried their own hair rope, lighter and stronger than the great piece of hemp of the cavalry. An Indian is the best possible light irregular cavalryman, and his methods cannot be improved by introducing ours, and he can learn little indeed from a white trooper."

On December 5, 1890, from South Dakota came ominous signs of trouble. Sitting Bull, old but still rebellious and full of fight, was believed to be planning another great Indian uprising. General Nelson Miles reported "that the seriousness of the situation has not been exaggerated . . . " and went so far as to say that 30,000 Indians were affected " . . . fully 6,000 of whom were fighting men . . . " and further stated that "Every Indian 'buck' has a Winchester and he knows how to use it."

Sitting Bull, determined to make one last strike against the white man's encroachment, gathered about him 5,000 fierce Sioux warriors in his camps, in the rocky hills of the Bad Lands, and prepared for war. General Nelson Miles received orders to pick up and arrest Sitting Bull, with specific orders to "avoid a battle at all costs." A detachment was sent out to locate and arrest the wily leader of the Sioux. The Indians, however, started a fight, and Sitting Bull and several of his braves were killed on December 15, 1890. The rest of his tribe scampered for the Bad Lands. Several U. S. scouting parties were sent to reconnoiter the Bad Lands, and Remington, with the help of General Miles, was assigned to Lieutenant E. W. Casey, Chief of Cheyenne Scouts and one of the best out-post officers in the army. After a short railroad trip the scouting party struck out into the Bad Lands in the dead of winter. Lieutenant Casey had strict orders to avoid warfare, orders that were not easily accepted by Casey's Cheyennes. When the little party reached Sioux territory, he halted his column at the base of the bluff, ordered his men to remain in column with the threat of being shot through the head if they disobeyed orders and broke ranks, turned, and rode on ahead for a powwow with some Sioux who had stopped nearby. Casey returned after a while, displeased and troubled with the results of his powwow. They then camped for the night. Remington's own story of the affair is interesting:

"The next morning I announced my intention of going to Pine Ridge Agency which is twenty-five miles away. Mr. Thompson, two scouts and a Swedish teamster are to go in for provisions and messages. Mr. Thompson ordered all guns put into the wagon and got in himself. 'If I can't talk them Injuns out of killing me,' he said, 'I reckon I'll have to go.'

"I trotted along with Red-Bear and Hairy-Arm, and a mile and a half ahead went the courier, Wells. Poor man! In two hours he lay bleeding in the road, with a bullet through the hips, and called two days for water before 'he struck the long trail to the kingdom-come.' After we had gone eight or ten miles and were just crossing a ravine we saw a Sioux buck on a little hill just ahead, out of pistol shot. Red-Bear turned his horse in the 'peace sign' and advanced. We drove over the ravine and halted. I dismounted. Six young Brule Sioux rose from the ground and rode up to Red-Bear, and the hills became full of pickets to the right and left. We waited to hear the result of Red-Bear's conversation. When he came back he spoke to Thompson in Cheyenne. I looked at him and knew that the situation was bad.

"'Red-Bear says we will have to go back,' explained Thompson, and turning to Red-Bear he requested that two might come closer and talk with us. 'This is a bad hole and I reckon our cake is dough right here,' said Thompson.

"Two young bucks came up and one asked Thompson for tobacco and he was handed a package of Durham, which was not returned. Another little buck slipped up behind me, whereat Mr. Thompson gave me a warning look. Turning, I advanced on him quickly (I wanted to be as near as possible, not being armed) and, holding out my hand, I said: 'how, *colah?*' He didn't like to take it, but he did, and I was saved the trouble of further action.

"'We'll never get this wagon turned around,' suggested Mr. Thompson, as our teamster whipped up; but we did. And as we commenced our movement on Casey's camp, Mr. Thompson said: 'Go slow now; don't run, or they'll sure shoot.'

"'Gemme gun,' said the little scout Red-Bear, and we all got our arms from the wagon.

"There was no suspense now. Things had begun to happen. A little faster, we go up the little banks of the *coulee,* and, ye gods! what!—five fully-armed, well-mounted cowboys—a regular rescue scene from Buffalo Bill's show.

"'Go back!' shouted Thompson.

"Bang! Bang! Bang! and the bullets whistle around and kick up the dust. Away we go.

"Four bucks start over the hills to our right to flank us. Red-Bear talked loudly in Cheyenne.

"Thompson repeated: 'If anyone is hit, get off in the grass and lie down. We must all hang together.' 'We will,' we all yelled.

"The cowboys, being well-mounted, could easily have gotten away, but they stuck like true blues. We deployed on the flanks of the wagon, so that the team horses might not be shot, which would have stopped the whole outfit and we did ten miles at a record-breaking gallop. We struck the scout camp in a blaze of excitement. The Cheyenne were in warpaint and the ponies' tails were tied up and full of feathers. Had the Sioux materialized at that time, Mr. Casey would have had his orders broken right there.

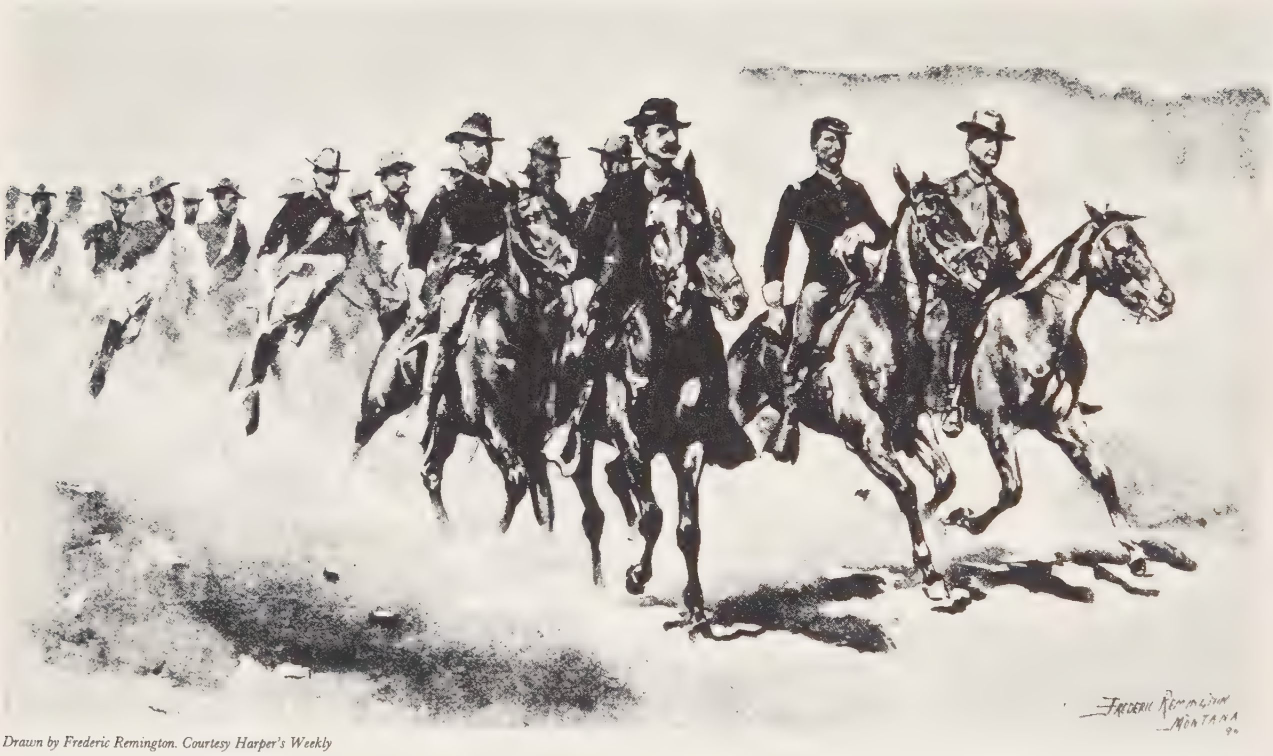
"After a lull in the proceeding, Mr. Thompson confided in me that 'the next time I go to war in a wagon it will put the drinks on me'; and he saddled Piegan and patted his neck in a way which showed his gratification at the change of transport.

"We pulled out again for the lower country and as our scouts had seen the dust of Colonel Sanford's command, we presently joined them.

"How we awoke the next morning with the sleet freezing in our faces and how we made camp in the blizzard, and borrowed Sibley stoves of the soldiers, and how we were at last comfortable, and spent New Year's Eve in the proper manner, is of little interest.

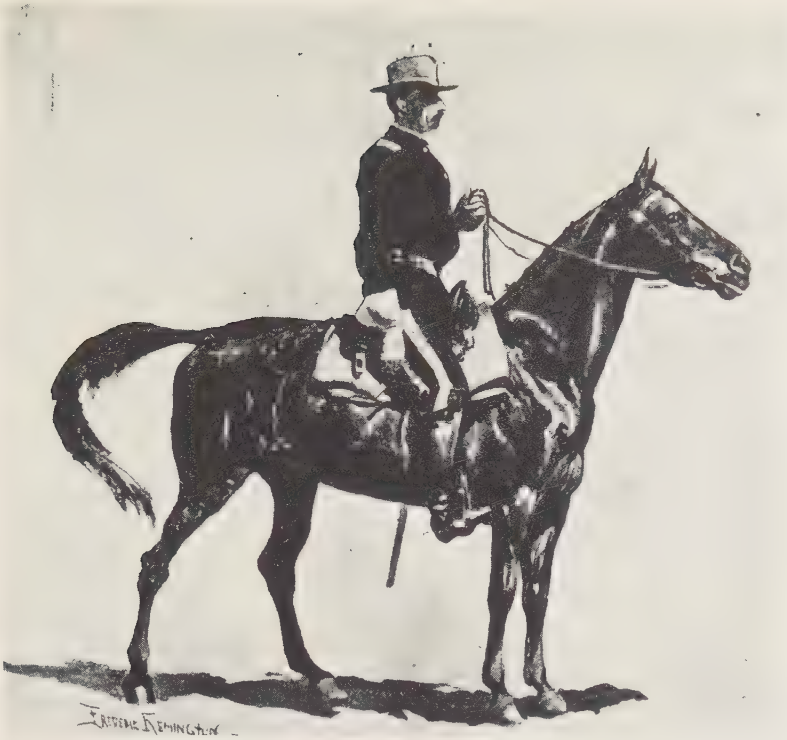
"I was awakened at a late hour by Captain Baldwin, of General Miles' staff, and told to saddle up for a night's ride to Pine Ridge. This was the end of my experience with Lieutenant Casey and his gallant corps. We shook hands cheerily in the dim candle-light of the tepee, and, agreeing to meet in New York at some not distant day, I stepped out of the Sibley, mounted and rode away in the night."

Within a few years the wars with the Indians were at an end. The Indian had been subjugated. The vast rolling plains and the mountains of the Great West that had once been his hunting grounds, for which he had fought so desperately, were now reduced to acres of land called "reservations" where he would spend his last days, neglected, despised by the white man who came to settle on the lands that were once his to roam. His battle was over.


Frederic Remington
Montana
90

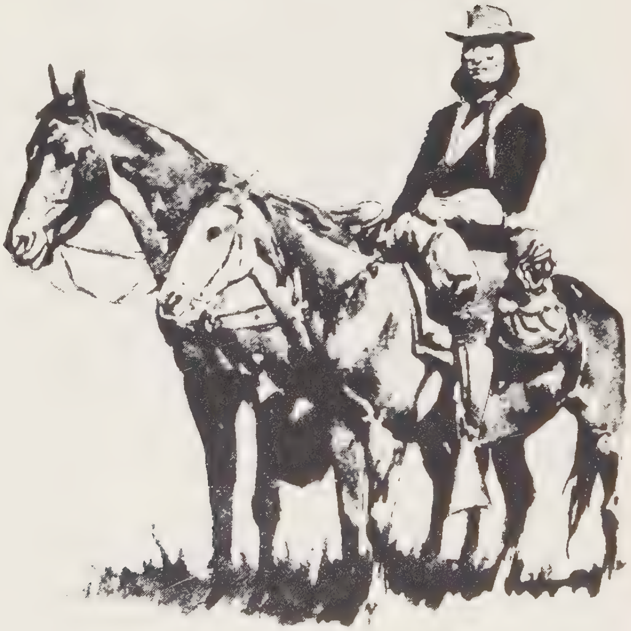
*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly*

Cavalry on the march



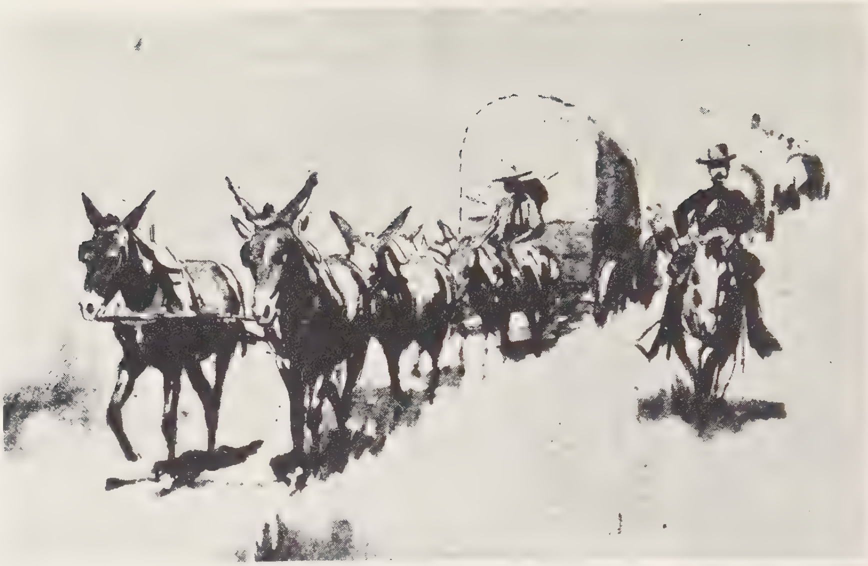
*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly*

Lieutenant Casey, commandant of Cheyenne scouts



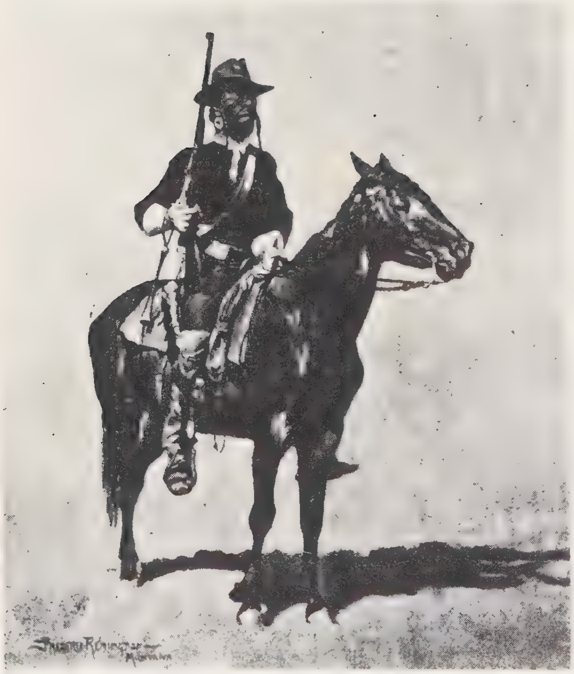
*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly*

Cheyenne scout with led horse



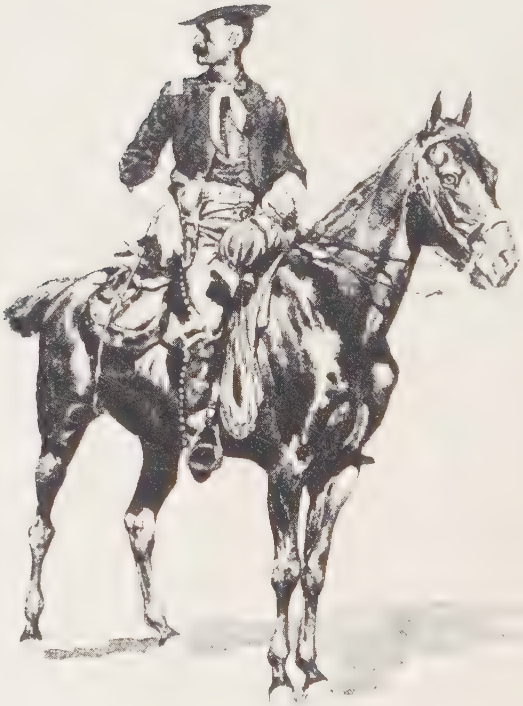
*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly*

The supply train



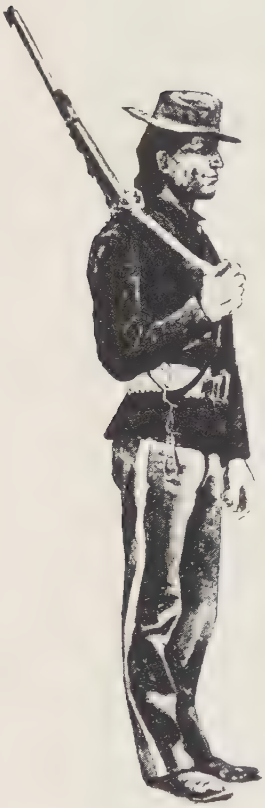
*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Remington Art Memorial*

Indian soldier in the Crow Scout Corps

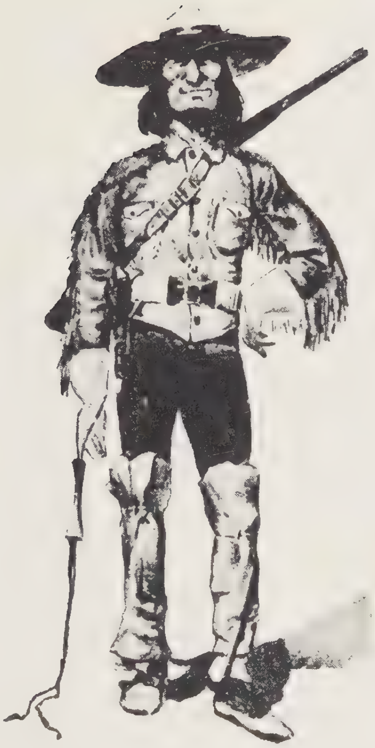


*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly*

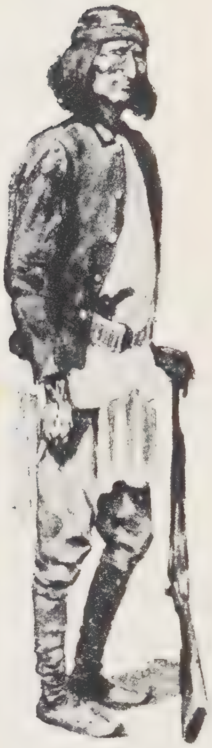
Lieutenant S. C. Robertson,
chief of Crow scouts



Fort Keogh scout

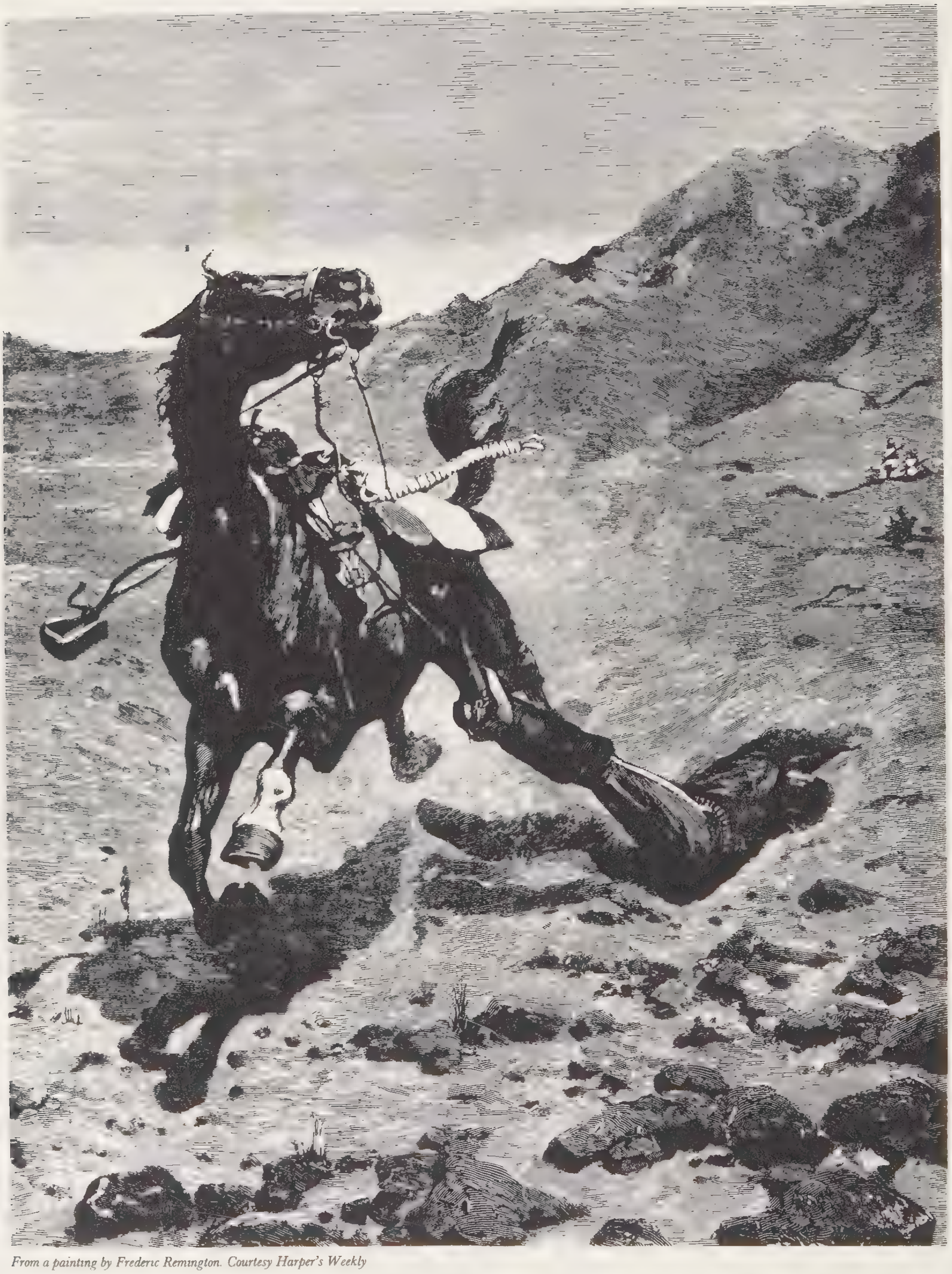


Ideal uniform
for Indian soldier



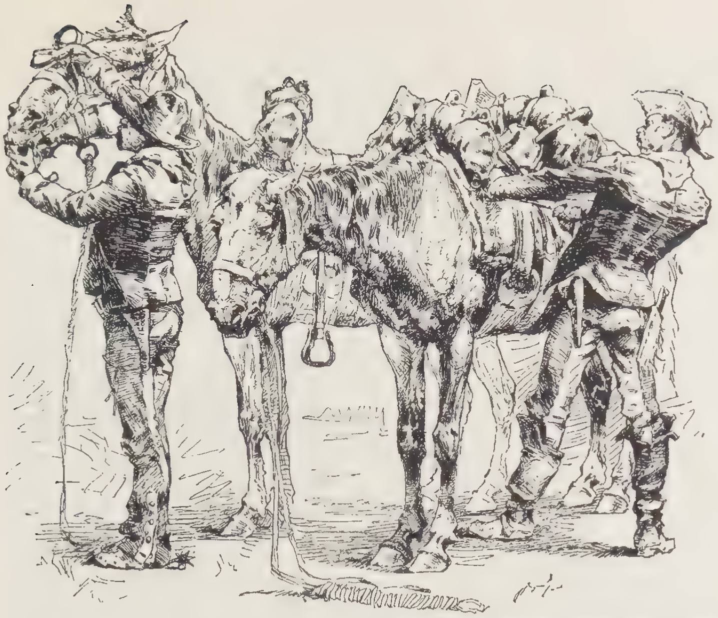
Indian soldier
in the Crow Scout Corps

*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly*



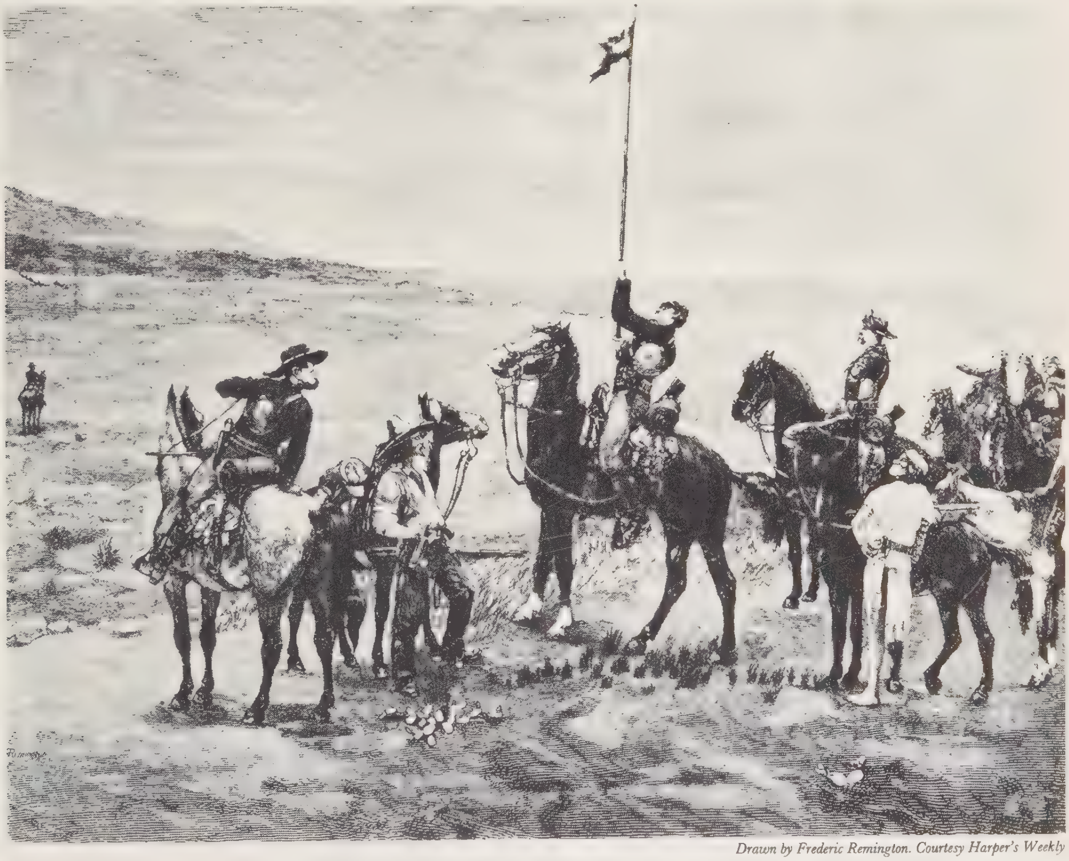
*From a painting by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly*

The ambushed picket



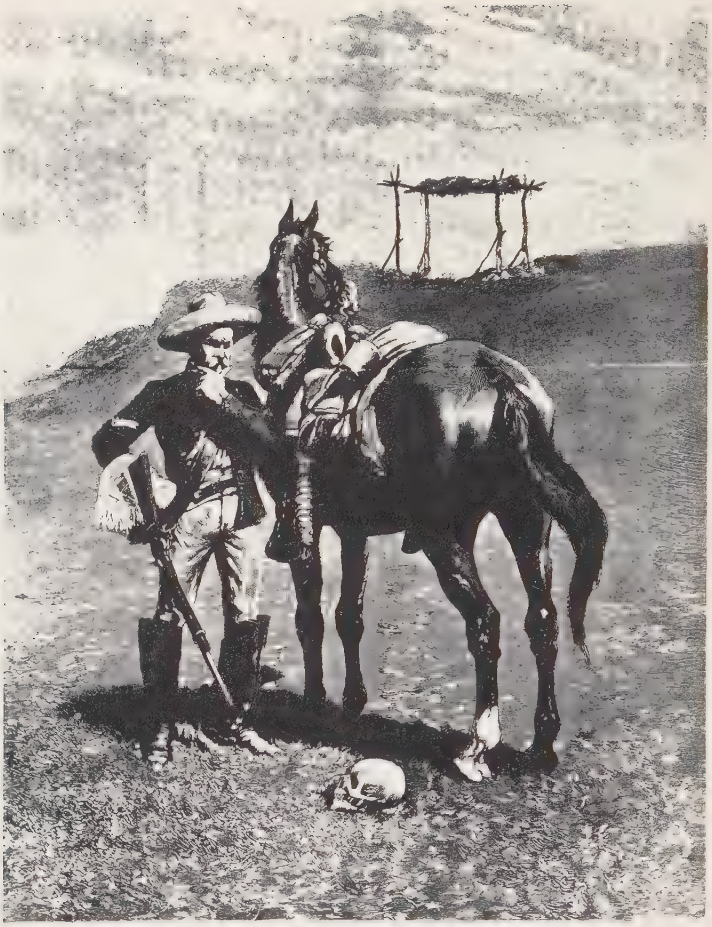
Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly

"Saddle up"



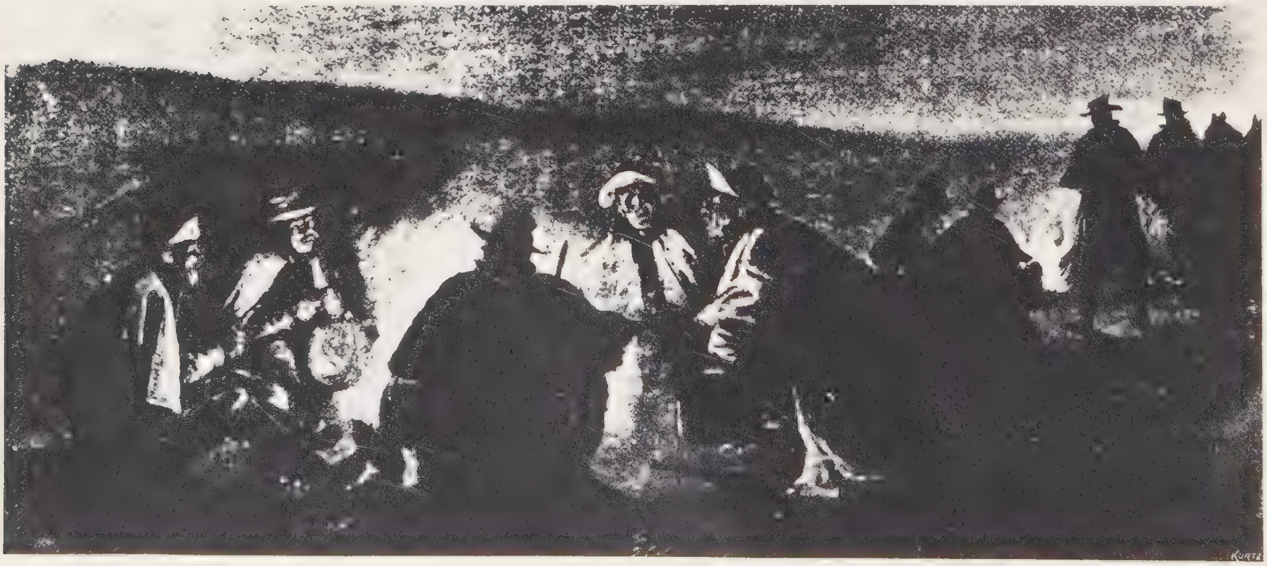
Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly

Signaling the main command



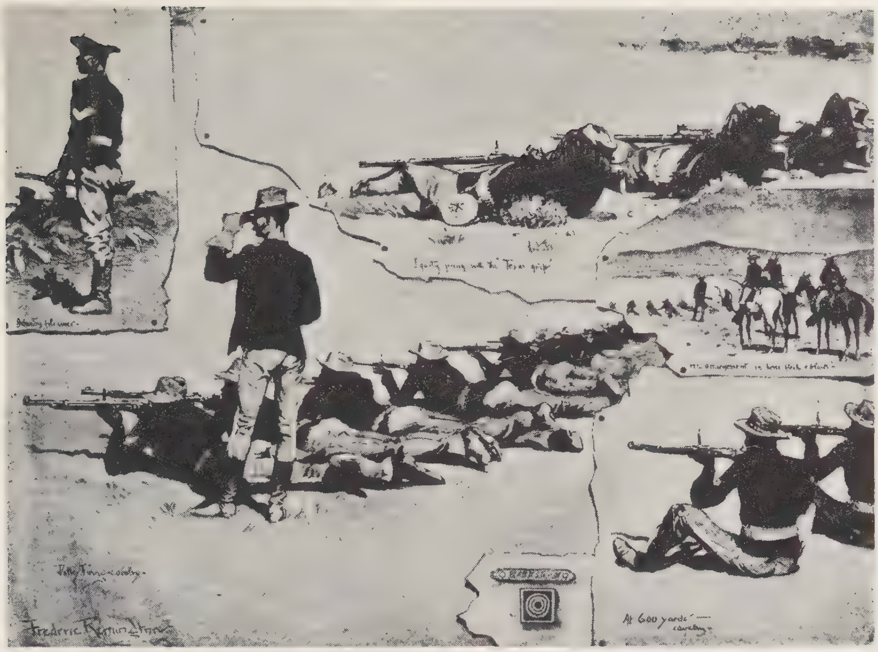
The trooper's Thanatopsis

*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly*



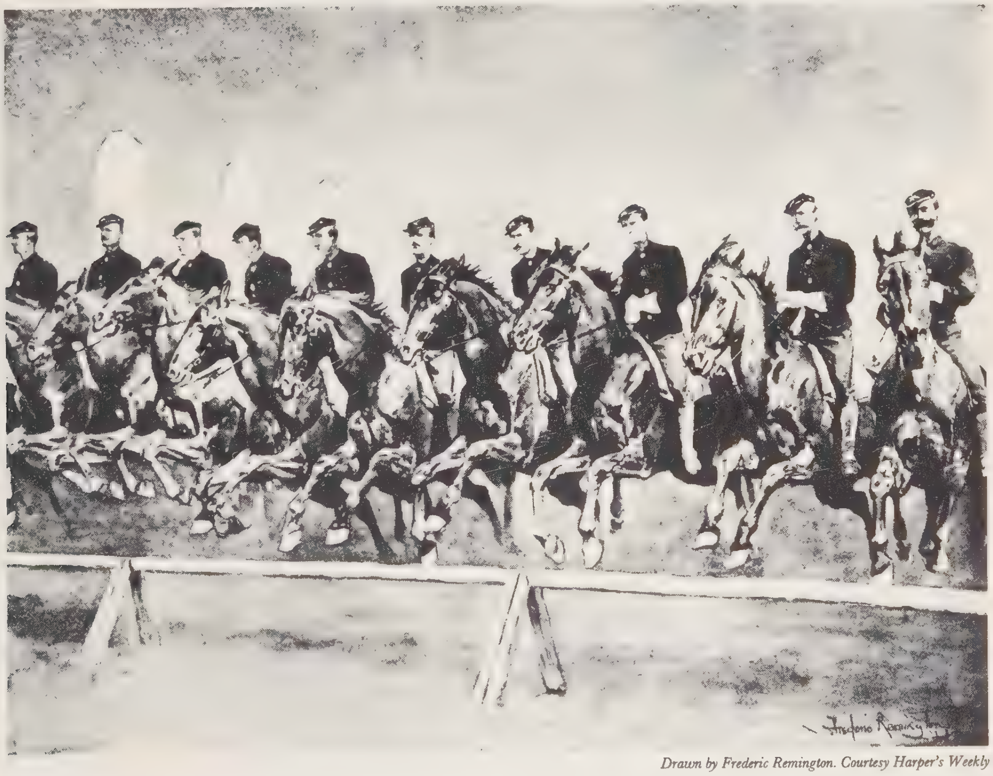
*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly*

Troopers singing the Indian Medicine Song


At 600 yards —
cavalry

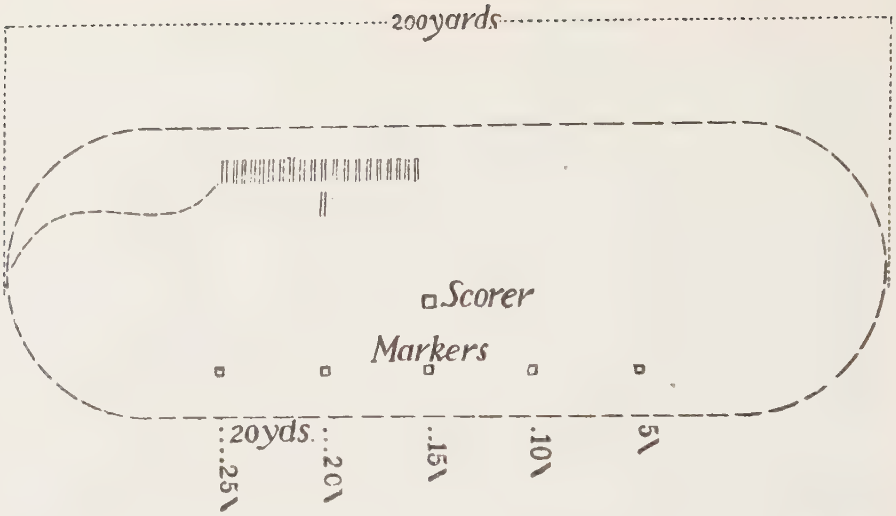
*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly*

Skirmish line target practice



*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly*

A model squadron—over the hurdles in line


200yards
Scorer
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20yds.
25\
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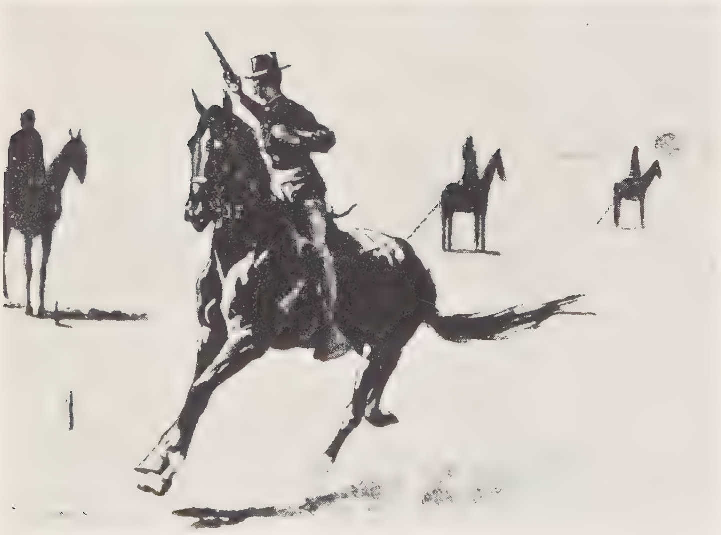
5\

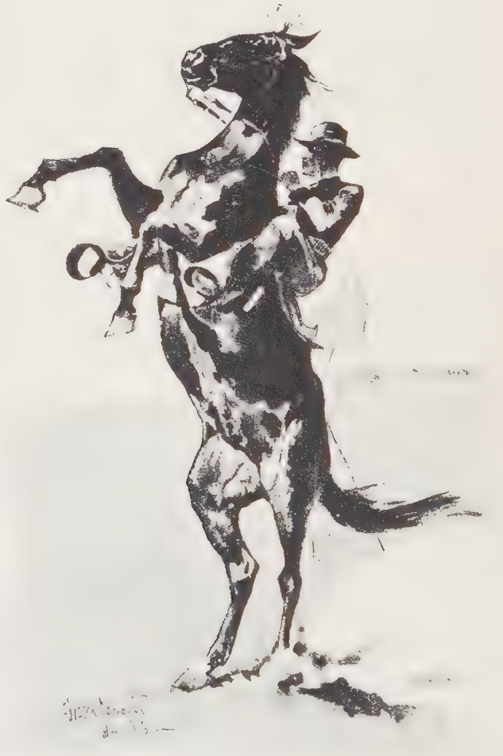
*Author's Collection*

Diagram showing method used in pistol practice for cavalrymen



*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Remington Art Memorial*

"Making a possible"



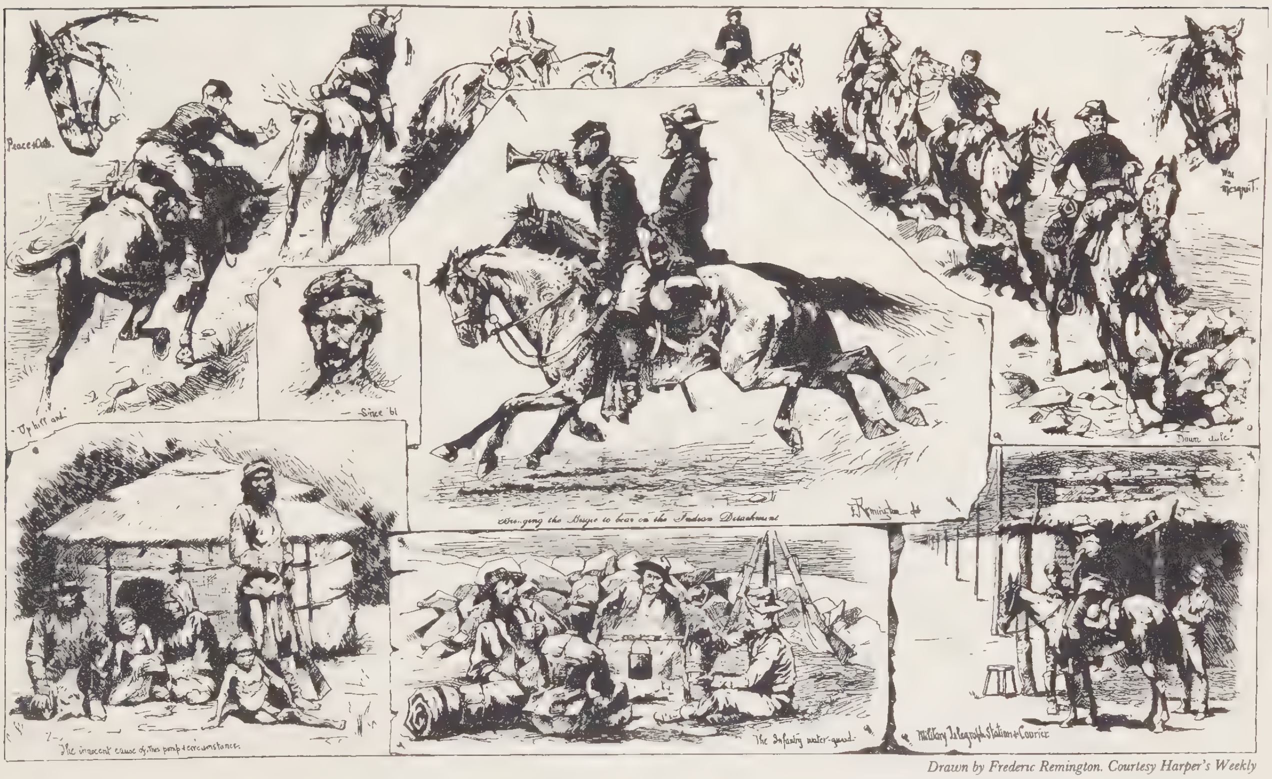
*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Remington Art Memorial*

Mounted pistol practice

"He Won't Have It"

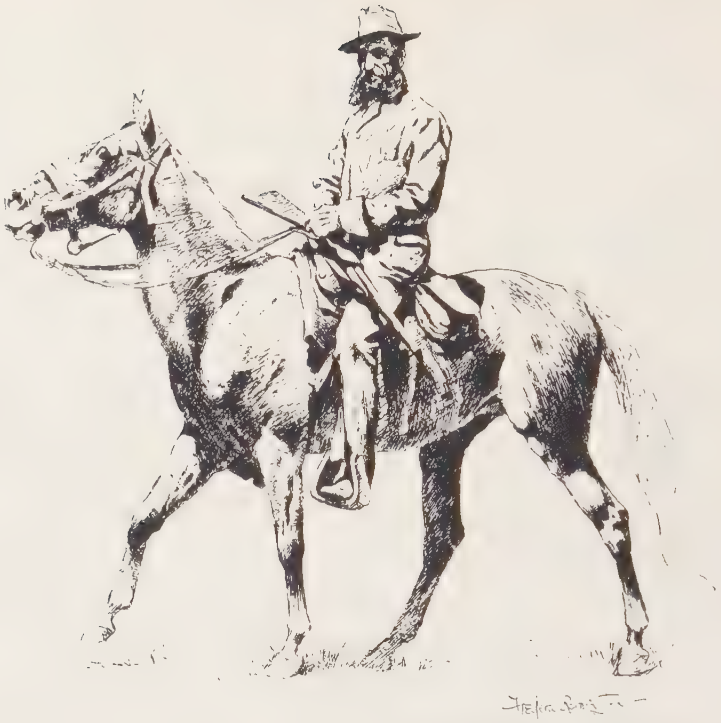
# *Concentrating United States Troops on the Northern Indian Agencies*

Soon after the Civil War, Indian uprisings broke out in the Western territories. It became so serious it was necessary to concentrate heavy bodies of troops at the northern agencies. Most of these troops, veterans of the disbanded Union and Confederate armies, re-enlisted in the Western forces simply for the adventure of it. These men were trained in Indian warfare, particularly the cavalrymen who fought in the major engagements with the Indians.


Peace & Oats.
Was Mesquit.
- Up hill and
- Since '61
Down dale
Bringing the Bugle to bear on the Indian Detachment
F. Remington del
The innocent cause of this pomp & circumstance.
The Infantry water-guard.
Military Telegraph Station & Courier

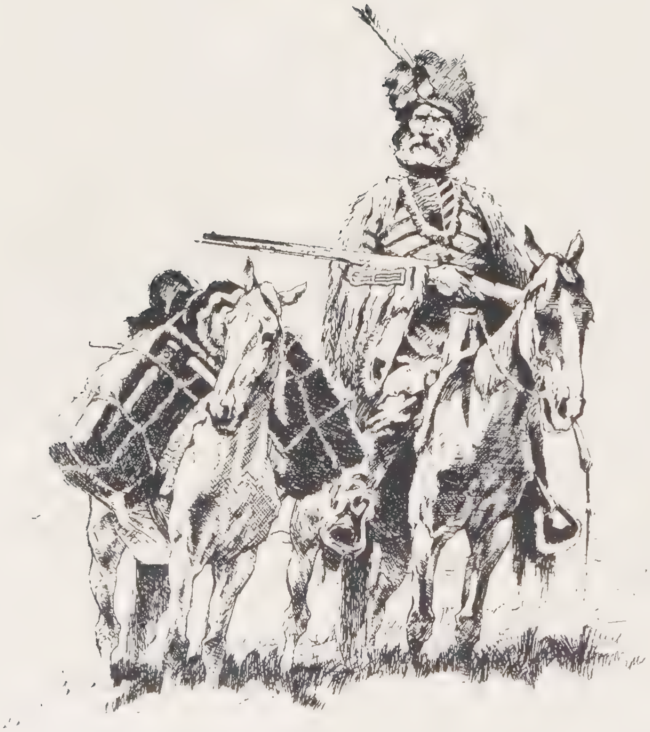
*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly*

Concentrating troops on the northern Indian agencies



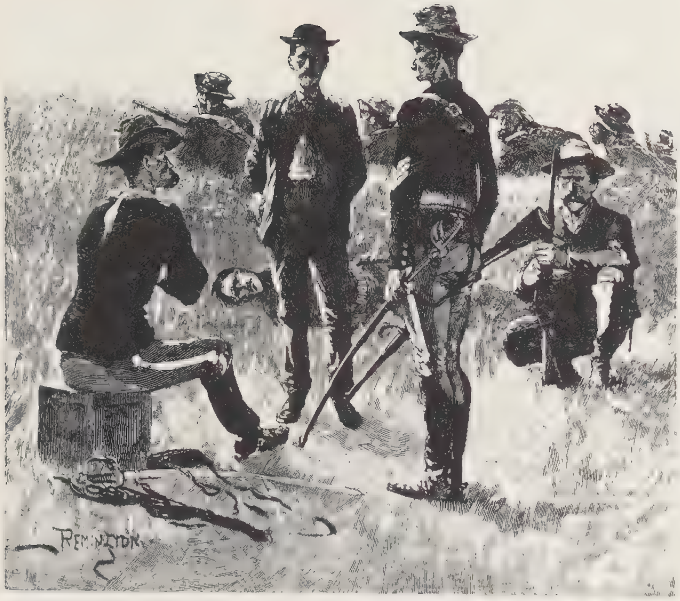
*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harold McCracken*

General George Crook in Indian country



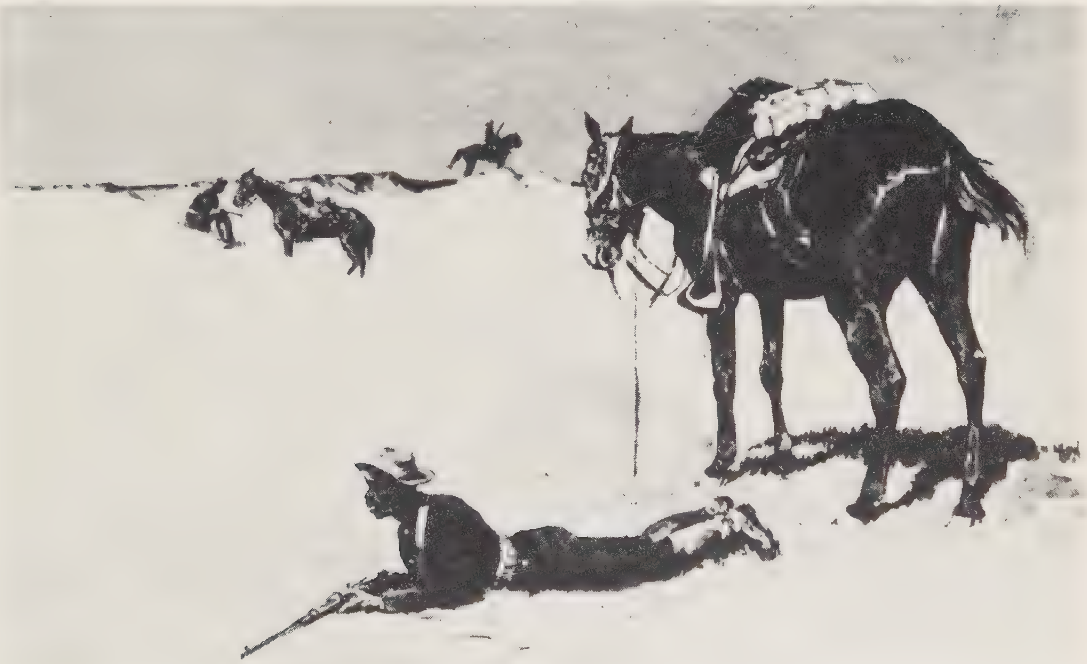
*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harold McCracken*

An old-time mountain man



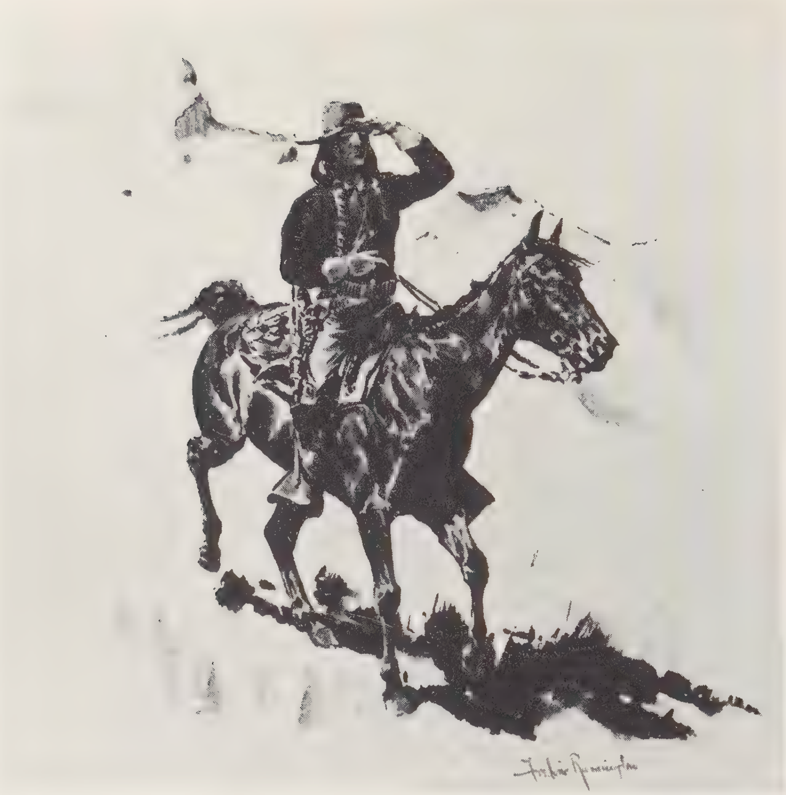
Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly

"I Am Ready—I Will Go"



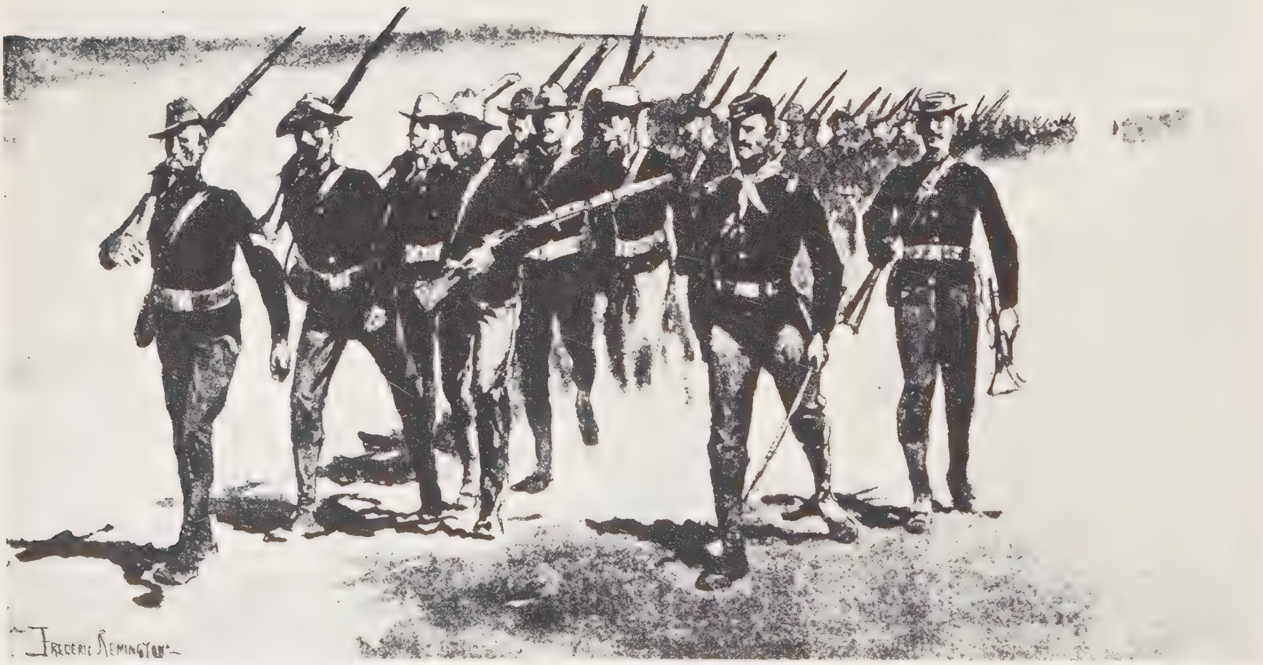
Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harold McCracken

A trooper of the Tenth Horse



The scout

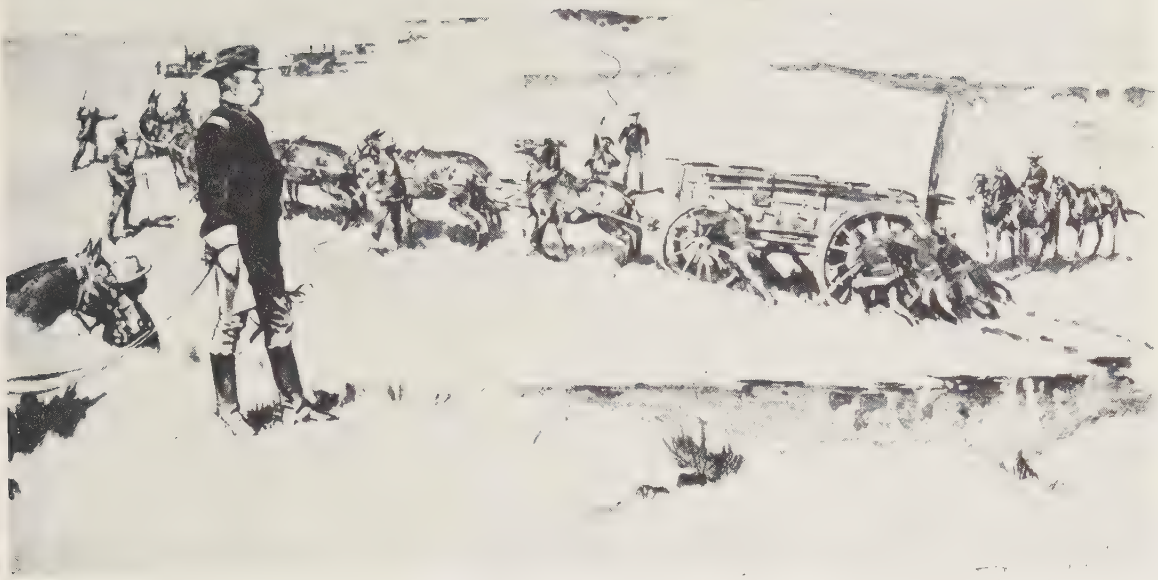
*From a painting by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harold McCracken*



Frederic Remington

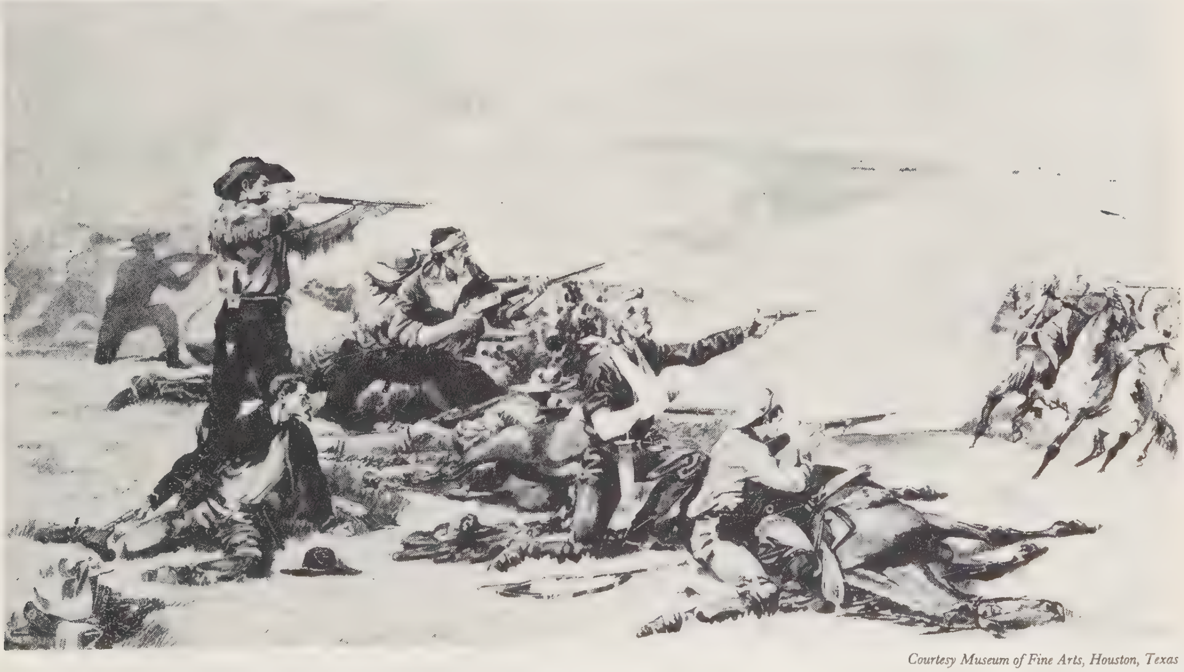
*Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly*

Infantry on the march on the western plains



Drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harold McCracken

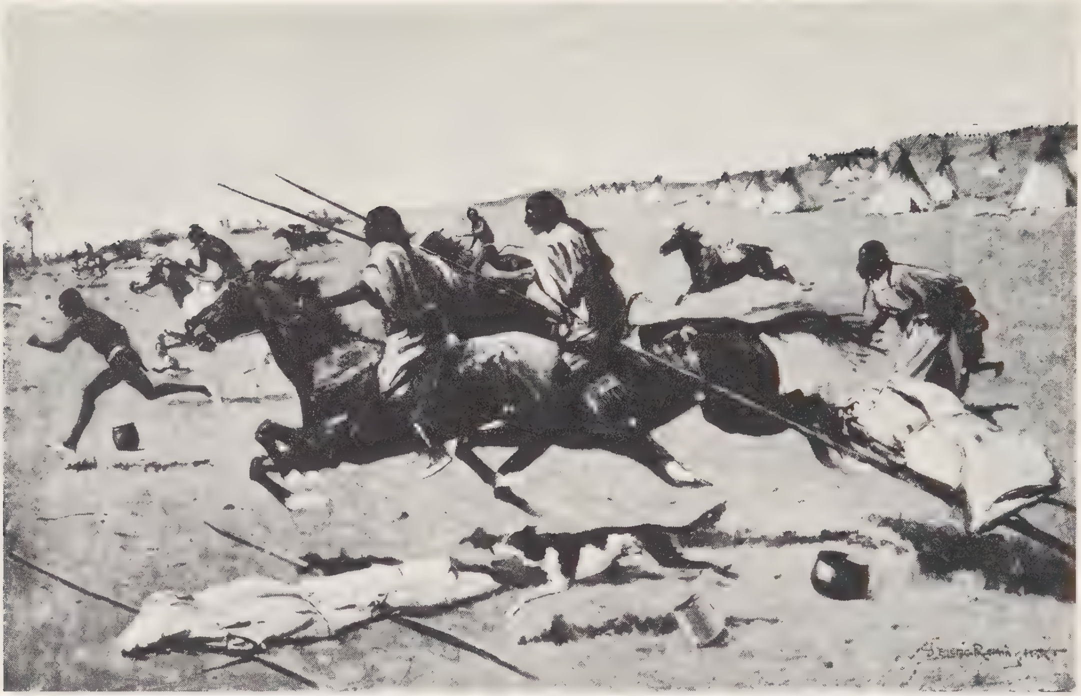
"A 'Government Six' Mired Down"



Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Texas

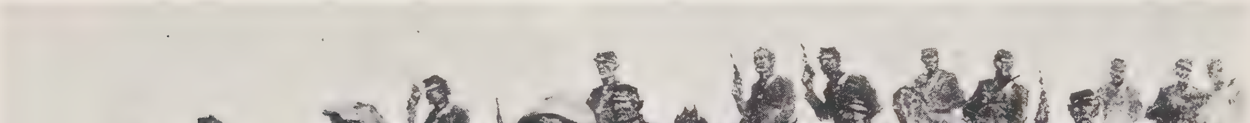
The battle of the Little Big Horn
—Custer's Last Stand against the Sioux under Sitting Bull

Water color (in color) by Frederic Remington from the Hogg Brothers collection of works by Frederic Remington



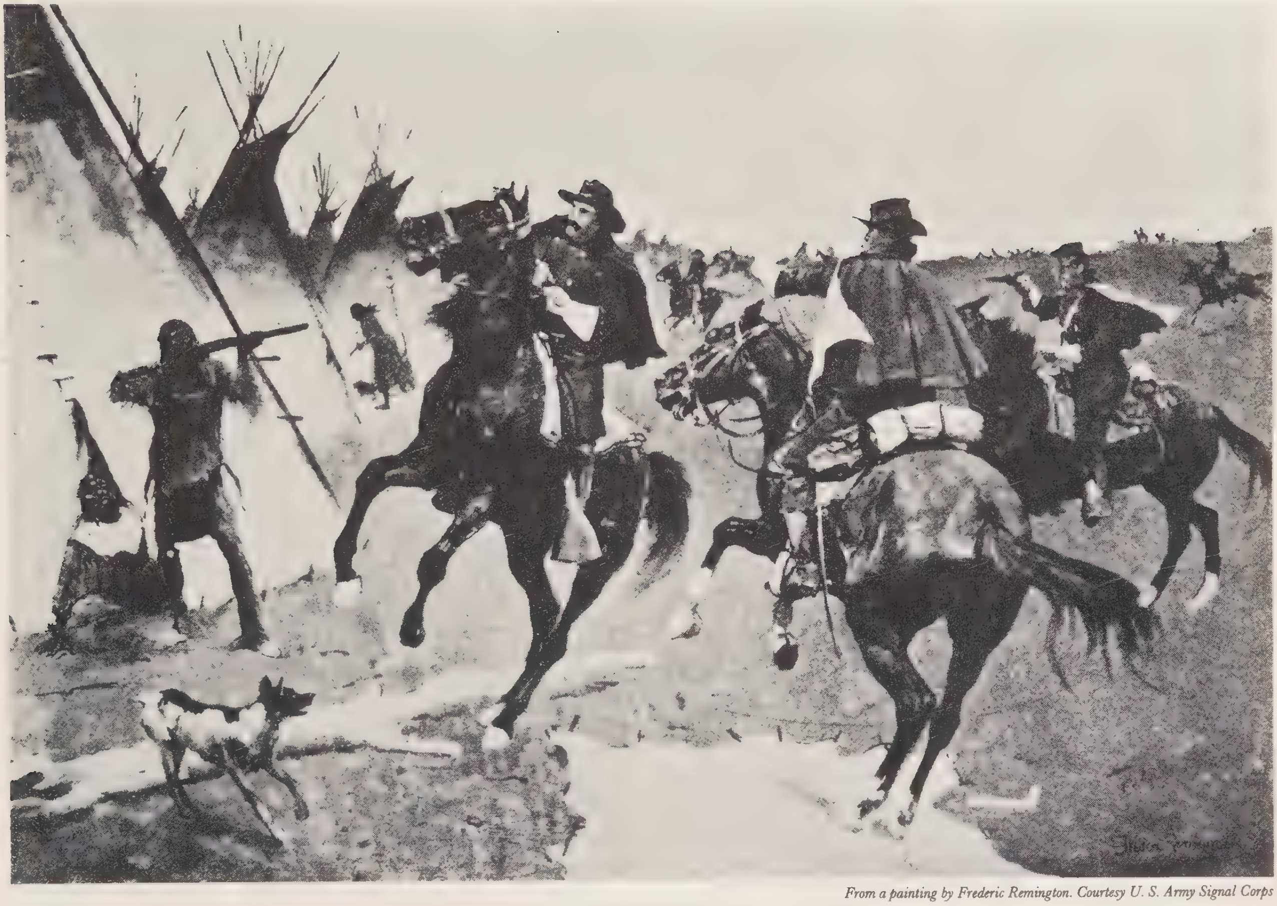
From a painting by Frederic Remington, Hogg Brothers Collection. Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Texas

The flight of Geronimo



From an oil on canvas by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Remington Art Memorial, Ogdensburg, New York

Cavalry charge on the southern plains



*From a painting by Frederic Remington. Courtesy U. S. Army Signal Corps*

The Lame Deer Fight, May 6, 1877

# 9

# Cuban Interlude

## *The War with Spain*

### 1898

"I am deeply sorry, Mr. President," Grover Cleveland is supposed to have said to William McKinley following the latter's inauguration, "to pass on to you a war with Spain. It will come within two years. Nothing can stop it."

Spain had been trying for years to quell a Cuban revolt that intermittently burst into violence. American public resentment, incited by newspapers alleging Spanish atrocities committed against Cubans, reached the point of wild talk of military intervention. That the United States was unprepared to fight a prolonged war never entered the minds of editors and politicians bent on involving the country in one. Despite unpreparedness, the newspapers, a few irresponsible individuals, and ex-Civil War officers who wanted a bit more of military glory, kept up the clamor.

Spain, no better prepared for war, boasted a navy of overage, leaky, thin-skinned warships and an army untrained and ill-equipped for anything except Old-World-style parades.

To arouse excitement for war, headlines continued to scream brazenly about Spanish "outrages" and "atrocities." Newspapers, particularly those of W. R. Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer, engaged in a reckless contest to see which could smear the blackest ink on the most bloodcurdling headline. Newspaper and public pressure on Congress, and the mysterious destruction of the battleship *Maine* in Havana Harbor on February 15, 1898, speedily settled the matter. War came in April.

With the outbreak of the war, William Glackens, assigned by *McClure's Magazine* under contract to make a portfolio of drawings of military operations, left for Tampa, Florida, muster-ground of the American army. Tampa, ordinarily a little seaport town, became overnight a warlike but decidedly unmilitary community. For several weeks contingents of the regular army and new volunteers had been pouring into the little town, swelling it beyond capacity. The huge and resplendent Tampa Bay Hotel became a rendezvous for hordes of hangers-on, foreign officials, adventurers, sightseers, and politicians.

Army conditions at Tampa were frightful. There were insufficient tents and little or no transportation. Tampa itself was badly situated for the accommodation of large bodies of troops. One single-track railroad connected the city with the camp nine miles away. Hundreds of freight cars, loaded with war supplies but unmarked as to contents, jammed the track. Bills of lading were lost. Officers, with no way of knowing what the cars contained, were obliged to break door seals and hunt from car to car for supplies for their men. One fifteen-car freight train, loaded with uniforms and shunted onto a siding 25 miles from Tampa, remained there for three weeks while officers and soldiers suffered for want of clothing. Officers hunted their commands; commands searched for their officers and supplies. Teamsters hunted for mules and harness. Cavalrymen did not know whether or not they had mounts and saddles.

To further confuse the situation, Major General William R. Shafter and Major General James F. Wade arrived, each under the impression he was to take command. Wade appeared to be Shafter's superior by a three-day priority in date of commission. Then Fitzhugh Lee, former Confederate Army officer, arrived, also in the uniform with a major general's stars. Embarrassed by this state of affairs the three generals retired to their respective hotel rooms and awaited clarification. The matter was finally settled by War Department orders which gave the command to Shafter.

Meanwhile the war had begun. Commodore George Dewey and the American fleet had left Hong Kong for the Philippines. On May Day, Dewey appeared at Manila Bay and destroyed the Spanish fleet in the bay to the last ship without loss to the Americans of a single man. Admiral William T. Sampson and Admiral Winfield S. Schley, with the remainder of the American fleet, were roaming the Caribbean, hunting the second Spanish fleet under Admiral Pascual Cervera y Topete, which, it was feared, would shell New York and other Atlantic seaboard cities. Cervera, surprisingly, brought his fleet into the harbor at Santiago de Cuba, where he was immediately bottled up. Sampson, on June 7, wired the Navy Department:

"Bombarded the forts at Santiago 7:30 A.M. to 10 A.M. today June 5. Have silenced works quickly without injury of any kind though stationary within 2,000 yards. If 10,000 were here, city and fleet would be ours within 48 hours. Every consideration demands immediate army movement. If delayed, city will be defended more strongly by guns taken from fleet."

Sampson, bringing his ships under the guns of the Santiago forts, observed the Spanish fleet riding at anchor. Investing the city meant that troops for the operation had to be sent from Tampa without delay. The effort promised much. The grand strategy—simple. Dewey controlled the Pacific. Sampson and Schley had Cervera's fleet bottled up in Santiago Harbor. The final trick now was to catch the Spanish army and navy at Santiago between the land and naval forces of the United States.

At this juncture the embarkation operation at Tampa was maddening. Many steamers were not fitted out for troop transportation service. Thousands of tons of military supplies congested the area and the wharves. Men, mules, army baggage became hopelessly entangled. Divisions and brigades, equally confused, waited for orders. Soon the Rough Riders arrived from Texas. Their officers, Colonel Leonard Wood and Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, after one look at the state of affairs, commandeered a train, loaded their regiment on board, arrived at the port, and seized the transport *Yucatan,* defying all and sundry to do anything about it.

At last, men and supplies were loaded aboard the transports and the trip to Cuba got under way. The tropical heat was unbearable. Men and animals alike, crowded in stuffy transports, suffered terribly. On board the transport carrying General Shafter went William Glackens—and probably Stephen Crane—and many other artists and correspondents.

Correspondents were not permitted to go ashore at Daiquiri, however, until the army had taken the blockhouses on the hills surrounding the landing place. Frederic Remington's account of the campaign and of his activities is as lively and spirited as Glackens' drawings.

"I sat on a hill," he wrote, "and down in the road below saw the long line of troops pressing up the valley toward Siboney. When our troops got on the beach, each soldier adjusted his roll, shouldered his rifle and started for Santiago, apparently by individual intuition. . . . I think our army would never have stopped until it cracked into the doomed city in column formation, if Shafter had not discovered this unlooked-for enterprise and sent his personal aide on a fast horse with positive orders to halt until the 'cracker line' could be fixed up behind them. . . .

"Sure enough, the road was jammed with troops; up El Paso Hill went the horses of Grimes' battery under whip and spur . . . and along the road stood the Rough Riders—Roosevelt's now, for Wood was a brigadier. Grimes fired a few shells toward Santiago, and directly came a screaming shrapnel from the Spanish lines. It burst over the Rough Riders, and the manoeuvre picture on the hill underwent a lively change. It was thoroughly evident the Spaniards had the range of everything in the country. For myself, I fled, dragging my horse up the hill. Some as gallant soldiers, and as daring correspondents as it is my pleasure to know, did their legs proud there. The tall form of Major John Jacob Astor moved in my front in jack-rabbit bounds. Directly came the warning scream of number 2, and we dropped and hugged the ground like starved fish. Bang! right over us it exploded. The next shell went into the battery, killing and doing damage. Following shells were going into the troops down in the road. . . .

"The column of troops was working it way into battle-line. I could hear noises such as you can make if you strike quickly with a small walking-stick at a very few green leaves. Some of them were very near and others more faint. They were the Mausers, and out in front through the jungle I could hear what sounded like Fourth of July morning. It struck me as new, strange, almost uncanny, because I wanted the roar of battle.

"Then came the light as I passed out of the jungle, and forded San Juan River. The clicking in the leaves continued, and the fire-crackers rattled out in front.

" 'Get down, old man; you'll catch one,' said an old alkali friend, and I got down sitting there with the officers of the cavalry brigade. Promptly some surgeons came along, saying it was the only safe place, and they began to dig the sand to level it. We, in consequence, moved out into the crackle, and I tied my horse with some others. 'Too bad, old fellow,' I thought; 'I should have you behind. Modern rifle fire is rough on horses. They can't get down. But, you dear old thing, you will have to take your chances.' And I then looked at the preparations for the field hospital. A man came, stooping over with his arms drawn up and hands flapping downward at the wrists—that's the way with all people when they are shot through the body.

"Then the oncoming troops poured through the hole in the jungle which led to San Juan Hill. As the troops came pouring across the ford they stooped as low as they anatomically could, and their faces were wild with excitement. The older officers stood up as straight as on parade. They must have done it through pride, or they may have known that it is better to be 'drilled clean' than to have a long-ranging wound. It was probably both. . . .

"The fire was now incessant. The horses lay down, one after another, as the Mausers found their billets. I tried to take mine to a place of safety, but a sharpshooter potted at me and I gave up. There was no place of safety.

"Now men came walking or were carried into the temporary hospital in a string. One boy was brought in by two tough, hairy old soldiers, his head hanging down behind. His shirt was off, and a big red spot shone brilliantly against his marble skin. They laid him tenderly down, and the surgeons stooped over him. The doctor folded his arms across his breast and turned to a man who held a wounded foot up to him, dumbly imploring aid as a dog might.

"I went down the creek, keeping under the bank and then out into the 'scrub,' hunting for our line. The bullets cut and clicked around, and a sharpshooter nearly did me. I ran quickly across a space. 'Wheet!' came a Mauser, and it was right next to my ear, and two more. I dropped in the tall guinea-grass, and crawled to some soldiers, hidden under a mango tree. I think that episode cost me my sketchbook. I believe I lost it during that crawl, and the Spaniard shot so well I wouldn't trust him again.

"From the vantage of a little bank under a big tree I had my first glimpse of San Juan Hill—and the bullets whistled about. Our men out in front were firing. I had no idea that they were to assault that hill. I did not understand how our men could stay out there under the grueling fire. Directly I heard our line yelling and even then did not suppose it was an assault. Then the Mausers came in continuous whistle.

"I crawled along to a new place and finally got sight of the fort, and I could just see our blue soldiers on the hilltop—and I also noticed that the Mauser bullets rained no more. Then I started after.

"The country was alive with wounded men—some to die in the dreary jungle, some to get their happy home-draft, but all to be miserable. Only a handful of men got to the top, where they broke out a flag and cheered. 'Cheer' is the word for that sound. You have got to hear it once where it means so much, and ever after you will thrill when Americans make that noise.

"San Juan was taken by infantry and dismounted cavalry of the United States regular army without the aid of artillery. It was a most glorious feat of arms, considering every condition. It was done without grub, without reserves of either ammunition or men, and under tropical conditions. It was a storm of intrenched heights, held by veteran troops armed with modern guns, supported by artillery, and no other troops on the earth would have even thought that they could take San Juan heights let alone doing it."

The morning of July 17, 1898, broke warm and clear. Mounted orderlies rode along the lines at Santiago carrying an important message. General Orders No. 37:

"The Commanding General's compliments and the division and brigade commanders accompanied by their staffs are to assemble at corps headquarters to witness the surrender of the Spanish forces."

Orders had gone out to the men that there was to be no cheering. Soon generals, staff officers, and orderlies had assembled, some 200 in the procession, General William R. Shafter and Major General Joseph Wheeler in the forefront.

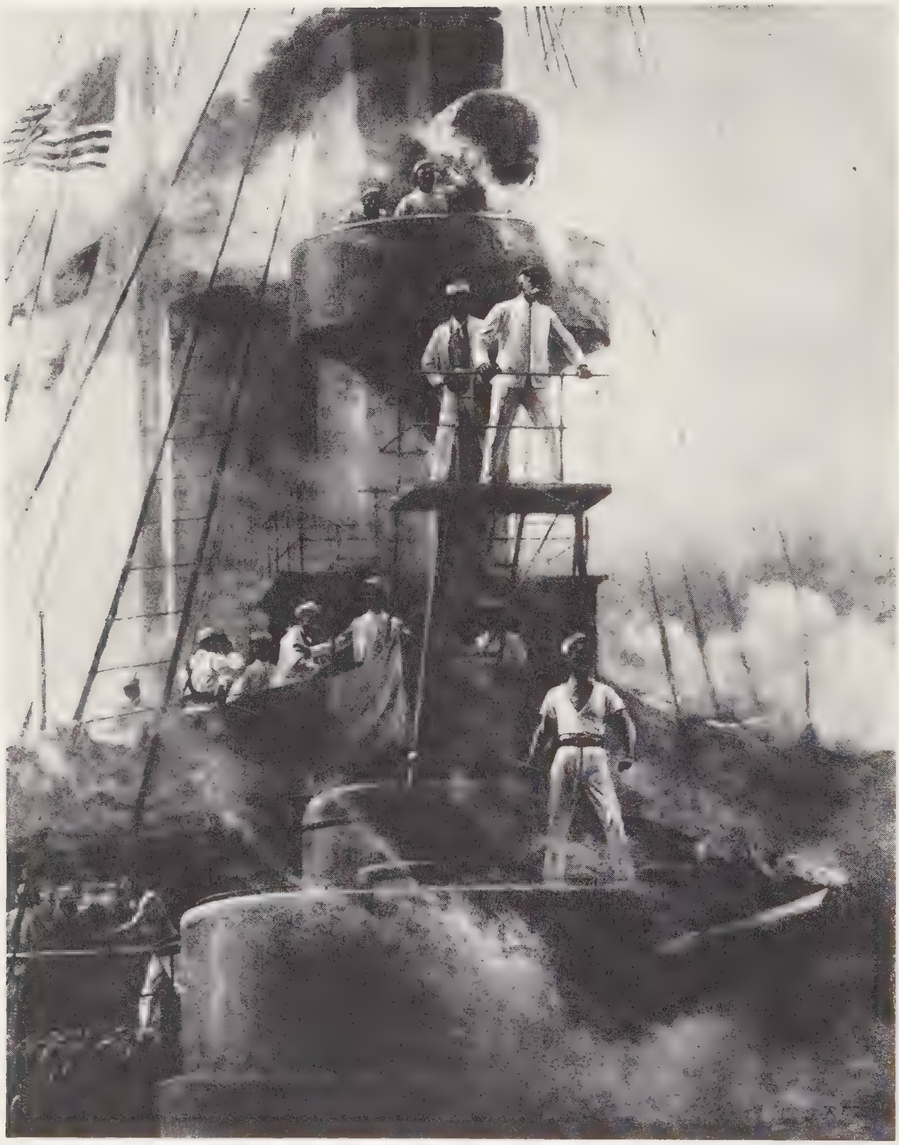
Midway between the lines the procession paused. In striking contrast to the plain blue campaign uniforms worn by Shafter and Wheeler, General Toral was dressed in a smart blue linen uniform, gaily decorated with a profusion of gold braid and medals. The atmosphere was friendly, smiles everywhere. The defeated Spaniards wore bright looks and seemed in a lighter mood than the American officers. Intense interest and curiosity were shown on both sides, for this was the first time the opposing forces had been afforded a good look at each other.

"General Toral rode forward and smilingly saluted General Shafter, who stretched forth his hand and heartily shook that of the Spanish general. He congratulated General Toral upon the bravery of his men and of their gallant defense of Santiago, and expressed satisfaction that the campaign had closed. . . . There was no giving up of General Toral's sword, as it had been previously arranged that the Spanish officers should retain their side arms."

Following formalities in the field, the procession of American officers, now accompanied by two troops of United States cavalry, and the 9th United States Infantry, moved to the plaza in front of the palace. After a short welcome in the audience hall, the procession moved out into the plaza for the flag-raising ceremony. The troops lined up, two officers stood on the roof with the flag. The band made ready. Precisely at the stroke of noon by the cathedral clock, Captain William McKittrick hauled the flag to the top of the flag pole, while the band below played "The Star Spangled Banner." All the officers uncovered, the troops presented arms, and Santiago came into American hands.

After the surrender of Santiago, Spanish resistance collapsed. The conquest was easy. Stephen Crane, a newspaper correspondent, captured one town all by himself. He walked in, received the surrender, and then waited for the army to catch up with him. General Brooke had his detachment drawn up ready to attack Guayama on August 9, when he received a message from the president announcing that peace had been declared. The disappointed general, after reading the message, said "But three minutes and we should have fired." Now it was up to the occupation forces. The war was over.

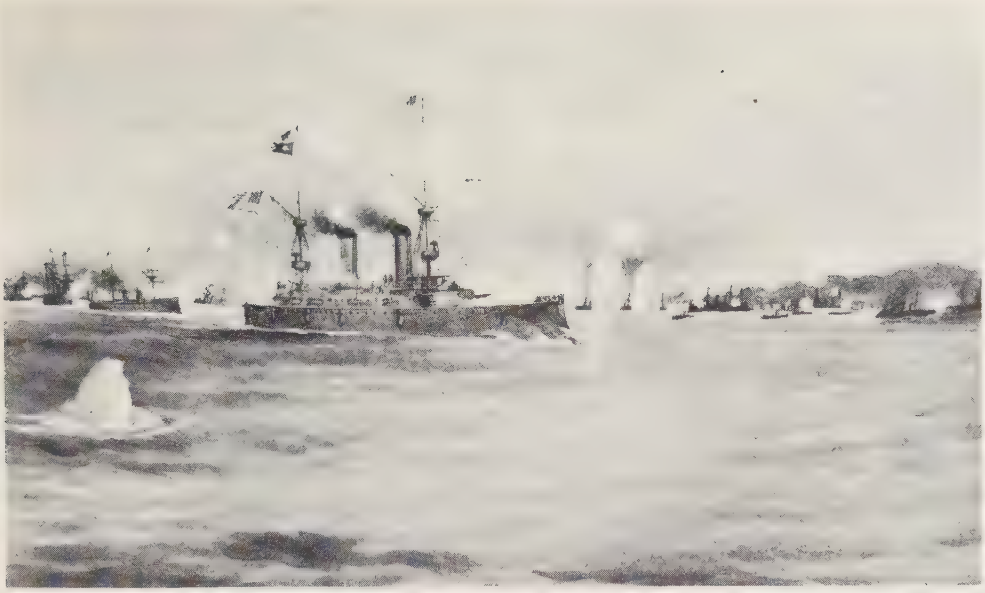
Not long afterward, Glackens contracted a tropical sickness and became very ill. His drawings, arriving at *McClure's* too late to be of topical interest, were not seen publicly for almost thirty years. Nor did Glackens use them for transcription to oils. But as works of military art, his drawings take their rightful place among those of Redwood, Remington, and Homer.



*From a painting by R. F. Zogbaum. Courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Museum, Annapolis*

Admiral Dewey on the navigating bridge
of the flagship U.S.S. *Olympia* at the battle of Manila

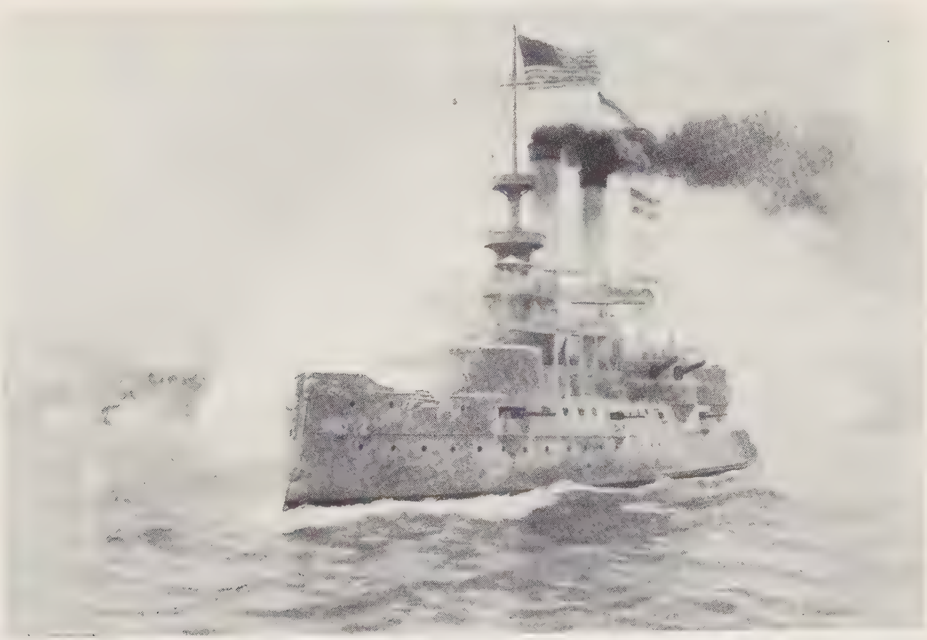
The *Olympia's* magazines almost out of ammunition, Admiral Dewey, as the fog of battle smoke cleared, saw that the Spanish fleet was out of action. The victory was complete.



*From a painting by the Chinese artist, Pun Woo, Hong Kong. Courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Museum, Annapolis*

The battle of Manila Bay, May 1, 1898

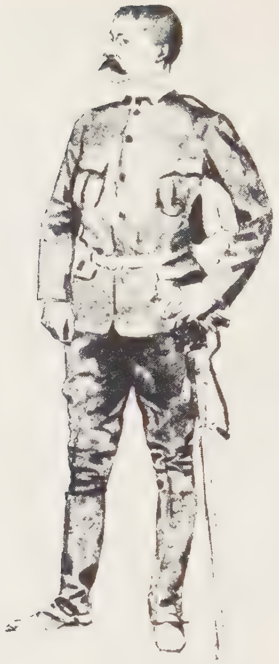
The decisiveness of this naval engagement has no precedent in naval history. In a little over thirty minutes, the United States Pacific Fleet under Admiral George Dewey, attacked the Spanish fleet and sank every ship without the loss of a single American seaman.



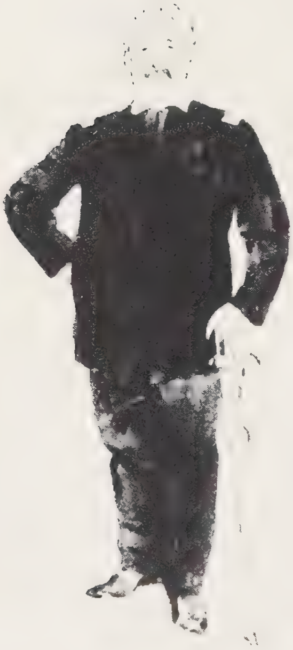
*From a painting by R. F. Zogbaum. Courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Museum, Annapolis*

The battle of Santiago de Cuba, July 3, 1898

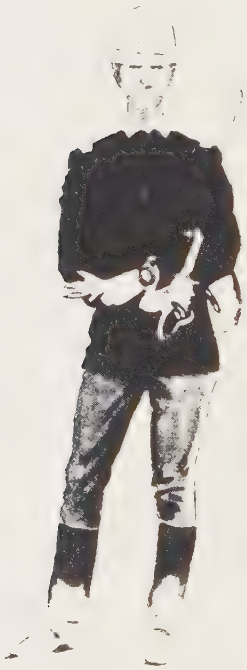
In this battle the Spanish fleet, under Admiral Pascual Cervera y Topete, anchored in the harbor, was blockaded by the United States fleet under Admiral Sampson. Cervera made a desperate attempt to run the blockade and was completely destroyed by ships commanded by W. S. Schley, who carried out Sampson's plans.



Brigadier General William Ludlow,
U. S. Volunteers, chief of engineer forces
in the field

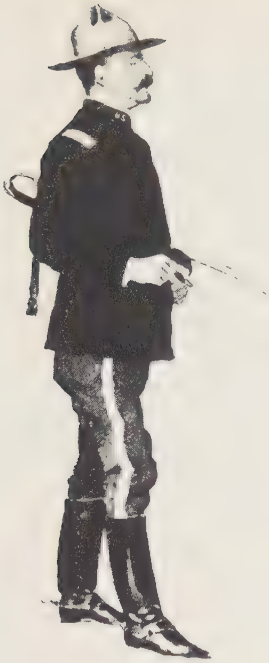


Major General William R. Shafter,
commanding 5th Army Corps, Tampa, Fla.

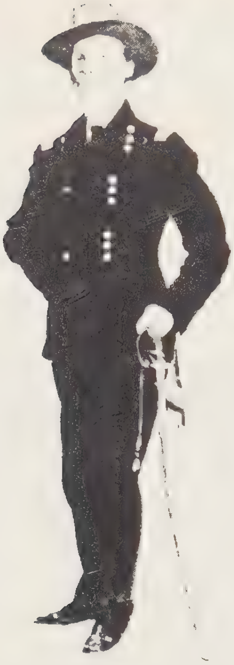


Brigadier General Guy U. Henry, U. S.
Volunteers, commanding 1st Brigade,
5th Corps, Tampa, Fla.

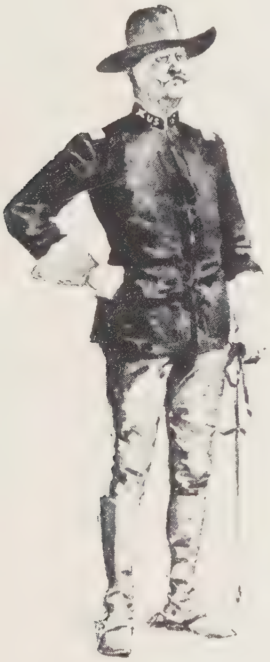
*Pictures on pages 212 and 213 drawn by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Harper's Weekly*



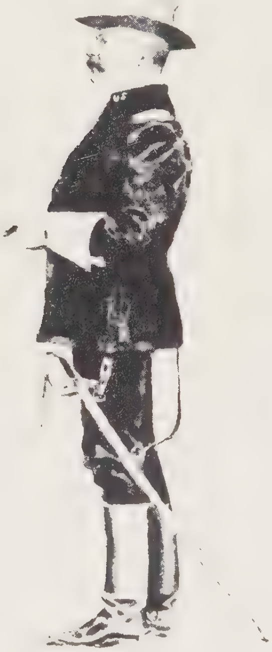
Brigadier General Adna R. Chaffee,
U. S. Volunteers, commanding 2nd Division,
5th Corps



Major General Joseph Wheeler,
U. S. Volunteers, commanding
Cavalry Division, Tampa



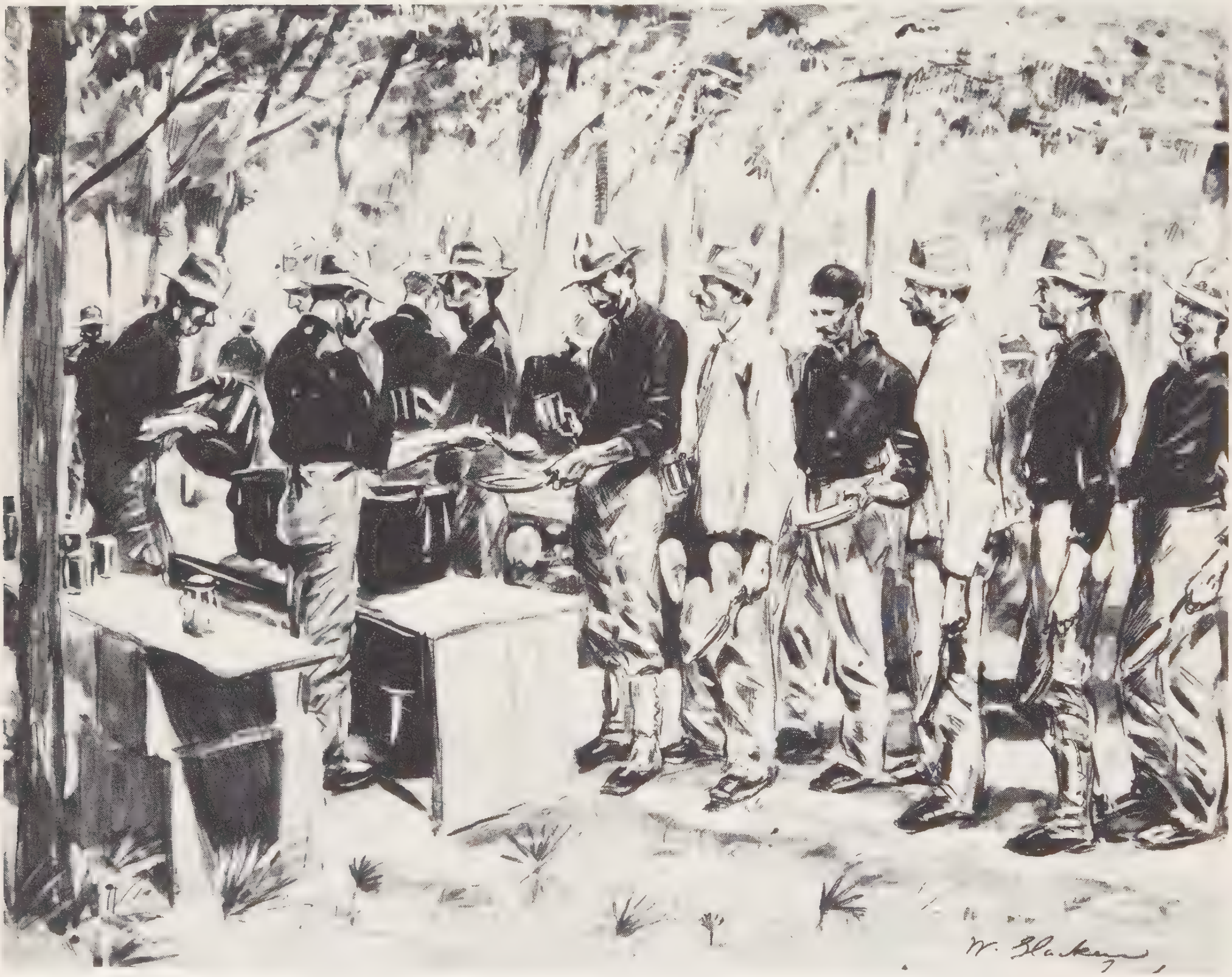
Lieutenant Colonel Wallace F. Randolph,
U. S. A., commanding Field Artillery
Brigade, Port Tampa, Fla.



Major General James F. Wade,
U. S. Volunteers, commanding 3rd Army
Corps, Chickamauga

# *The Battle Sketches of William Glackens*

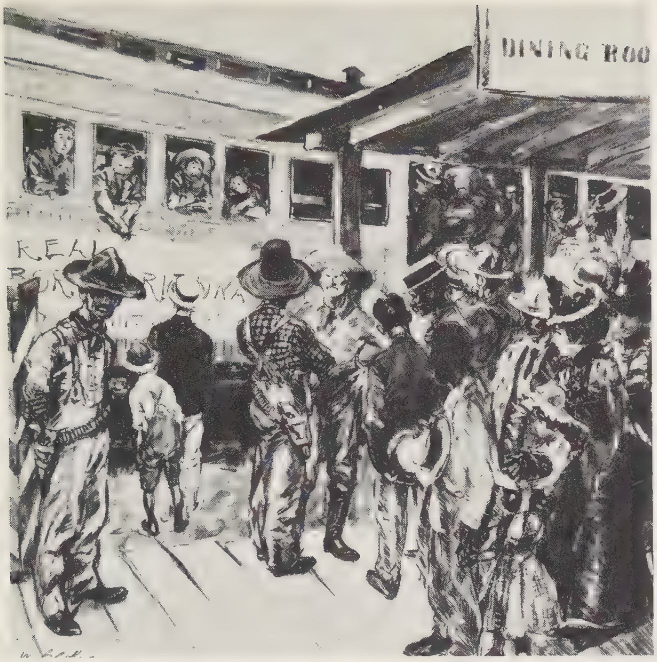
These remarkable sketches, executed on the spot by the artist, generally average 18 x 24 inches in size. The figures are sketched in black and sepia, some in crayon, others in ink, with the "filling in" done in dark blue water color, producing a striking over-all effect.



*From a drawing by William Glackens. Courtesy The Kraushaar Galleries*

Tampa, Florida, 1898

"A midday mess in the 6th Cavalry Regiment. Because of the heat they built for themselves a sort of arbor of branches which afforded protection of a sort from the sun and makes a picturesque mess tent."



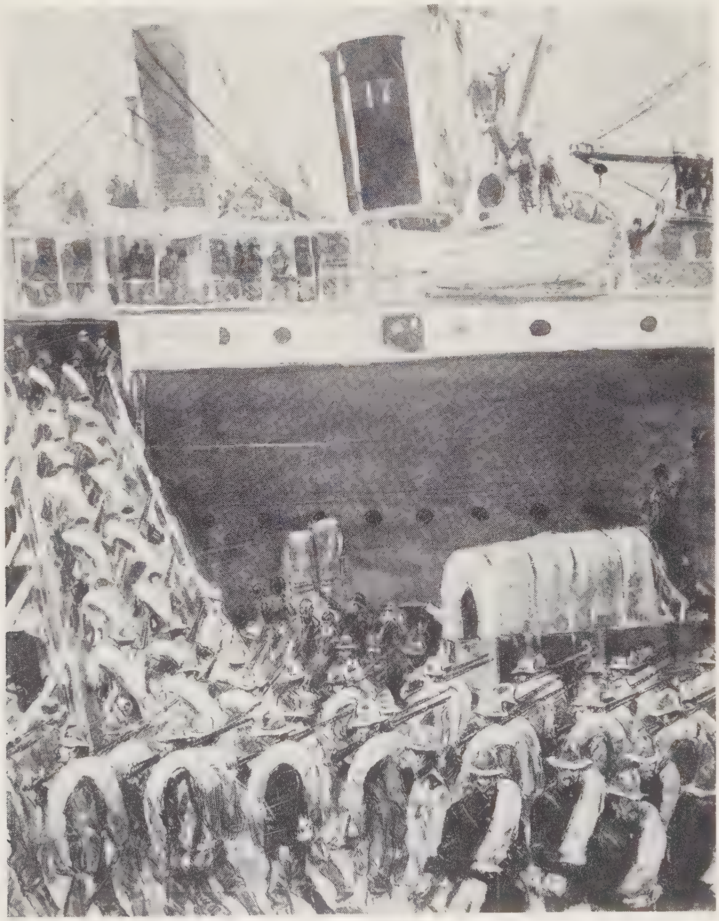
*From a drawing by William Glackens. Courtesy The Kraushaar Galleries*

Arrival of Arizona cowboys,
Sunday evening, 31st

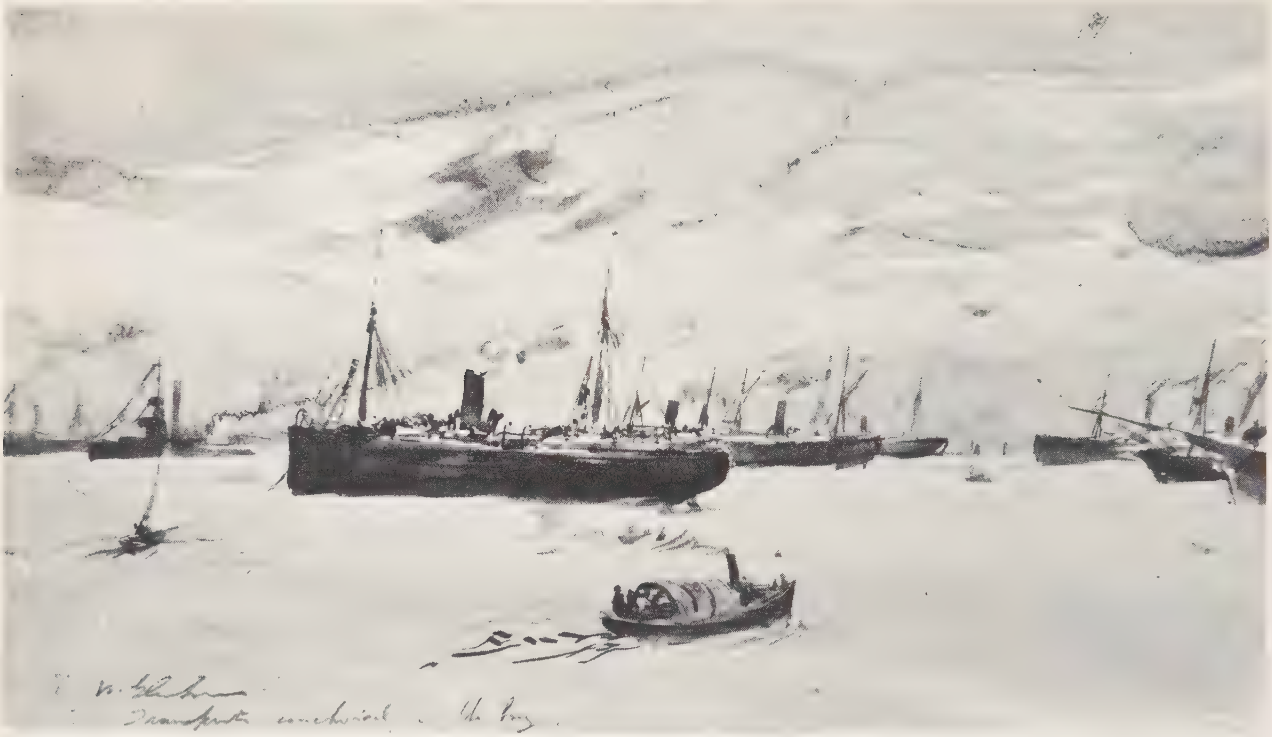
"They will be used as mule packers chiefly and some as scouts."

Tampa, Florida, 1898

Embarkation of United States troops at Tampa, Florida, 1898.

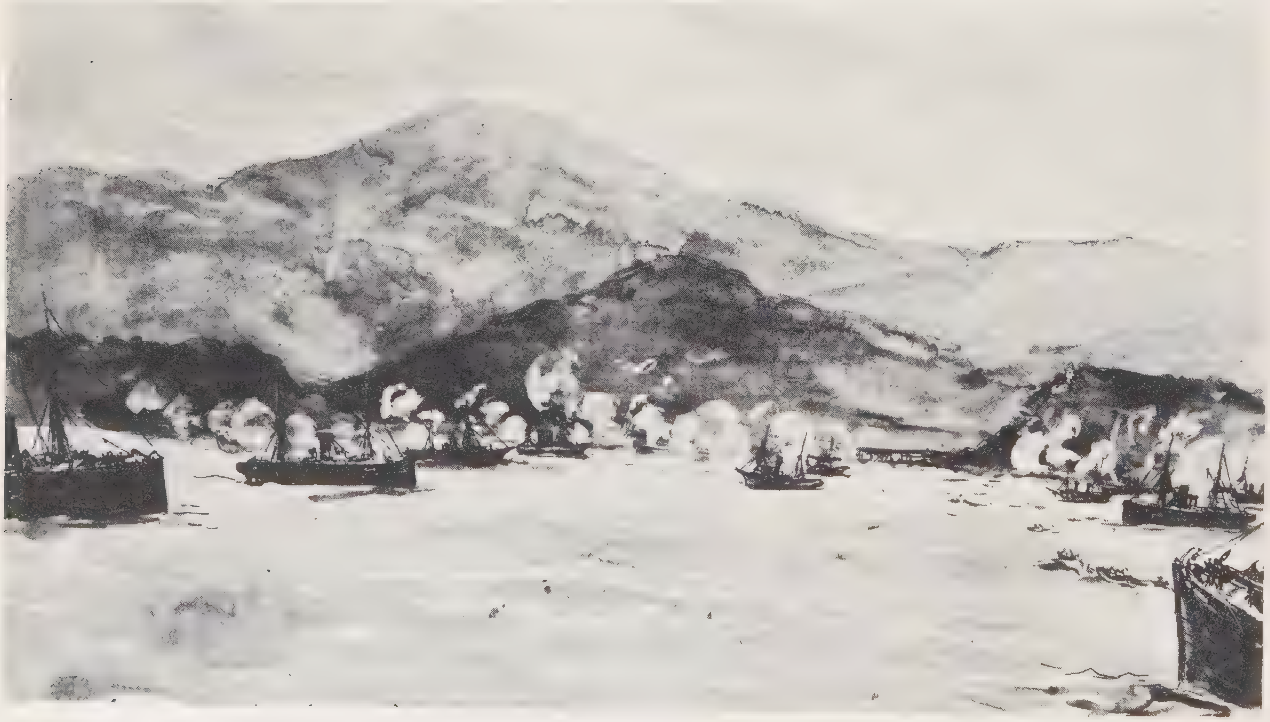


*From a drawing by William Glackens. Courtesy The Kraushaar Galleries*


W. Glackens
Transports anchored in the bay

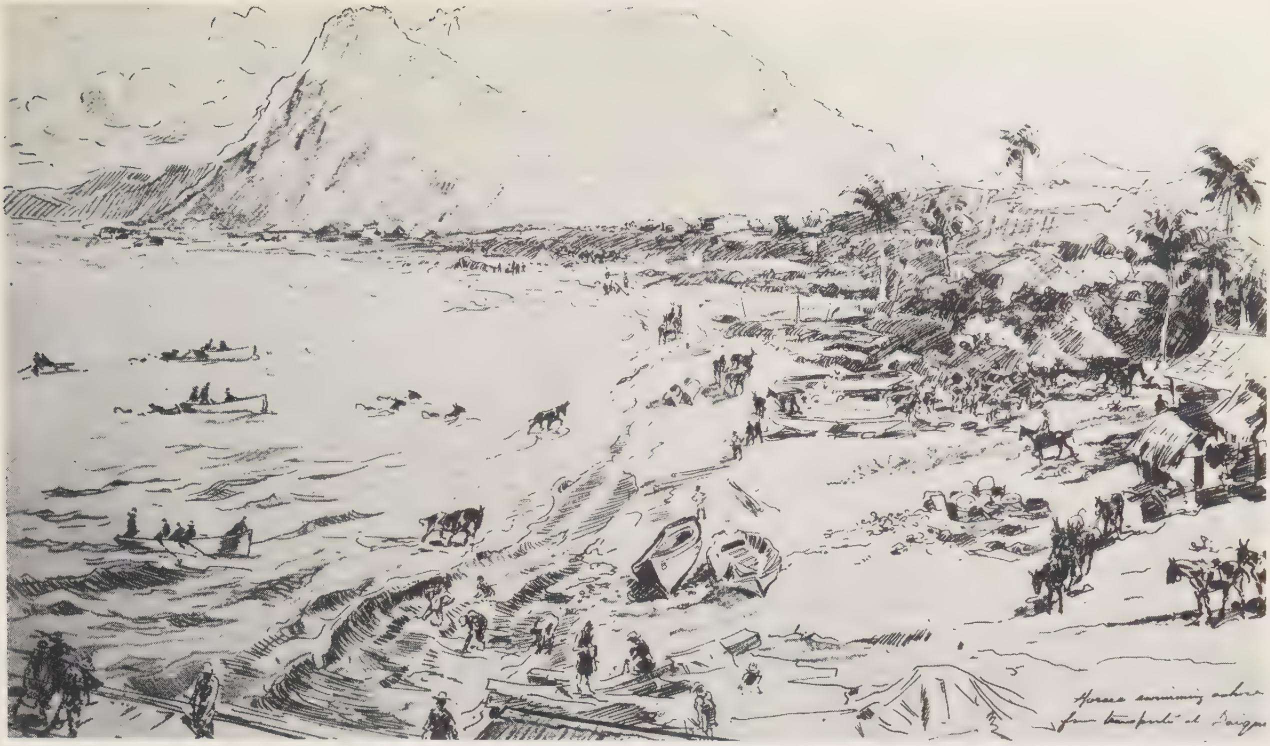
*From a drawing by William Glackens. Courtesy The Kraushaar Galleries*

Transports anchored in the bay, June 10



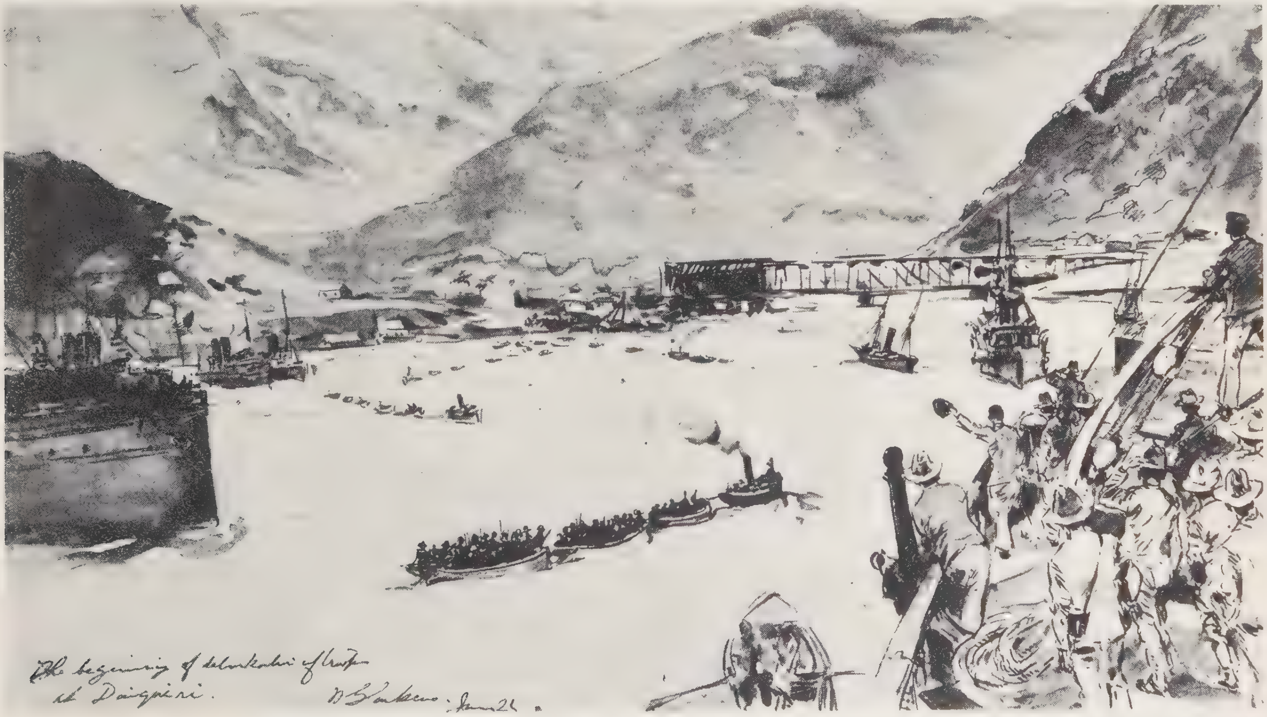
*From a drawing by William Glackens. Courtesy The Kraushaar Galleries*

Shelling the woods before landing the troops at Daiquiri, Cuba, 1898


Horses swimming ashore
from transports at Daiqu

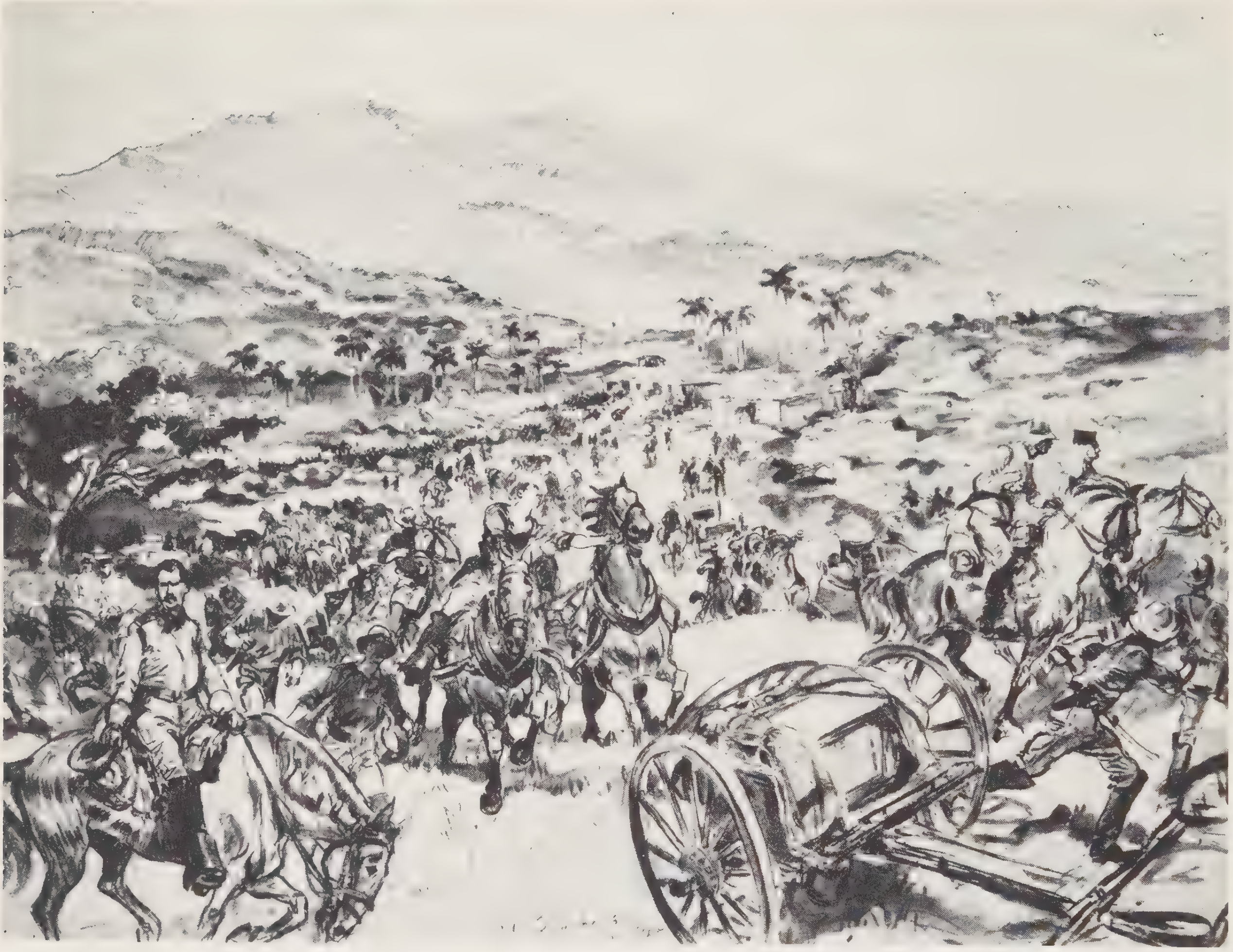
*From a drawing by William Glackens. Courtesy The Kraushaar Galleries*

Horses swimming ashore from the transports at Daiquiri, Cuba, 1898


The beginning of debarkation of troops
at Daiquiri.
W Glackens: June 22

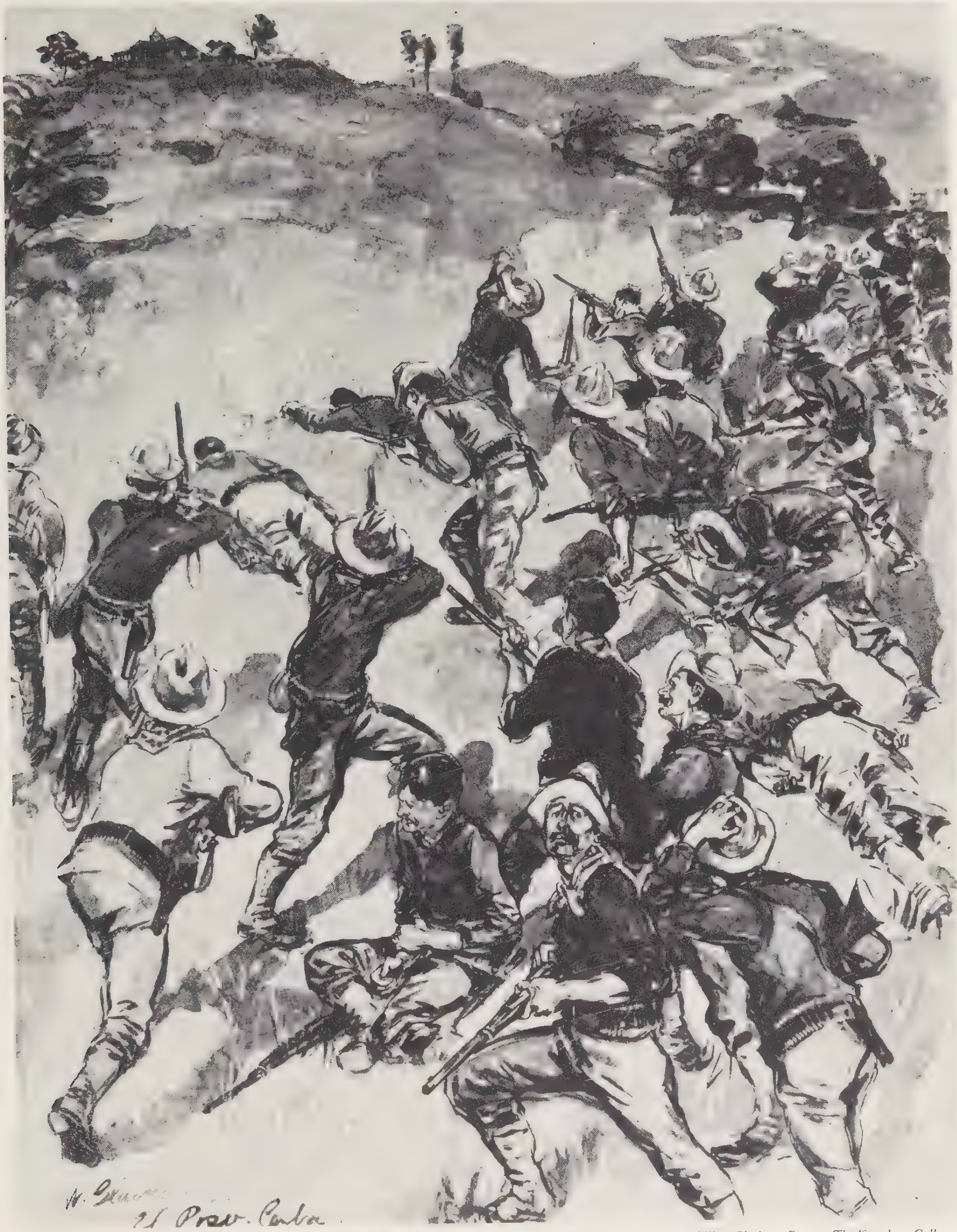
*From a drawing by William Glackens. Courtesy The Kraushaar Galleries*

The beginning of debarkation of troops at Daiquiri, Cuba



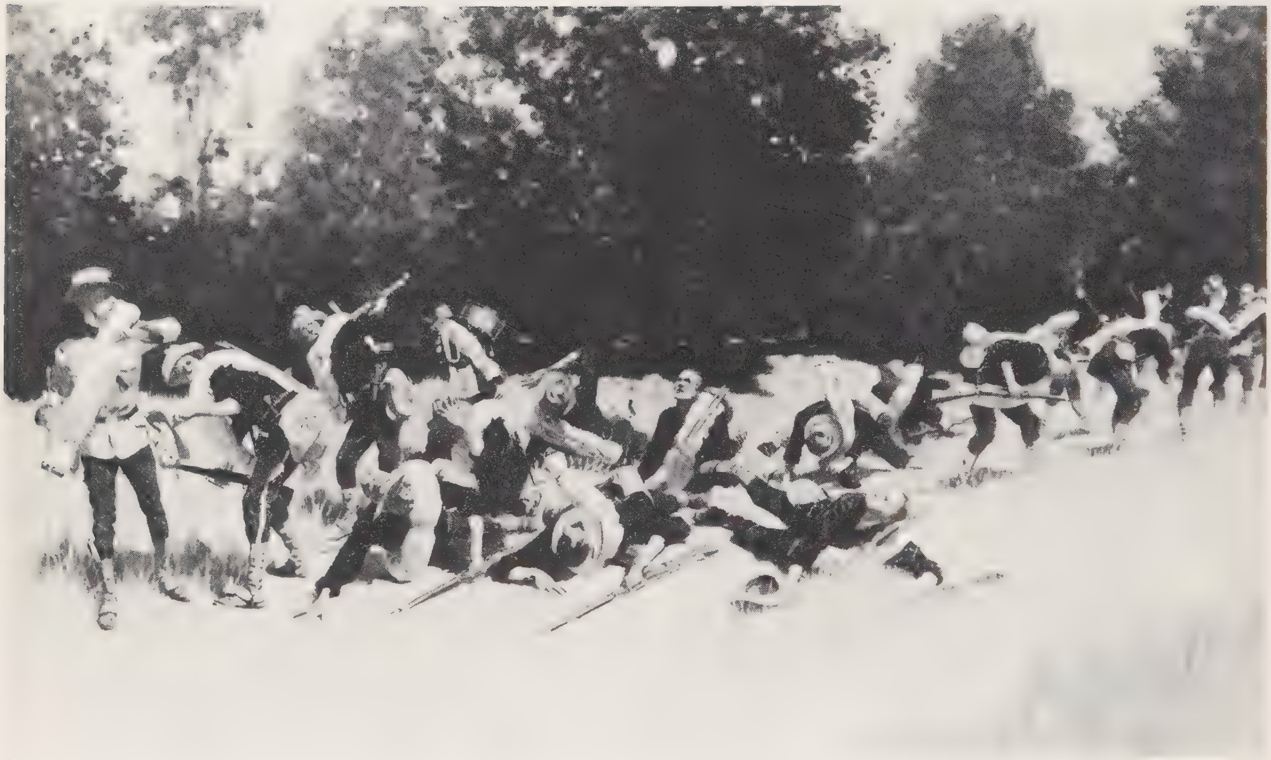
*From a drawing by William Glackens. Courtesy The Kraushaar Galleries*

Just before the engagement, El Pozo, 1898


El Pozo. Cuba

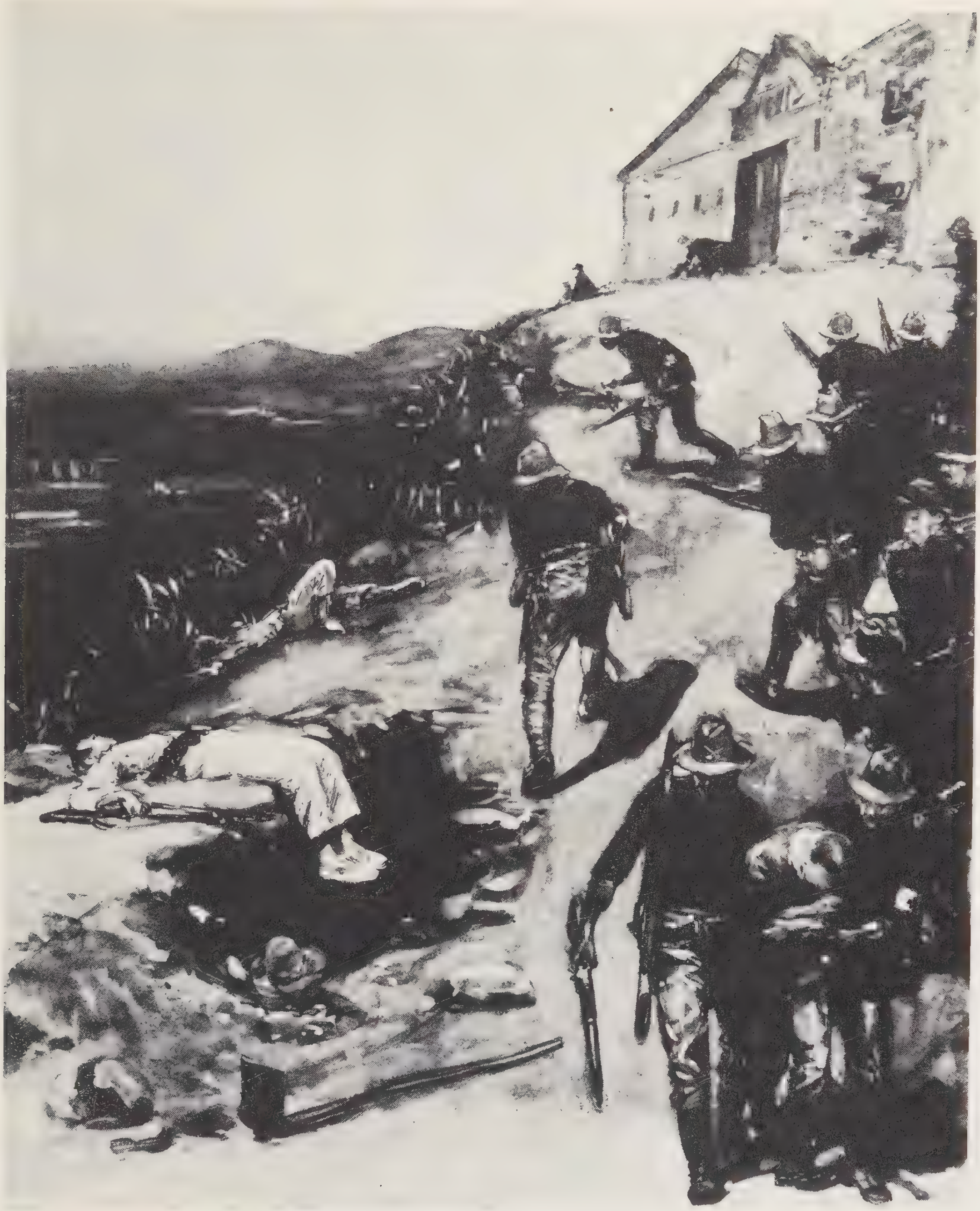
*From a drawing by William Glackens. Courtesy The Kraushaar Galleries*

Battle of El Pozo, Cuba, 1898



*From a painting by Frederic Remington. Courtesy Yale University Art Gallery*

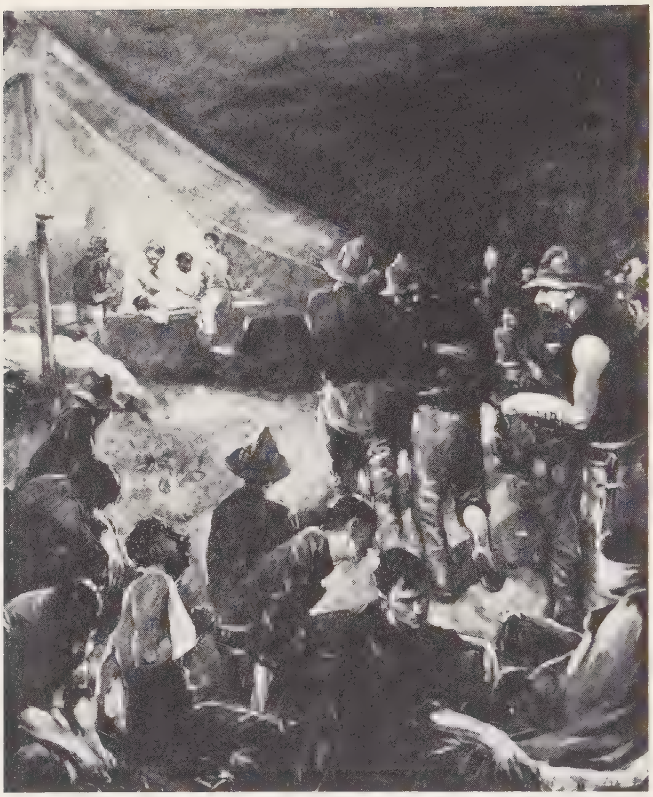
The scream of shrapnel at San Juan Hill, July 1, 1898



*From a drawing by William Glackens. Courtesy The Kraushaar Galleries*

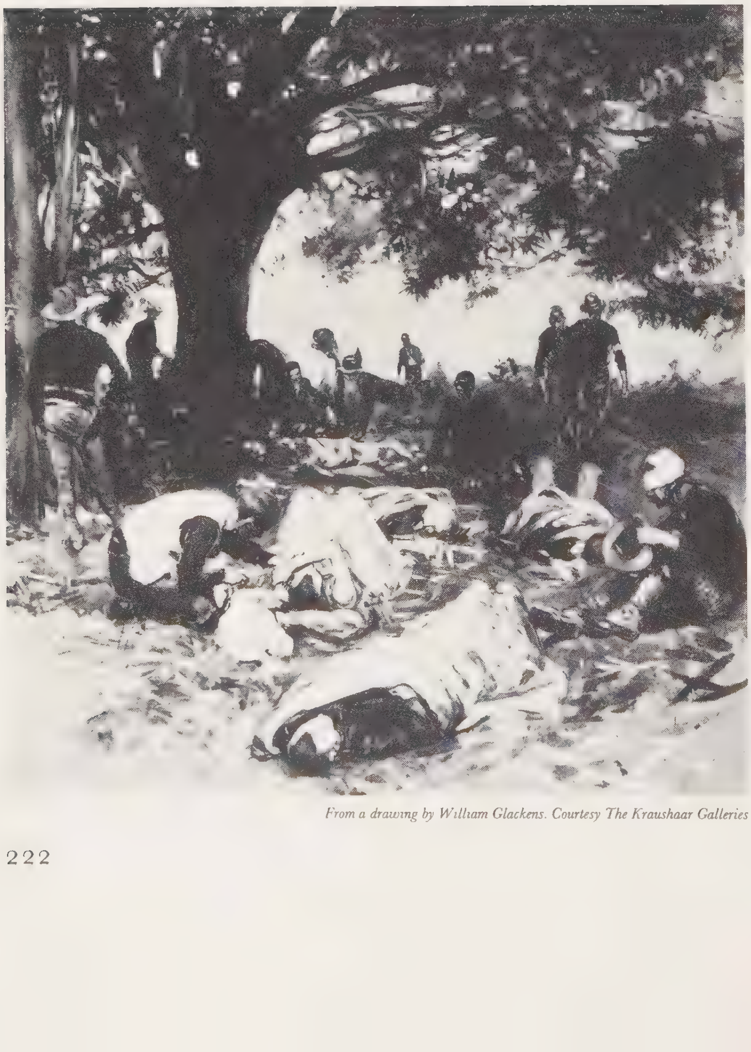
The night after San Juan, Cuba, 1898

Mopping up operations on San Juan Hill immediately after the battle.



*From a drawing by William Glackens. Courtesy The Kraushaar Galleries*

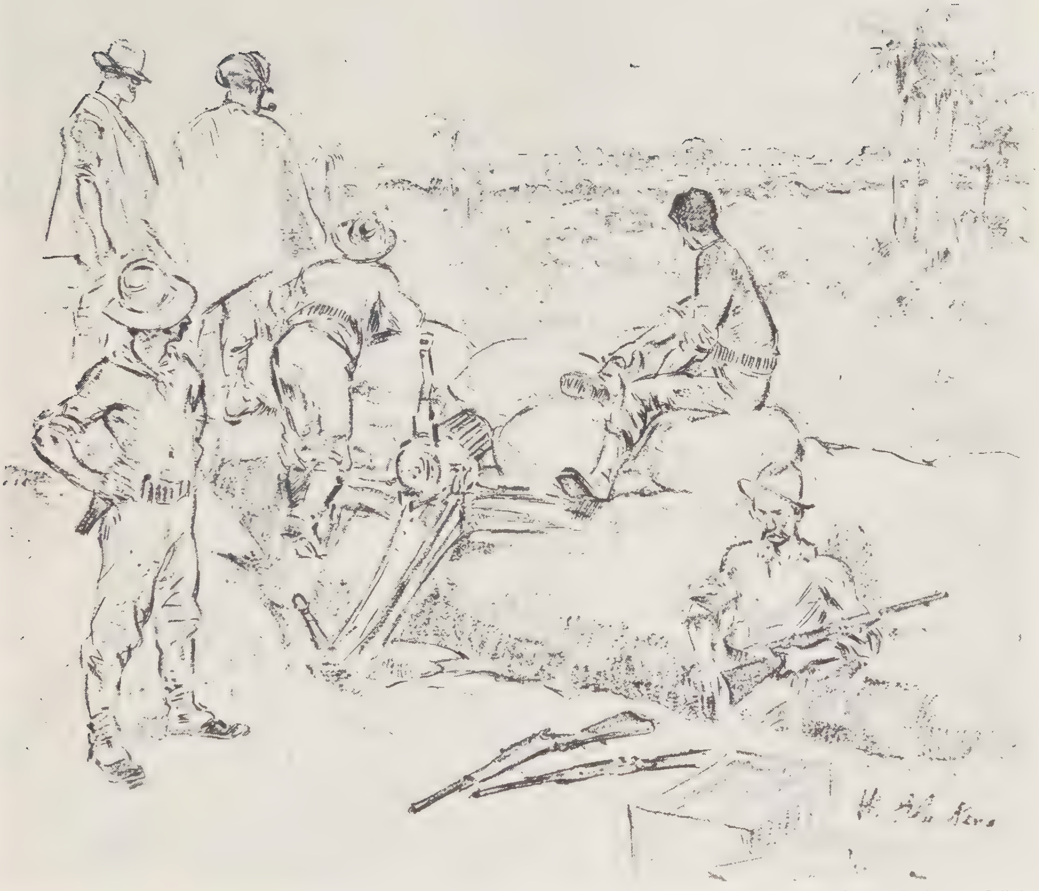
The night after San Juan
—a field hospital



*From a drawing by William Glackens. Courtesy The Kraushaar Galleries*

The night after San Juan
—a field hospital

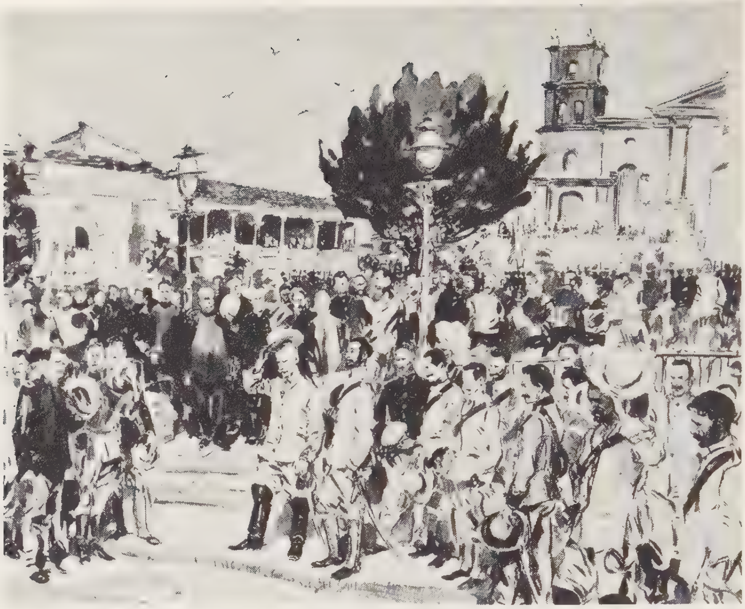
Bringing in the wounded the night after the battle of San Juan Hill.



*From a drawing by William Glackens. Courtesy The Kraushaar Galleries*

In the trenches during a truce

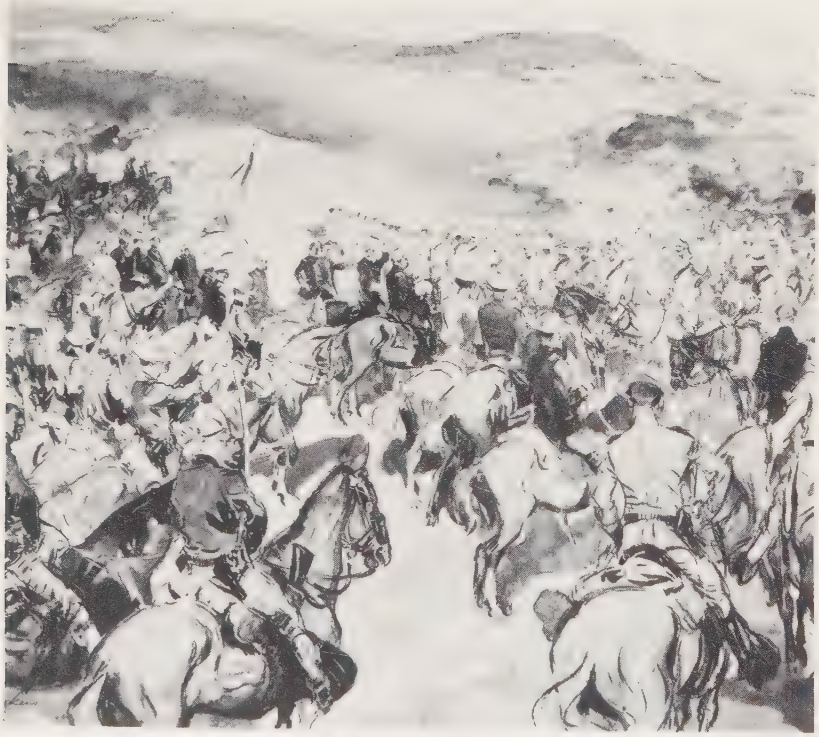
"The Spanish lines run right up in front of the city, not five hundred yards from ours at this point."



From a drawing by William Glackens. Courtesy The Kraushaar Galleries

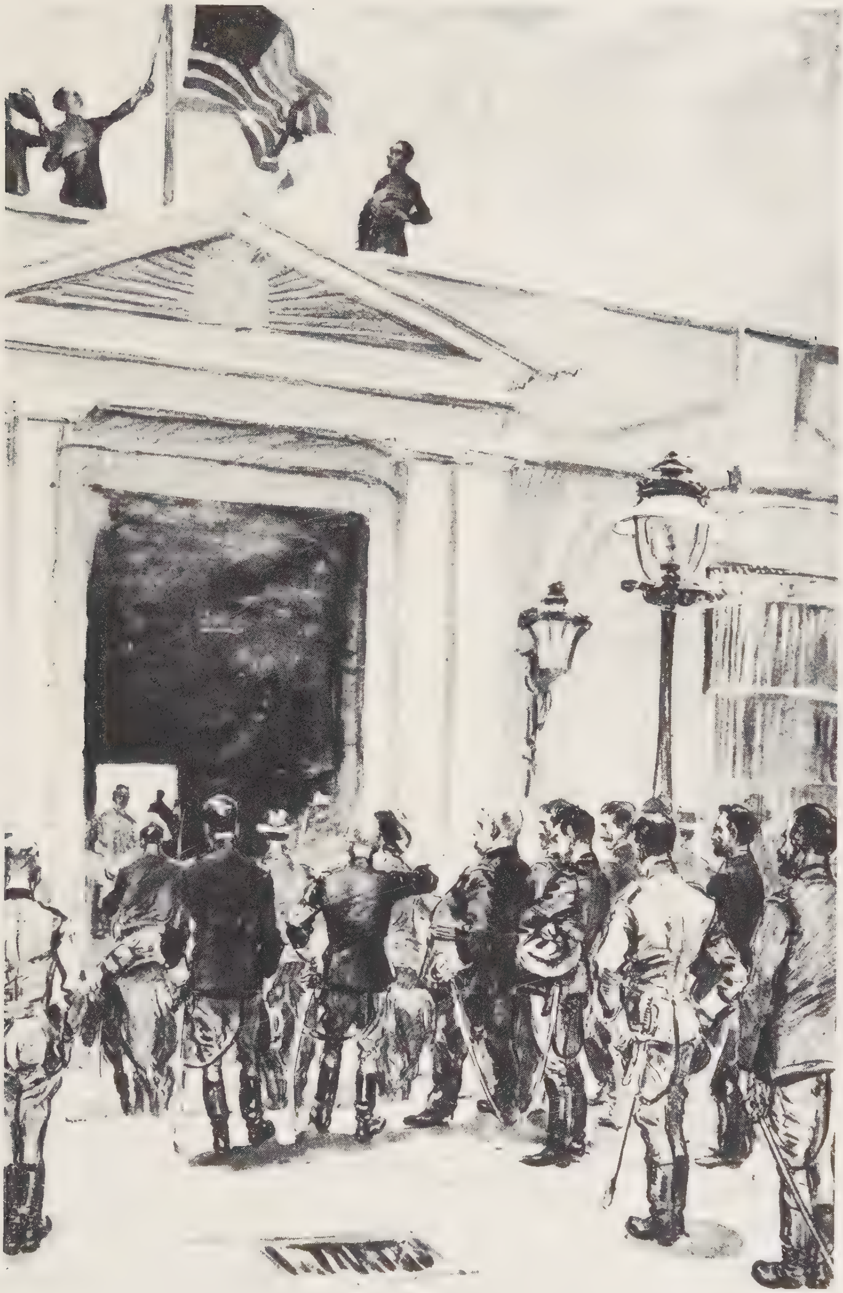
Santiago de Cuba, July 17, 1898

Showing the Spanish military officials (on the right) greeting the American officers on their arrival to accept the surrender.



From a drawing in wash by William Glackens. Courtesy The Kraushaar Galleries

Surrender of the Spanish forces
to General William Shafter, Santiago de Cuba



*From a drawing by William Glackens. Courtesy The Kraushaar Galleries*

Raising the United States flag
over the Governor's Palace, Santiago, Cuba

# 10

# Armageddon

## *World War I*

## 1917–1918

On November 14, 1918, General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff, United States Army, wrote, "With the signing of the Armistice on November 11, 1918, the war has been practically brought to an end. The events of the past four years have been of such magnitude that the various steps, the numberless battles, and the growth of Allied power which led up to the final victory are not clearly defined even in the minds of many military men. . . ." It was, indeed, a complex war.

Never before in the history of the world were so many nations arrayed in battle against each other. Never before were such deadly weapons used for the achievement of military ends. Before the war ended, the belligerents were using poison gas, flame-throwers, machine guns, grenades, Mills bombs, submarine mines, depth charges, marine torpedoes, aerial bombs, aircraft, tanks, the heaviest of artillery, whippet tanks, antitank guns with armor-piercing shells, and nail-studded clubs.

The incident that started the hair-triggered guns of Europe shooting in all directions was provided by a Serbian patriot who, on June 28, 1914, shot and killed Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria at Sarajevo, Bosnia. Four weeks later, Austria declared war on Serbia. Germany, allied with Austria, had long planned how she would fight a general European war. Her army had been trained to the peak of perfection. Military storehouses bulged with army supplies. Her navy boasted a fleet of 380 U-boats in addition to ships of the German High Seas Fleet.

Germany, after an unanswerable ultimatum to the czar's government, declared war on Russia. The "Schlieffen Plan" an elaborate military stratagem, studied for 40 years by the German general staff, was quickly put into operation.

Allied mobilization was remarkably rapid. Three days after the declaration of war, British and French troops were fighting the Germans in Alsace-Lorraine. The overwhelming power of the German army forced the British and French to fall back after engagements at Morhange, Neufchateau, and Charleroi. Soon the entire Allied line was in retreat after the collapse of the British left wing at Mons. For two weeks the Belgians, fighting desperately, held the Germans at Liège. But the Germans brought up their biggest guns, pounded to pieces Liège's supposedly impregnable fortresses, and occupied Belgium.

The German advance into France seemed impossible to stop. Then came the "Miracle of the Marne." The decisive battle which the Germans had planned for four decades was not won, as is generally supposed, by a French army transported in Paris taxicabs. The French reserves arrived not to win the battle of the Marne, but just in time to win the battle of the Ourcq. The French army fought desperately for three days, recoiling under terrific pressure, suffering losses amounting to annihilation in some of the units, but General Foch broke the German thrust.

Oddly enough, the French believed they had won a tremendous victory that drove the hated Hun out of France. Stranger yet, the Germans thought it a minor reverse. "They advanced seeking a second Sedan," wrote correspondent Frank Simonds, "and the French there won an Antietam."

The success at the Marne spurred the French into an attack against the German line along the Aisne River. Advancing on a 25 mile front, between Soissons and Reims, the French captured Craonne Ridge, while the British, attacking at Arras, carried Vimy Ridge and pierced the "unbreakable" Hindenburg line to the Argonne Forest. The war then went underground. Both sides dug trenches like moles, lived in water-filled dugouts, fired over muddy parapets, and stared across "No Man's Land" for three years.

When news of the sinking of the British liner *Lusitania* off the Irish coast by a German U-boat hit the front pages, the loss of 1,154 lives shocked the United States. Then Germany declared all the waters surrounding Great Britain, Ireland, and the English Channel were in the war zone. The United States, for the moment, did nothing except to demand reparations and damages; meanwhile, unrestricted U-boat warfare developed in intensity. Finally, on April 6, 1917, Congress declared war on imperial Germany. The American Expeditionary Forces were organized and placed under the command of General John J. Pershing. On June 26, the first troop convoy sailed secretly for France.

"It was in May, 1917," wrote Albert Eugene Gallatin, "that plans were set afoot to send artists to France to make a pictorial record of the various activities of our armies. Major Kendall Banning, who was at that time Director of the Division of Pictures of the Committee on Public Information, and who afterwards was attached to the War College Division of the War Department, was responsible for this recommendation. He at once consulted with representatives of Great Britain and France and learned what those countries had done in using their artists for portraying the history of their armies. Their advice was to commission capable artists and to assign them to duty within military zones, which would not be opened to civilians.

"In June, 1917, Major Banning got in touch with many artists who seemed to him to be available for duty as official artists; Major Banning also conferred with Charles Dana Gibson. Major Banning then submitted his recommendations to the Secretary of War. It was, however, not until late in January, 1918, that the Secretary of War took any action. Authority was obtained to commission eight men as official artists in the Engineer Reserve Corps. At Major Banning's suggestion, Mr. Charles Dana Gibson was chosen chairman of a group of artists to make recommendations. Mr. J. Andre Smith was the first of the group to be commissioned a Captain in the Engineer Reserve Corps and sent overseas. He was followed by Captains Ernest Peixotto, William J. Aylward, Harry Townsend, Wallace Morgan, George Harding, Walter J. Duncan and Harvey Dunn."

The port of St. Nazaire, Brest, France was the landing place of the first division of the American Expeditionary Forces. Seasoned and battle-hardened, having just taken part in the actions against Pancho Villa on the Mexican border, the first considerable number of troops landed in July, 1917, though high-ranking officers and staff men had arrived in June.

The great German offensive began on March 21, 1918. Ninety-five divisions of 22,000 men each, deployed over a 50 mile front, from Arras to La Fère, were thrown against the British northern flank. The British line held despite a terrific pounding. The Germans attacking the Allied southern flank were more successful, effecting a breakthrough to within four and one-half miles of the main railroad from Paris to Calais via Amiens.

The Germans, on April 9, opened a second and heavier attack north of Lens, gaining ten miles on a 30 mile front. The success of this attack was followed up on May 27 by an attack in Champagne which drove a salient to the Marne at Chateau-Thierry. Then all German action ceased until July 15, when, in a new and heavier offensive, launched south of Reims, they crossed the Marne.

Marine Captain John W. Thomason wrote his vivid impressions of the Marine action at Belleau Wood and Soissons:

"The Boche wanted Hill 142; he came, and rifles broke him, and he came again. All his batteries were in action, and always his machine guns scourged the place, but he could not make head against the rifles. Guns he could understand; he knew all about bombs and auto rifles and trench mortars, but aimed, sustained rifle fire, that comes from nowhere in particular and picks off men—it brought the war home to the individual and demoralized him."

With the organization of the 1st American Army on August 10, under the personal command of General Pershing, the history of the A.E.F. entered a new stage. The last two offensives—St. Mihiel (September 26–November 11) and the Meuse-Argonne (September 26–November 11)—were major operations planned and executed by American officers. "Through forty-seven days we were engaged in a persistent struggle with the enemy," wrote General Pershing, "to smash through his defenses. The attack started on a front of twenty-four miles, which gradually extended until the enemy was being assailed from the Argonne Forest to the Moselle River, a distance of ninety miles."

The terrain was composed of heavy densely wooded ridges that ran between the almost impenetrable Argonne Forest on the western flank to the heights of the Meuse River on the eastern flank. Montfaucon was situated on high ground in the center of the line. Opened to artillery fire from three sides, the American troops, to attack it, had to run the gauntlet of this fire. The cost in men was great, but on September 27, Montfaucon was taken by American troops.

Meanwhile, the German salient, a great wedge in the French line at St. Mihiel, seriously threatened the supply route to the French zone. The Germans had held this sector for four long, bloody years. The American attack at St. Mihiel began at midnight, September 12, with a heavy artillery concentration. The devastating barrage continued all night, rolling from one end of the line to the other. At 5 A.M. the American army went "over the top" and struck both sides of this salient simultaneously. The American troops attacked in wave after wave, the Germans putting up fanatical resistance. For 24 hours the furious tide of battle swayed back and forth. Finally, the two wings of the American army met at Vigneulles, wiping out the salient. The cost of this action to the Americans was high. But the Germans' was higher: 40,000 men killed and wounded, and 27,000 taken prisoner. After the collapse of the St. Mihiel salient, so rapid was the German retreat that 30 villages were captured almost intact. In 24 hours American troops had taken more prisoners than had been taken on the French front during the entire war and had recovered a larger area of French territory than had been taken in any similar period.

After St. Mihiel, the German military effort gradually diminished. But the long road to the Rhineland was a series of desperate retreating actions fought by the Germans. In the end, reports told of victories all along the front. General Allenby, in a brilliant campaign, with Lawrence of Arabia, knocked Turkey out of the war, consolidated Arabia, and cleared Mesopotamia of German and Turkish troops. On November 11, 1918, the Armistice was signed and the war was over.

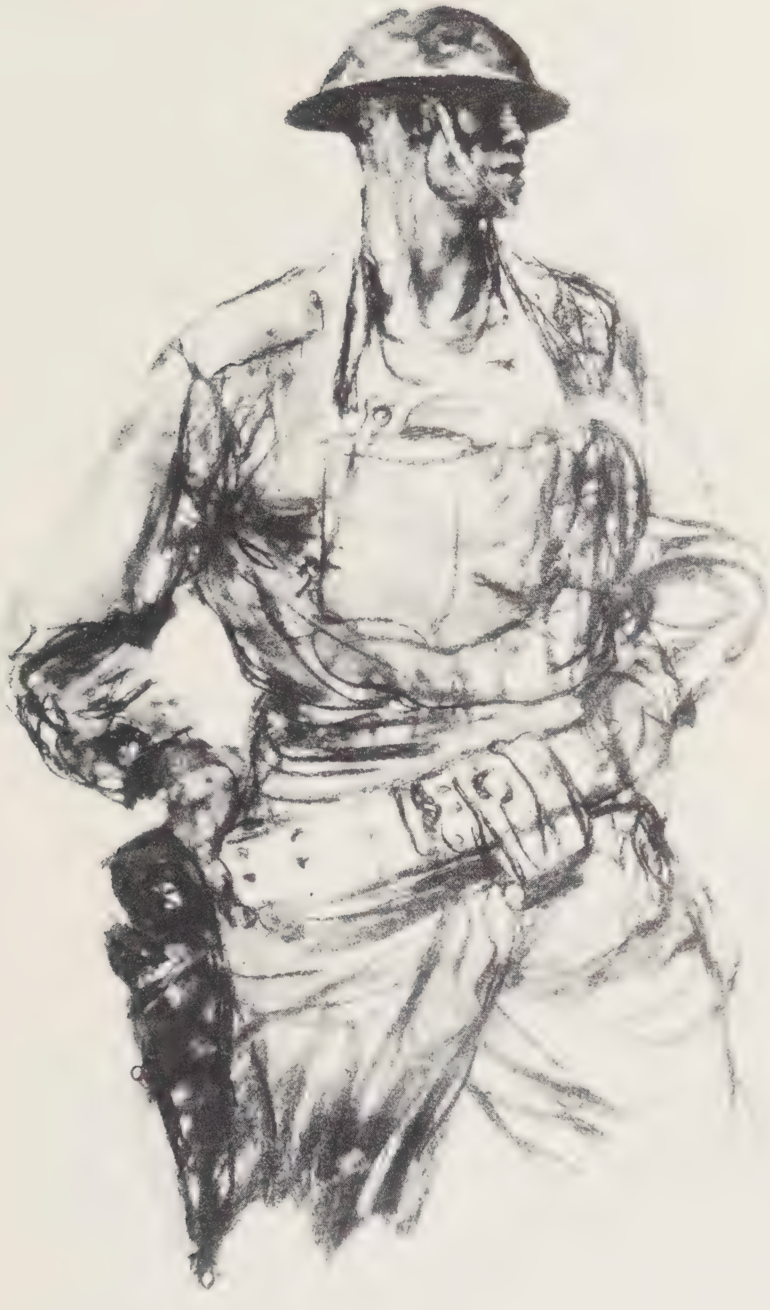
At the outset of the war the German navy engaged in unrestricted undersea warfare. The British navy, though listed first in naval tonnage, could not seem to cope with the U-boat situation. Then, on May 31, 1916, the greatest naval battle in history up to that time was fought between the German High Seas Fleet and the British Grand Fleet.

For 20 months battleships and cruisers of the German High Seas Fleet had been cooped up in Kiel Canal. Suddenly, the German fleet made a dash from the Jutland coast and steamed out 100 miles into the North Sea. Admirals von Hipper and von Scheer hoped to engage and destroy the British cruiser squadron of Admiral David Beatty in those waters before the Grand Fleet could come to its aid. Beatty caught the German fleet off guard, gave chase, cutting the Germans off from their home bases. Beatty's wireless gave a running account of the chase, meanwhile summoning aid from Jellicoe's Grand Fleet. Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, after receiving the urgent message, proceeded at full speed to join Beatty. The battle of Jutland was, perhaps, one of the first major naval engagements in which air reconnaissance was used. But the results of the battle were equivocal. British losses were much higher than German; tactically the Germans outfought the British. Nevertheless, the German High Seas Fleet did not escape, remained at its base for the rest of the war, did no raiding of Britain's supply lines. Like many another battle, "it was a famous victory"—but for whom depends on one's frame of reference.

Admiral William S. Sims arrived at Queenstown early in 1917 with the U.S. destroyer fleet amid cheers of an excited crowd of Britons waving small American flags. Not long after their arrival the U.S. destroyer fleet was assigned to convoy duty in the North Atlantic, hunting down and sinking U-boats. In these actions against the U-boats, aircraft came into play. In the meantime American shipbuilding production far exceeded tonnage lost to the German undersea raiders. That the United States Navy did its part in the war is evidenced by a note written by Archibald Hurd, the English naval expert.

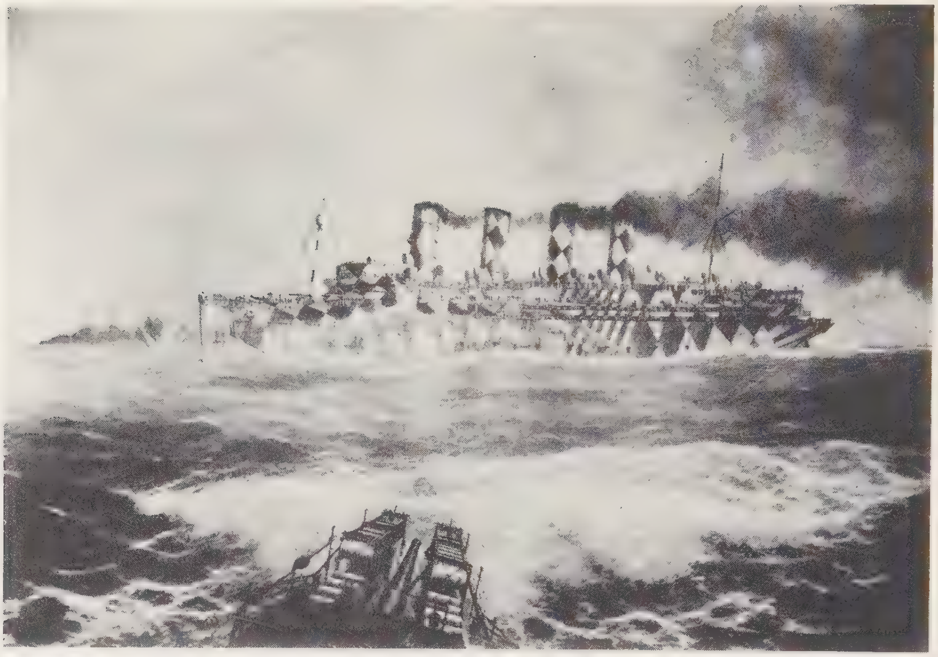
"When the war is over," he wrote, "the nation will form some conception of the debt which we owe the American Navy for the manner in which it has cooperated, not only in connection with the convoy system, but in fighting submarines. If the naval position is improving today, as it is, it is due to the fact that the British and American fleets are working in closest accord, supported by an immense body of skilled workers on both sides of the Atlantic, who are turning out destroyers and other craft for dealing with the submarine, as well as mines and bombs. Some of the finest battleships of the United States Navy are now associated with the British Grand Fleet. They are not only splendid fighting ships but they are well officered and manned."

At the war's end General John J. Pershing, commander of the American Expeditionary Forces, closed his official report: "Finally, I pay the supreme tribute to our officers and soldiers of the line. When I think of their heroism, their patience under hardships, their unflinching spirit of offensive action, I am filled with emotion which I am unable to express. Their deeds are immortal, and they earned the eternal gratitude of our country."



*From a drawing by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

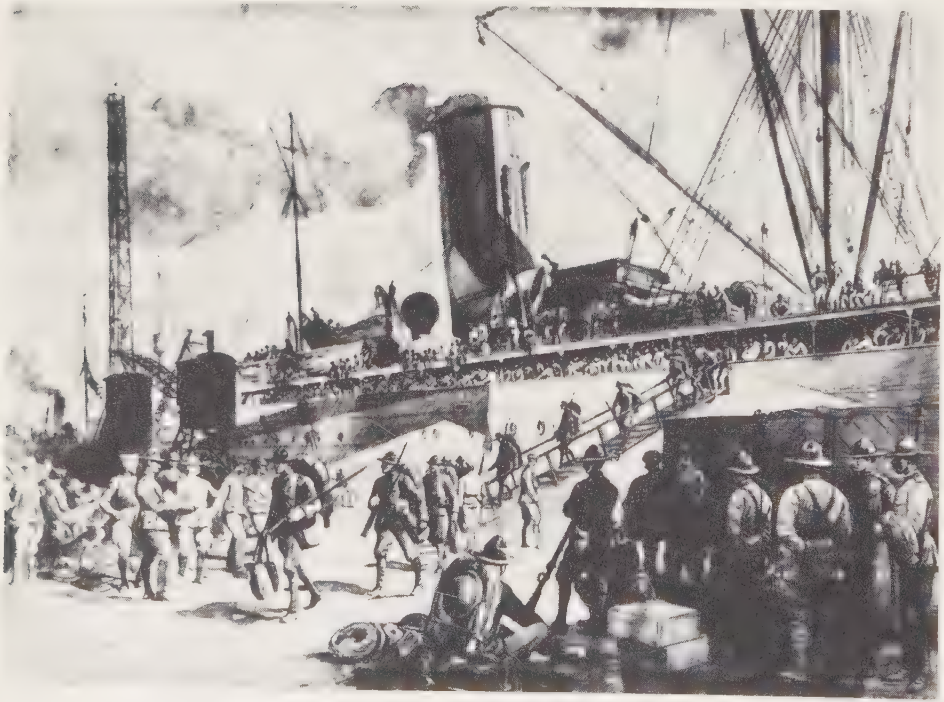
The machine gunner



From a painting by Burnell Poole at the U. S. Naval Academy. Loaned by the Naval Historical Foundation

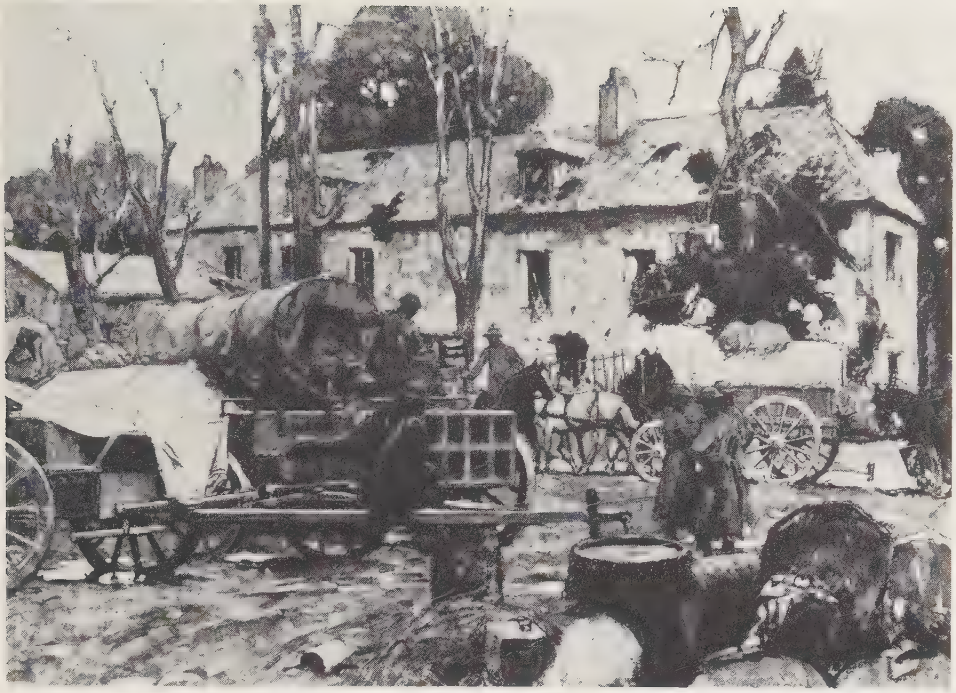
The *Mauretania* at sea

One of the first Cunard luxury liners to be converted into a troop carrier, the *Mauretania* is seen here with a cargo of American troops bound for Brest, France. Her checkerboard camouflage, protection against submarines, was intended to break up the ship's silhouette against the horizon line and thus present a distracting target to the enemy.



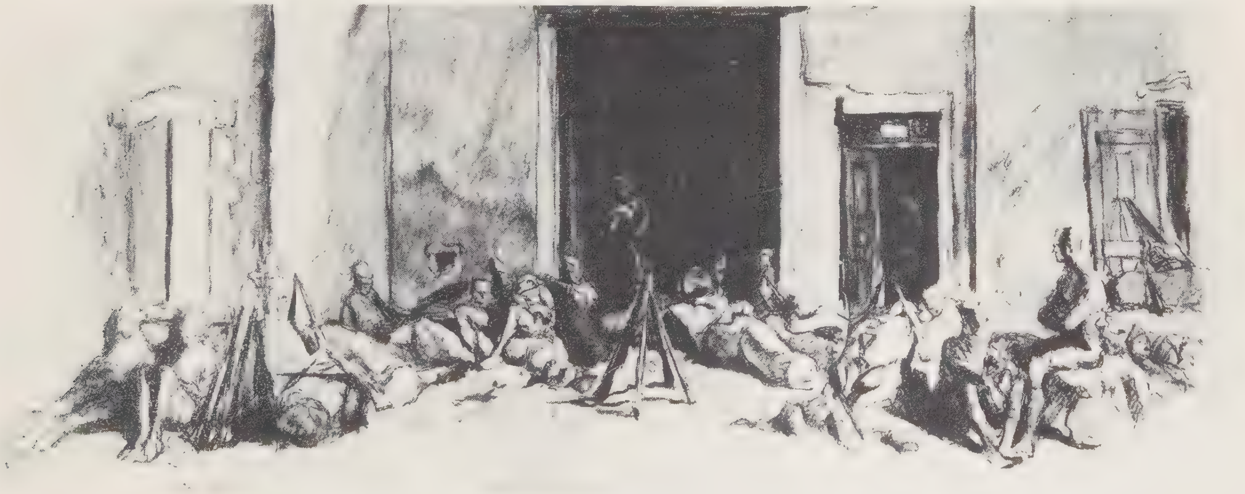
From a drawing by Captain W. J. Duncan. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution

American troops debarking at Brest, France, July 22, 1918



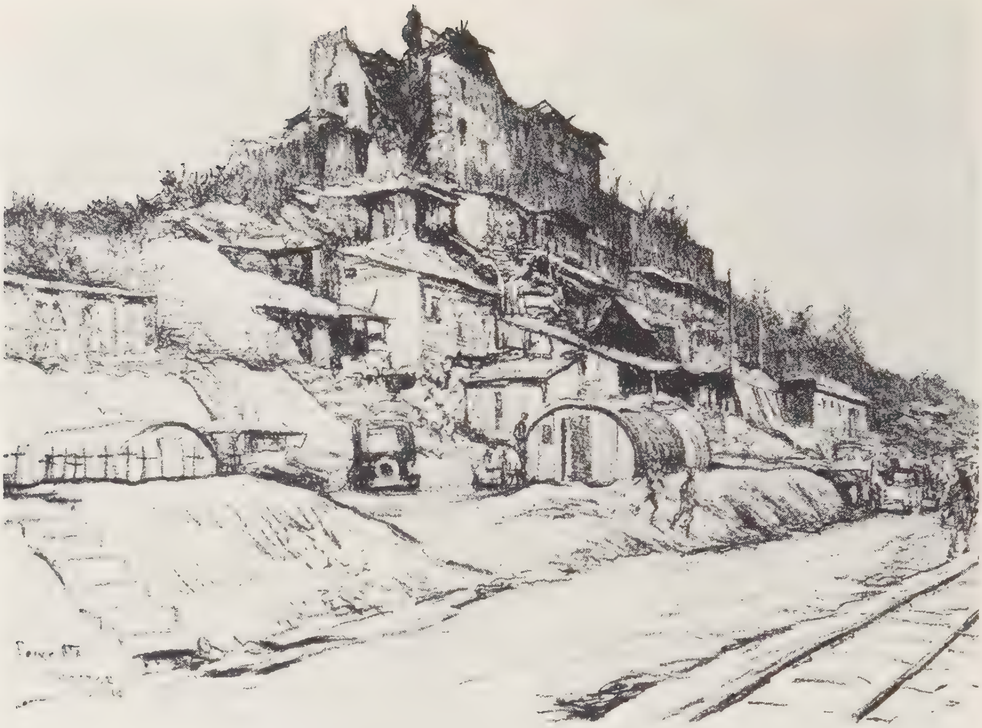
*From a painting by Lieutenant William J. Aylward, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

American troop supply train



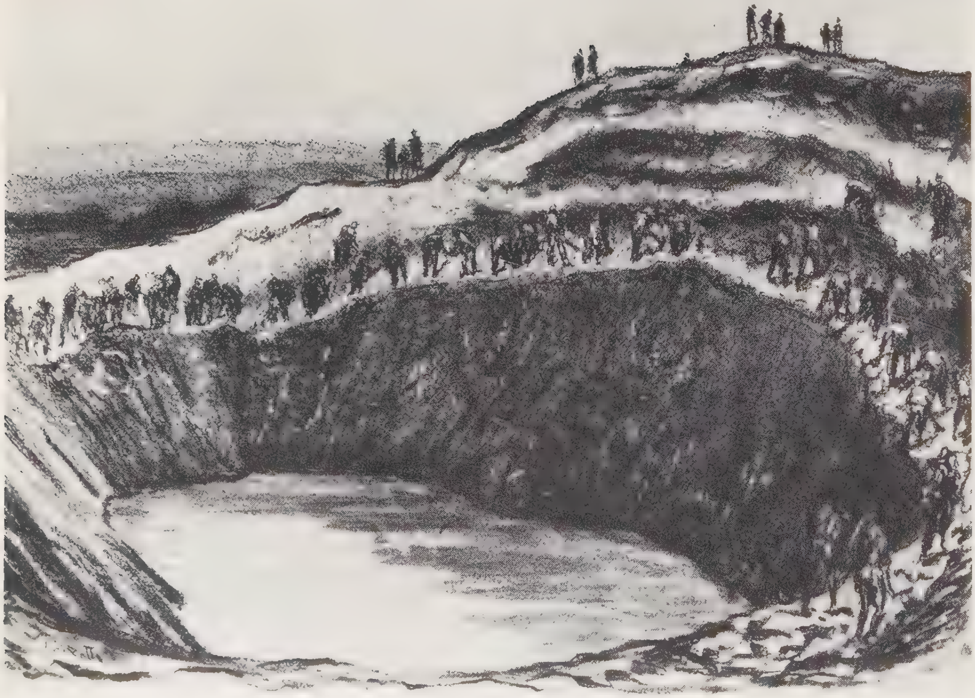
*From a drawing by Captain Wallace Morgan, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

Troops resting near Sanzey after a long march



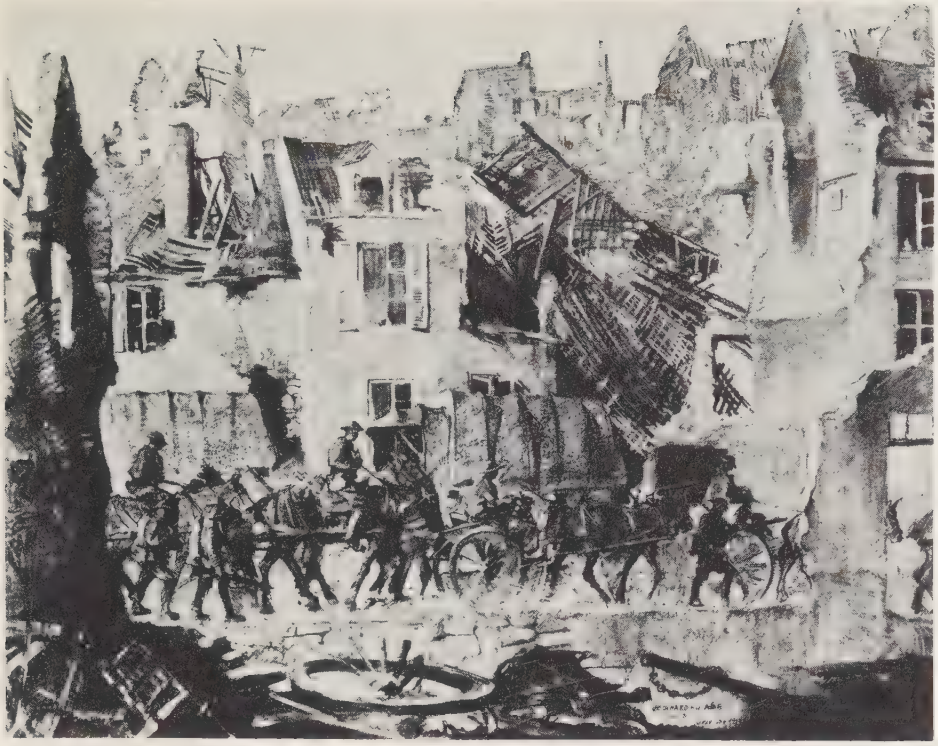
From a drawing by Captain Ernest Peixotto, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution

German bomb shelters near Varennes, France



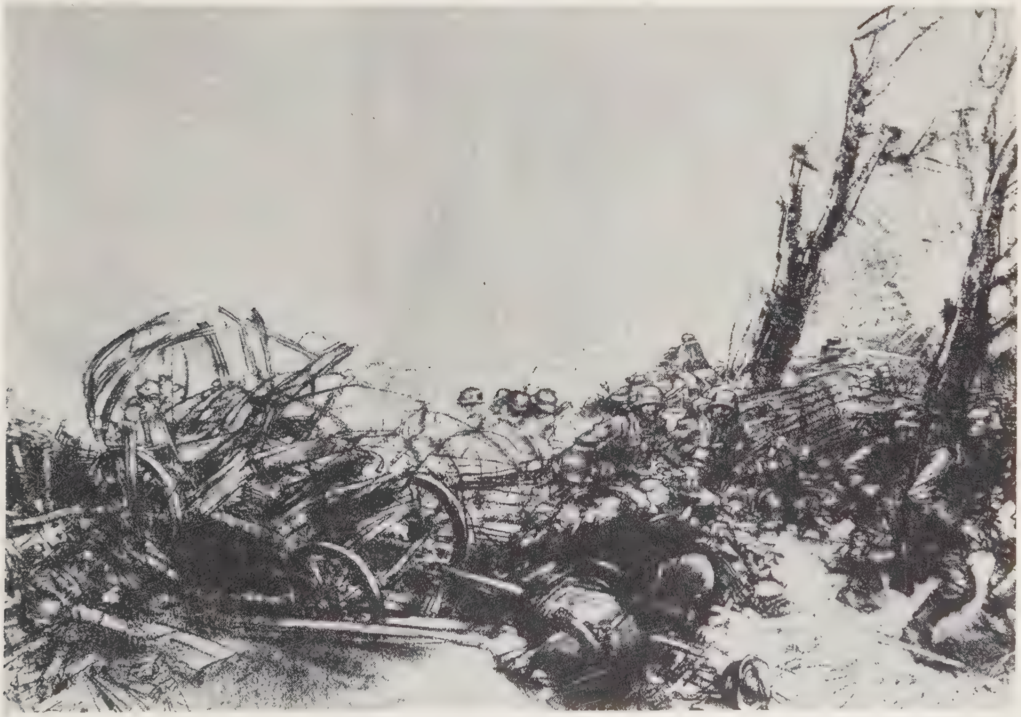
From a drawing by Captain Ernest Peixotto, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution

Mine crater on the road to Varennes, France



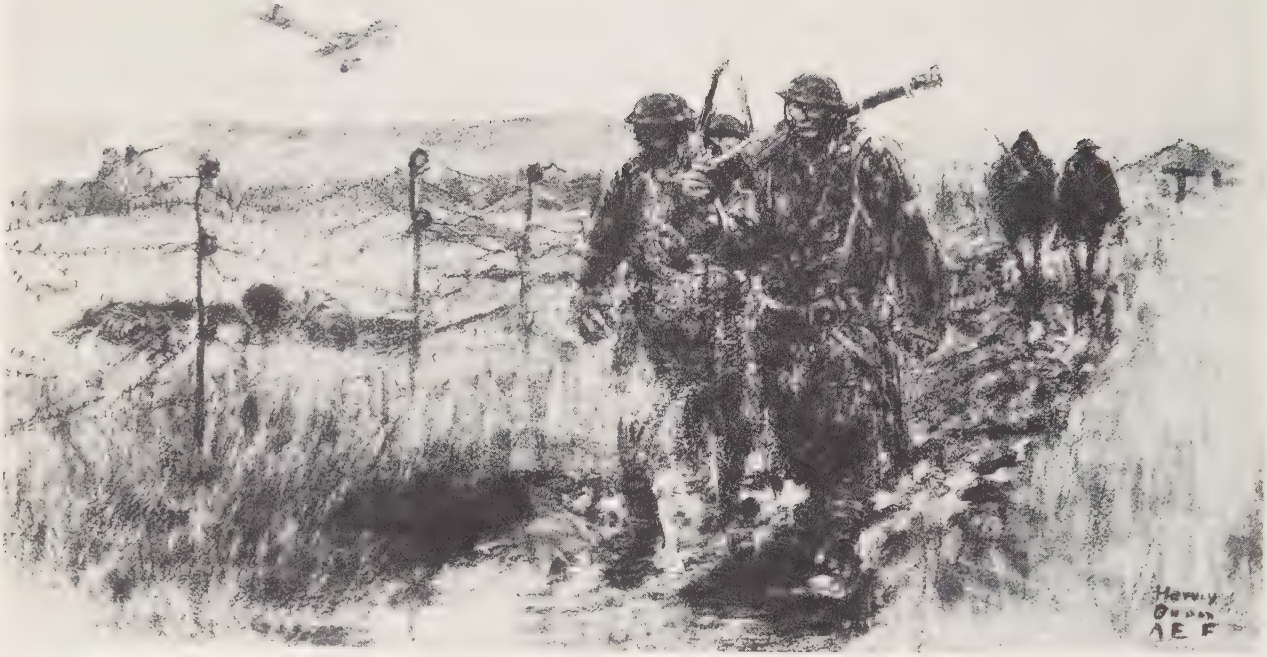
*From a drawing by Captain George Harding, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

Third Division passing through a village on the Marne



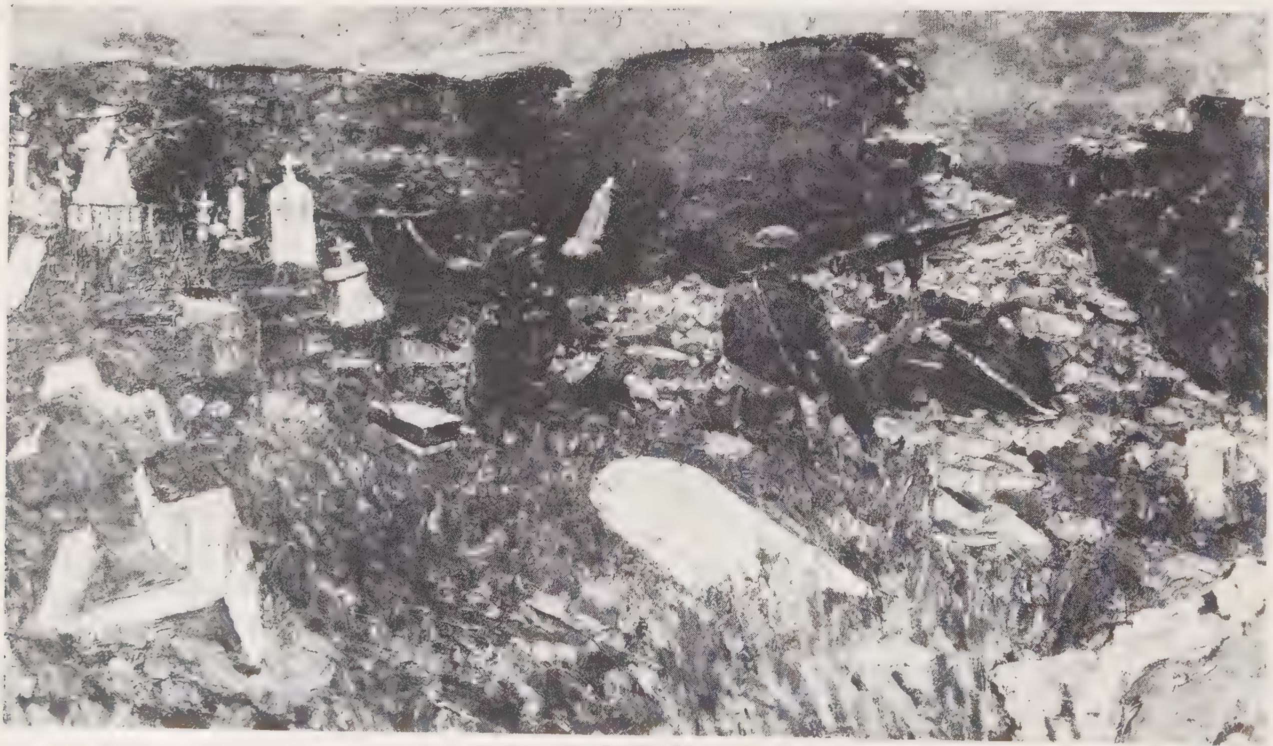
*From a drawing by Captain Harry Townsend, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

Contact with the enemy, France


Harvey Dunn A.E.F.

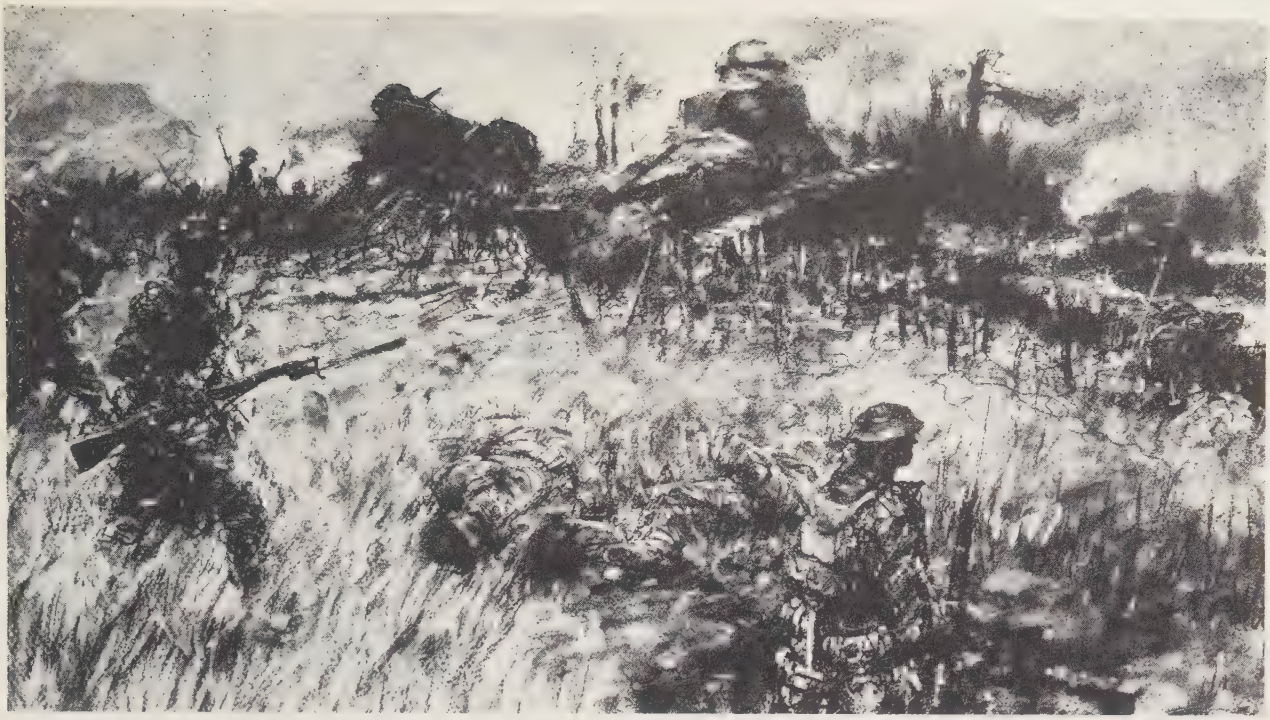
*From a drawing by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

Morning on the Marne



*From a painting in oil by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

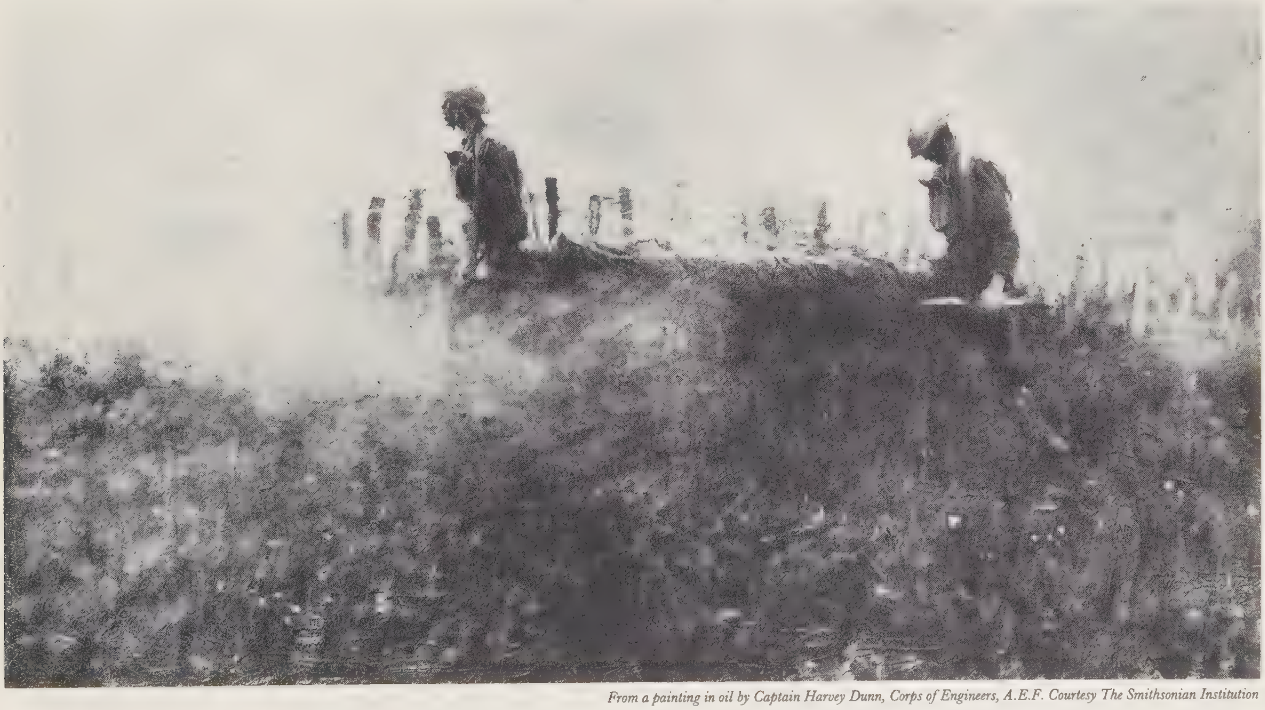
Machine-gun emplacement in a graveyard, Seicheprey



*From a drawing by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

The tanks at Seicheprey, France, 1918

Ripping up the barbed wire, American tanks advance toward the German lines, straddling the enemy trenches.

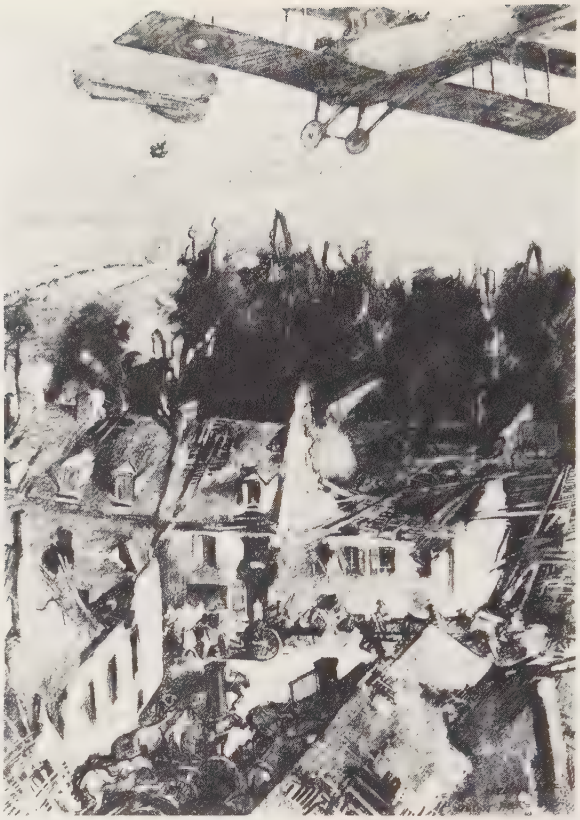


*From a painting in oil by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

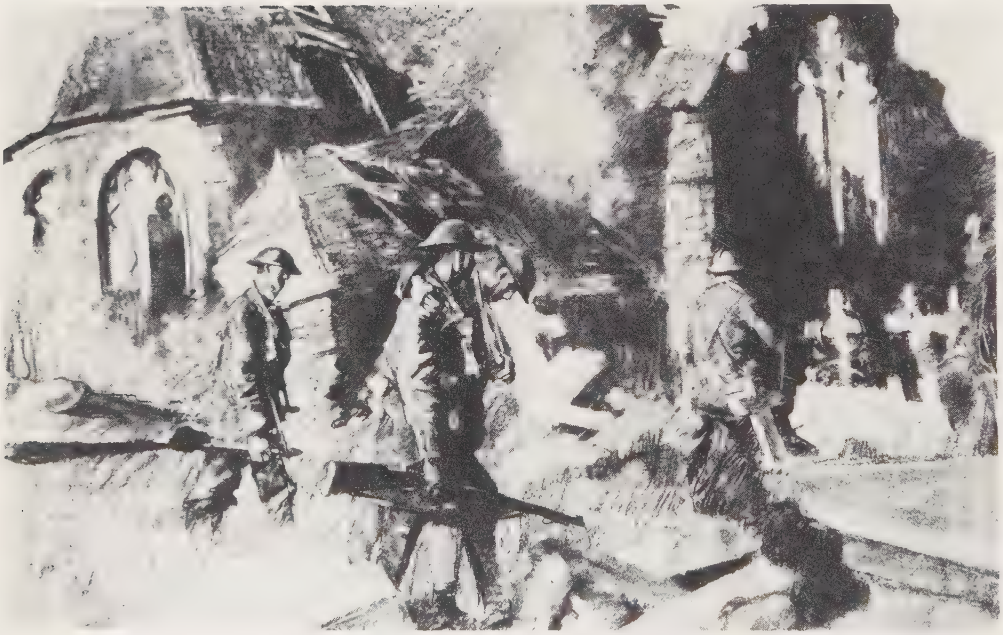
On the wire

Valley of the Marne
at Mont St. Père, France

"Alive with military activity during
the American advance."

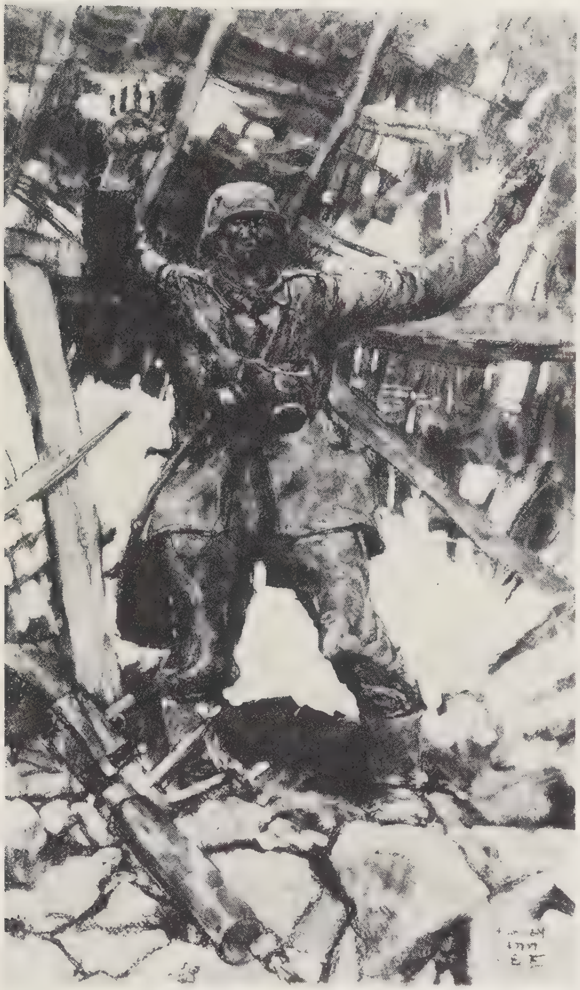


*From a drawing by Captain George Harding, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F.*
*Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*



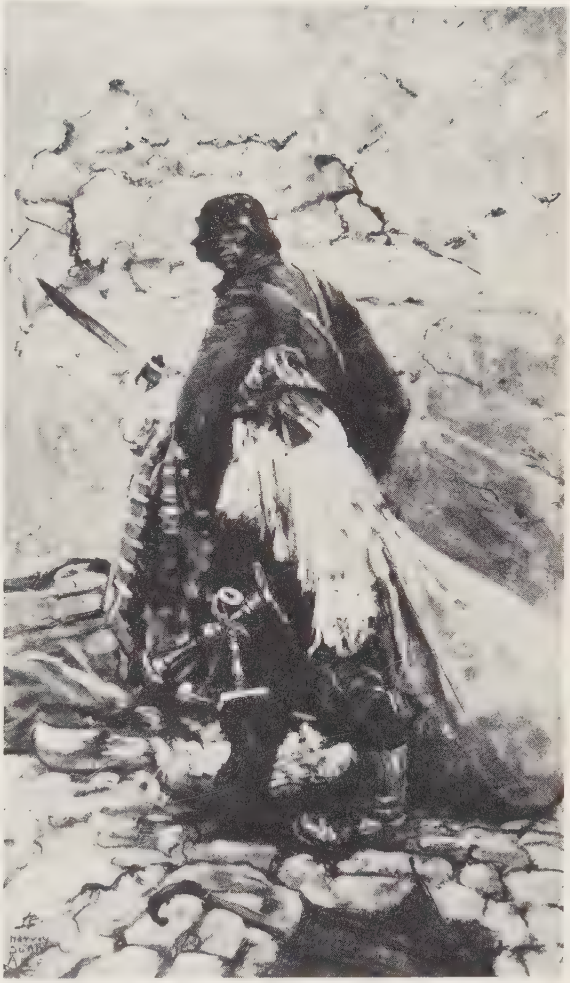
*From a drawing by Captain George Harding, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

American wounded making their way to a first aid station,
Chateau-Thierry, France, July, 1918



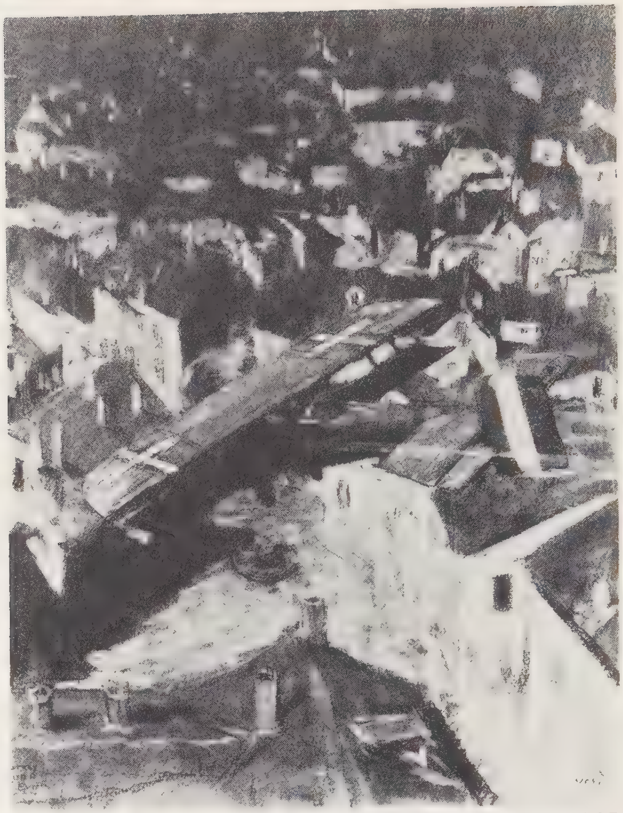
*From a drawing by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F.*
*Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

The sniper



*From a drawing by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F.*
*Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

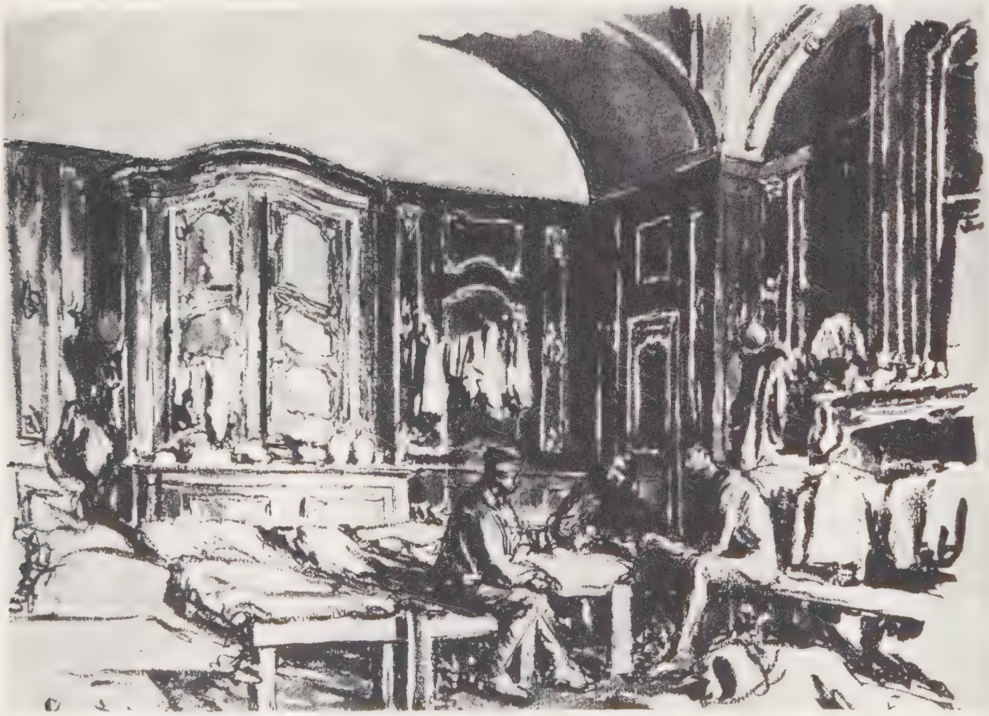
The Boche looter



The air raid

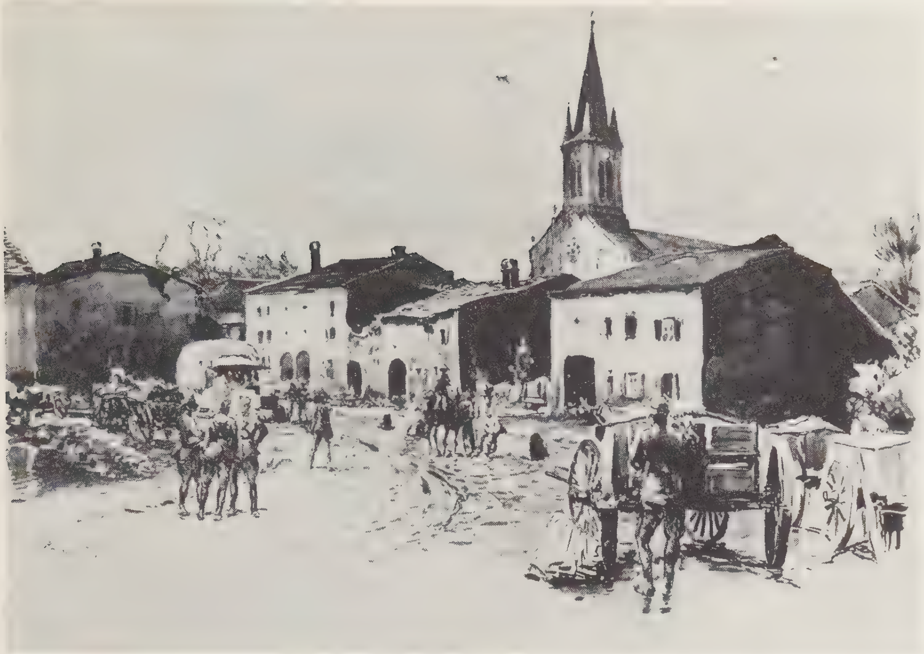
A single-seater German plane strafes the streets of a French village, somewhere in France.

*From a drawing by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*



*From a drawing in charcoal and wash by Captain Ernest Peixotto, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

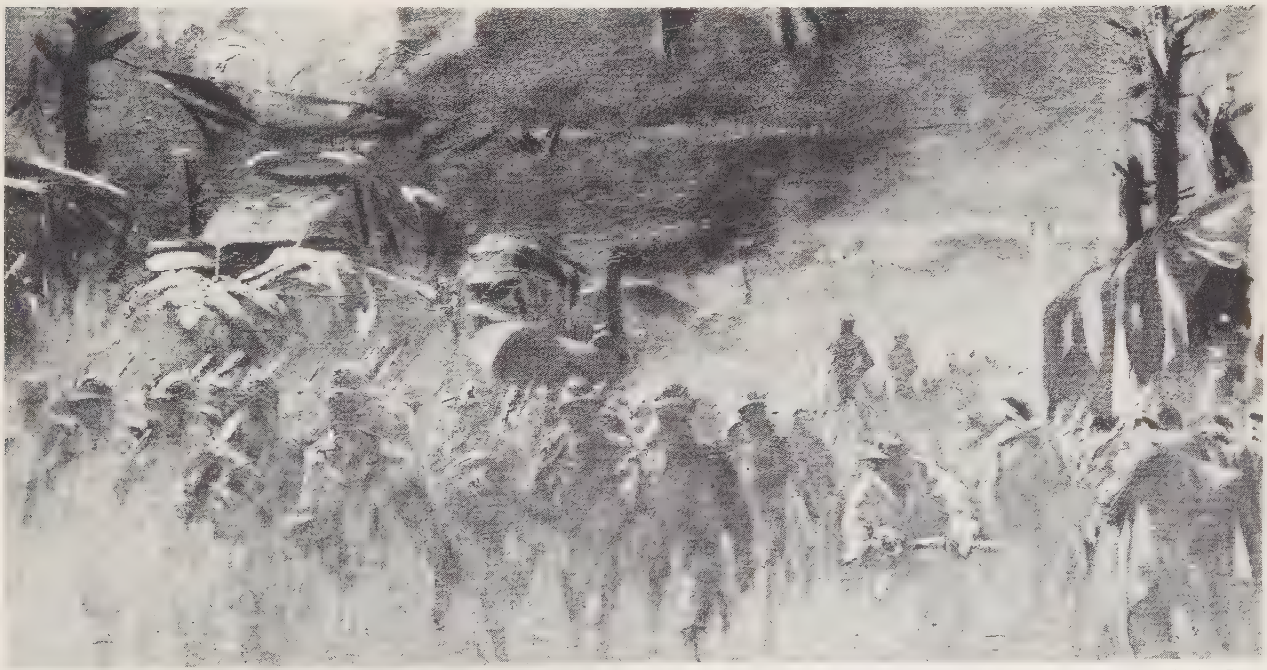
American soldiers billeted in an old Benedictine monastery, Toul sector



*From a drawing by Captain Ernest Peixotto, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

Neufmaison, France, 1918

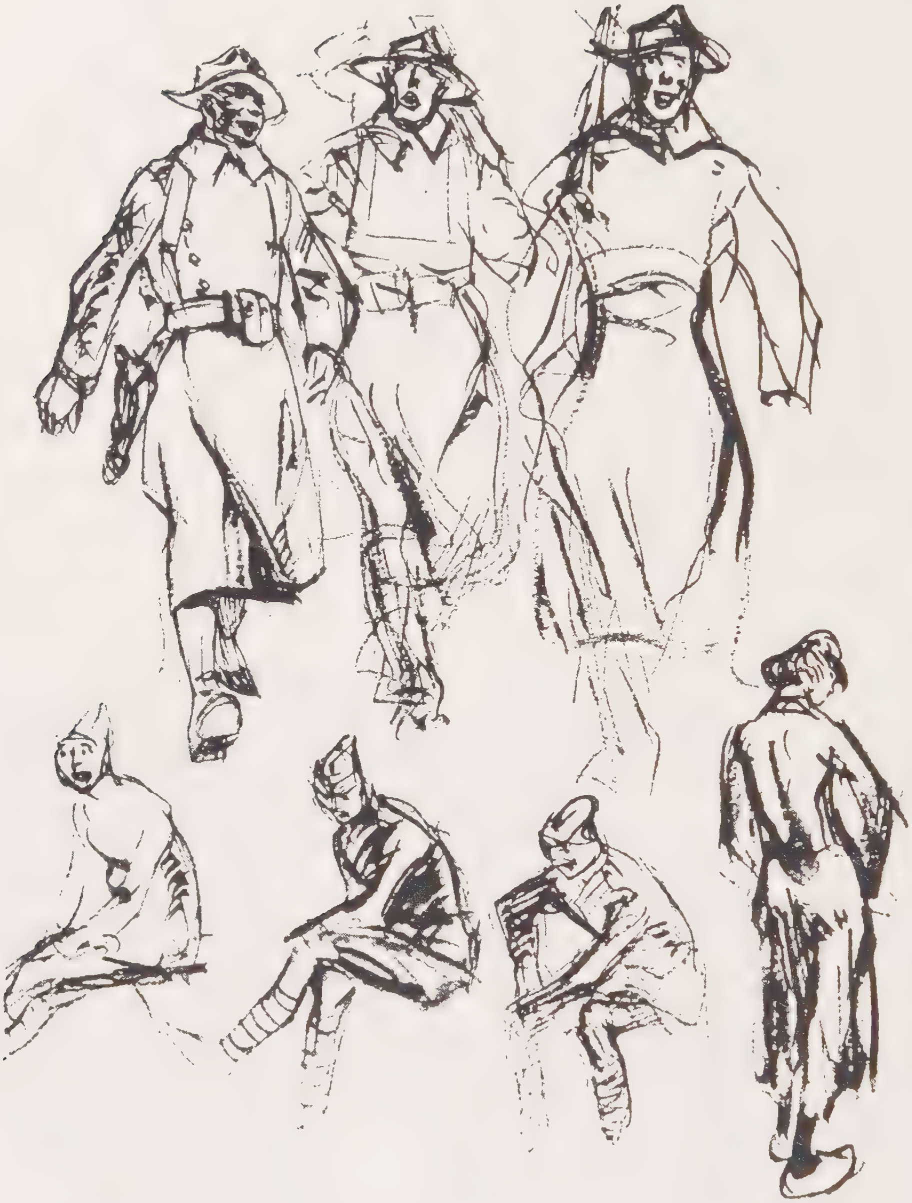
"A typical village of the Lorraine front in which the American troops are billeted."



*From an oil painting by John Singer Sargent. Courtesy The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*

The road, France, 1918

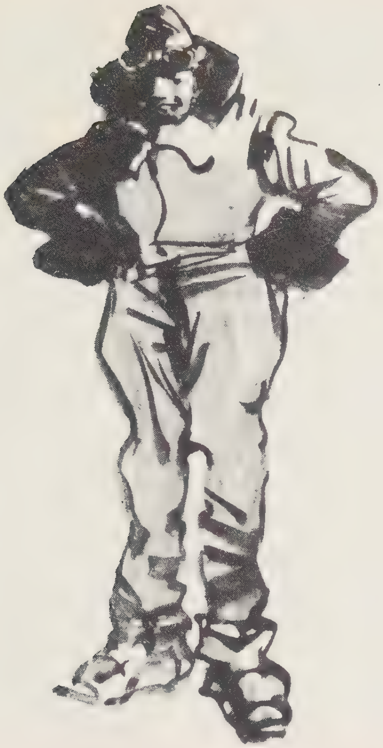
"The road near Arras."



*Courtesy Mrs. John W. Thomason and Charles Scribner's Sons, New York*

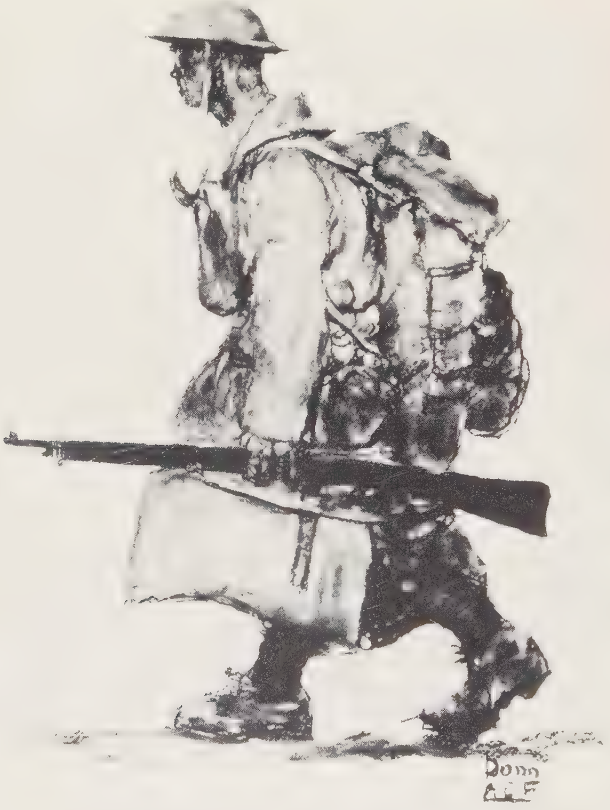
Sketches from Captain John W. Thomason's notebook

Using any kind of paper he could get his hands on, Captain Thomason sketched his memorable scenes of Marines in action and "off duty" in the war against the "Boche," in the Argonne, Belleau Wood, Soissons, and the Rhine.



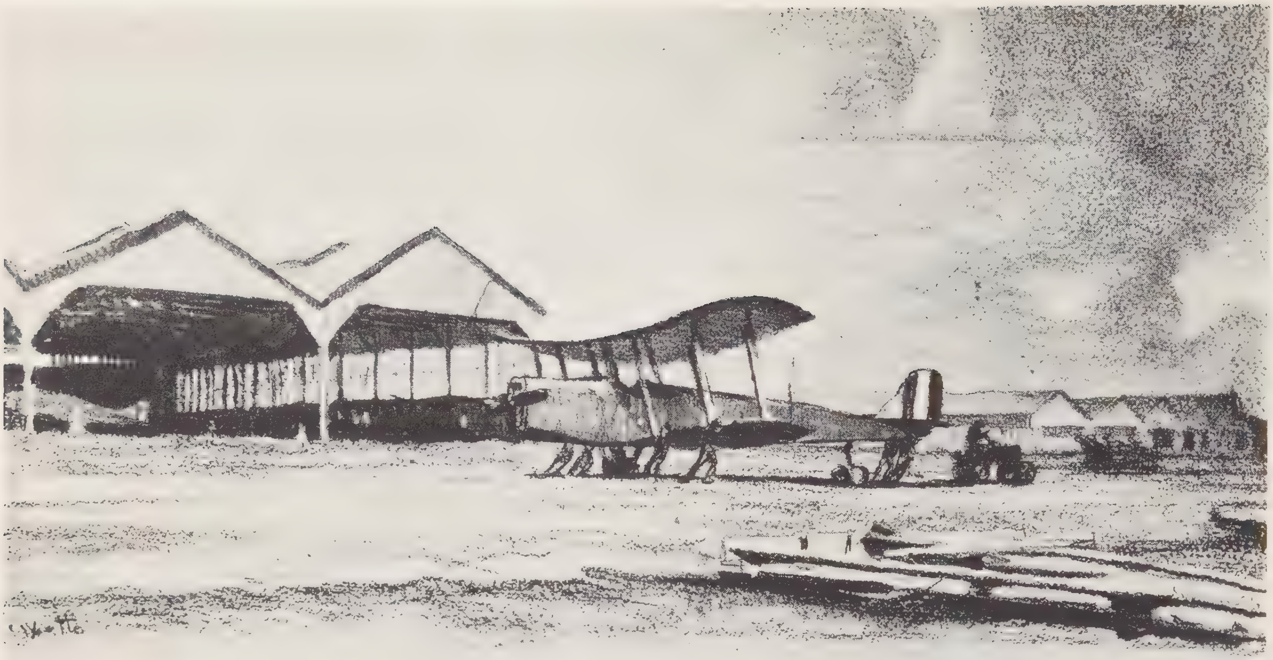
One of our aviators in his "Teddy Bear,"
France, 1918

*From a wash drawing by Captain Harry Townsend, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*



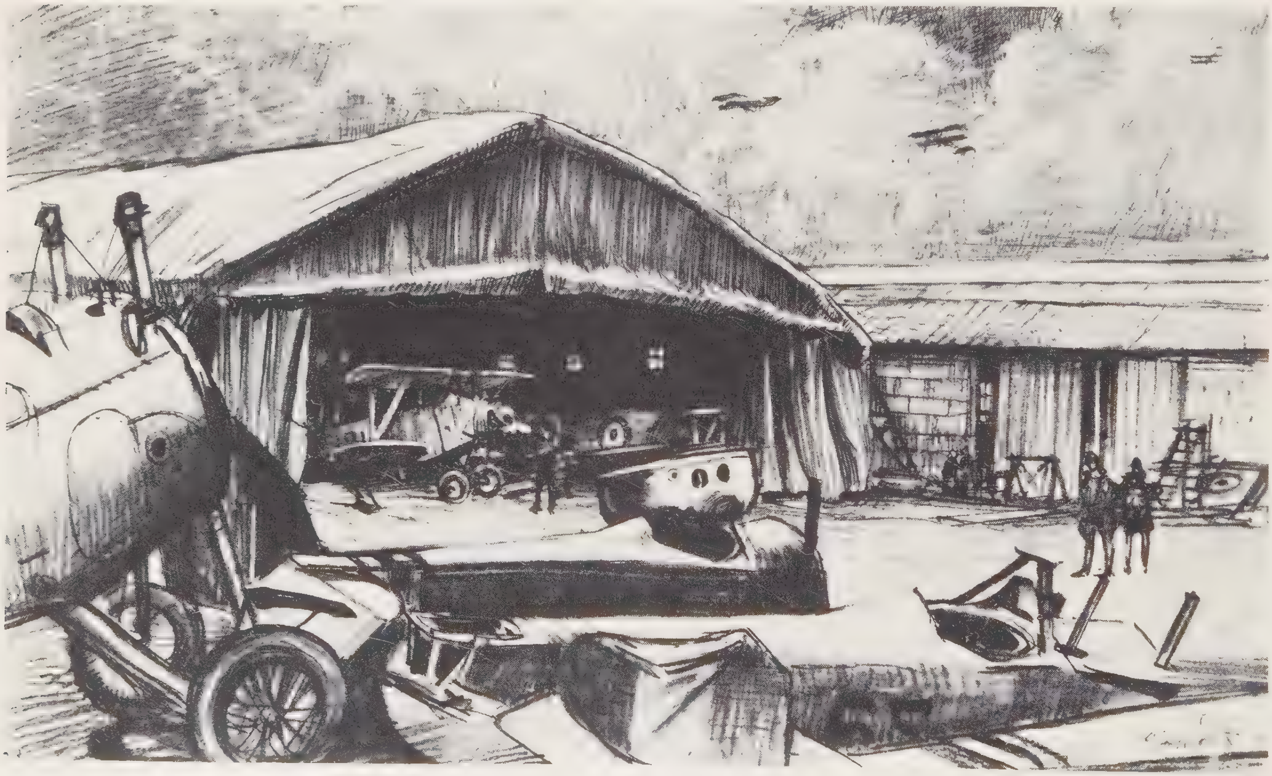
The engineer

*From a drawing by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*



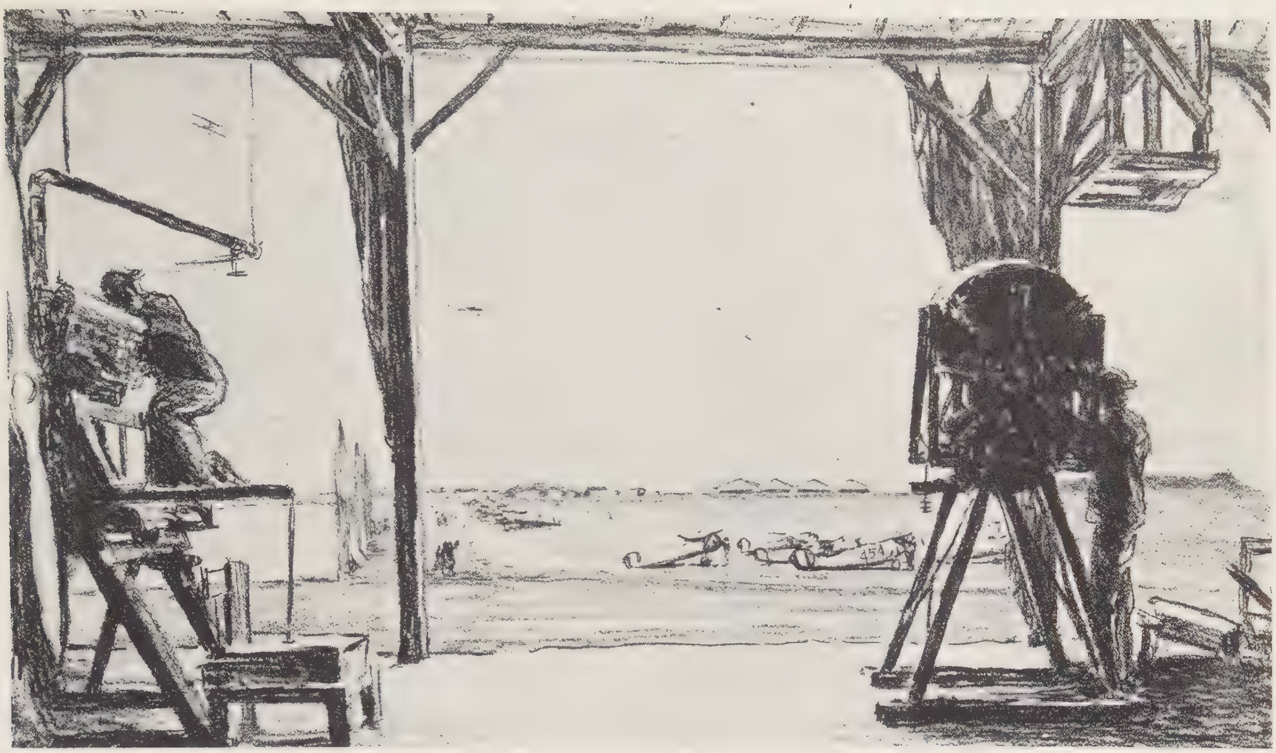
*From a drawing by Captain Ernest Peixotto, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

Rolling out a new plane for its first flight, Issoudun, France, 1918



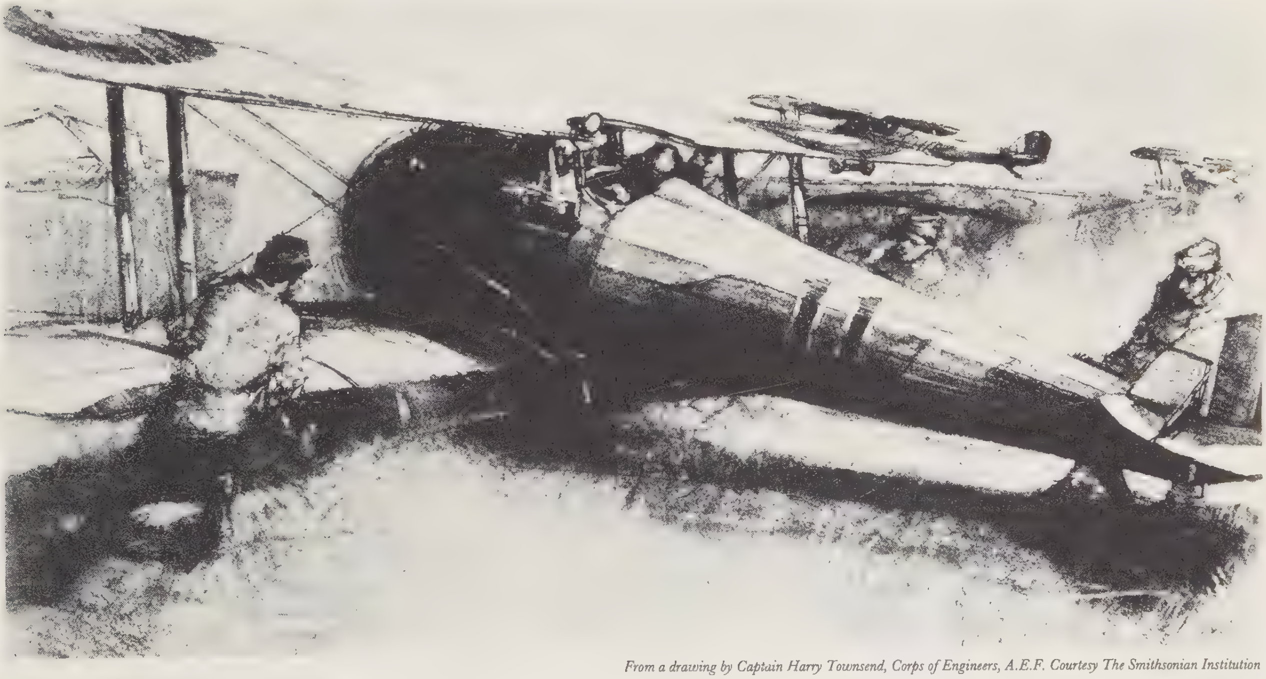
*From a drawing by Captain J. Andre Smith, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

Lame ducks



*From a drawing by Captain Ernest Peixotto, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

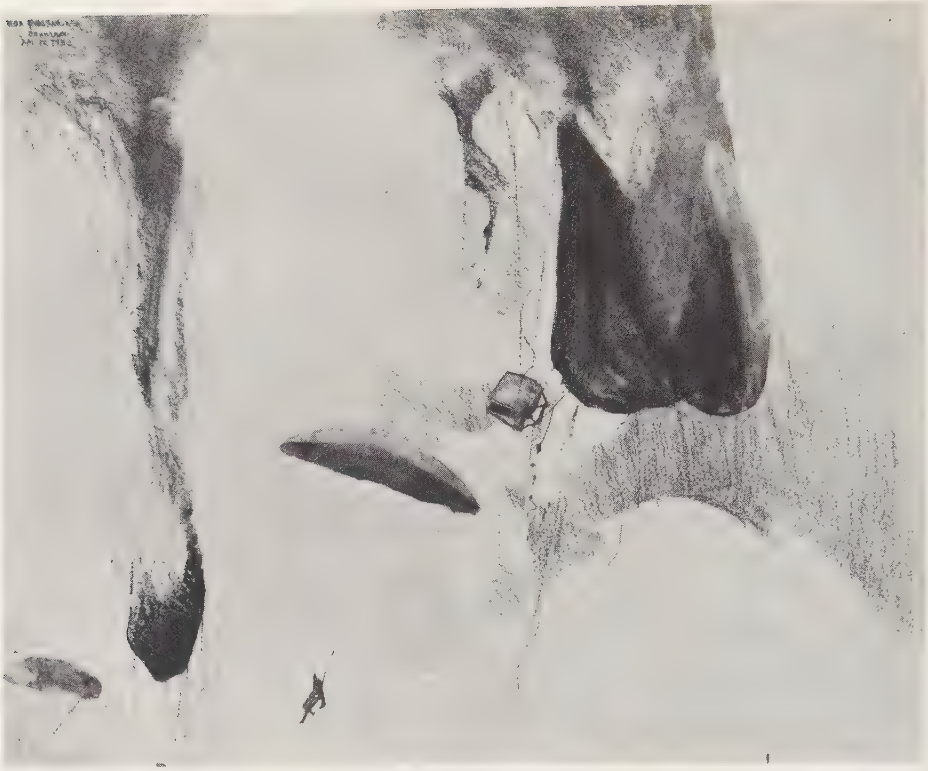
The test blocks at Issoudun, France, 1918



*From a drawing by Captain Harry Townsend, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

The alert Nieuports, France, 1918

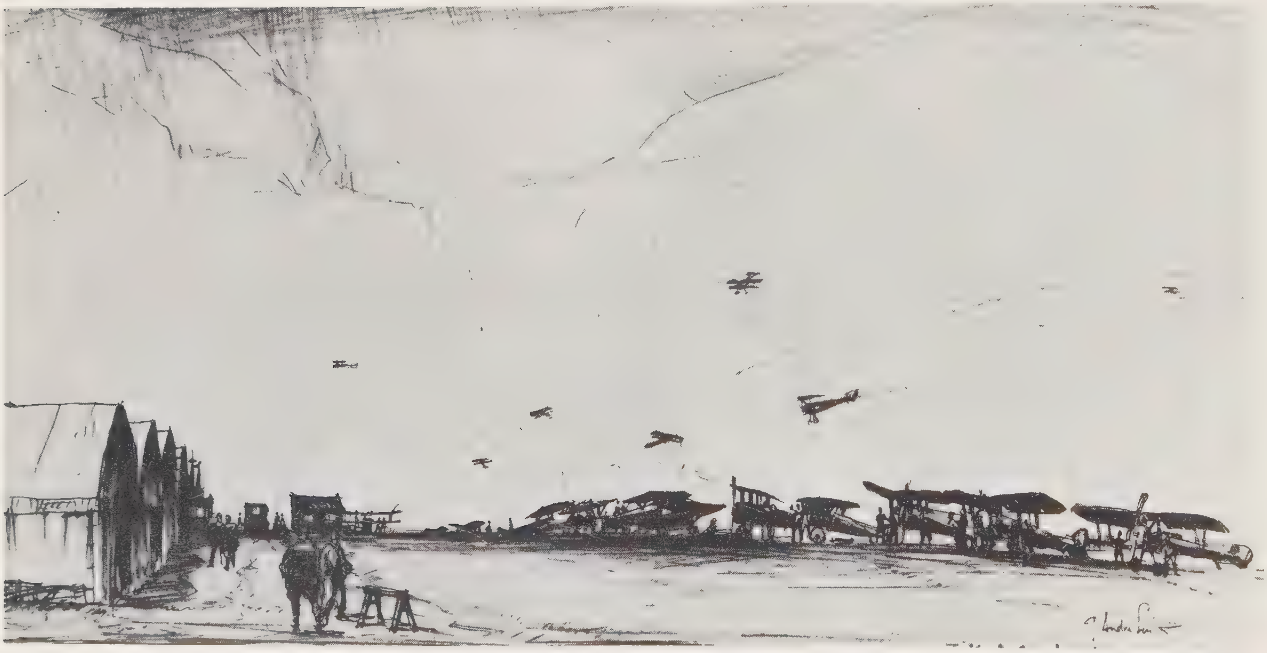
"With the 147th Aero Squadron, First Pursuit Group."



*From a drawing by Captain George Harding, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

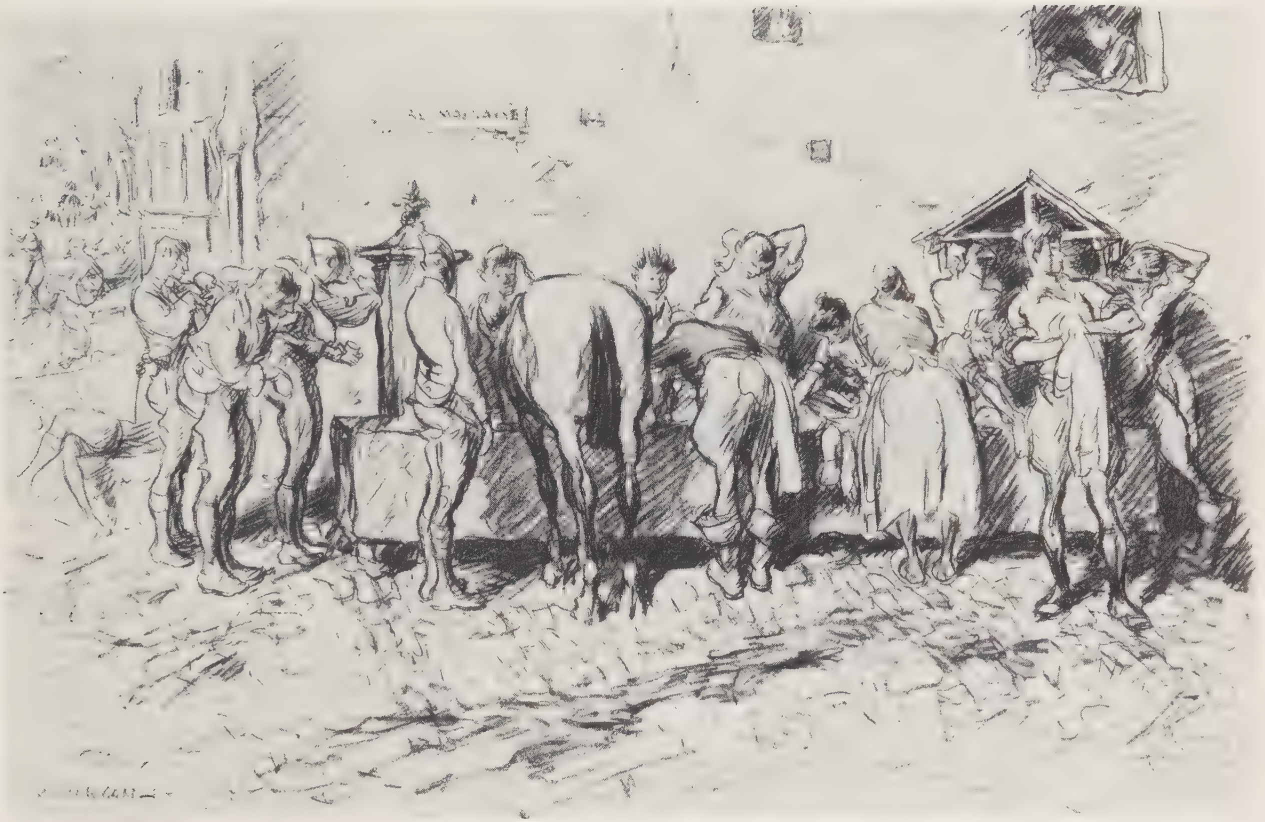
Vanquished by a Boche plane, Varennes, France, 1918

"September 26th, a Boche plane got two balloons in less than a minute."



*From a drawing by Captain J. Andre Smith, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

Air field No. I, at Issoudun, France, 1918

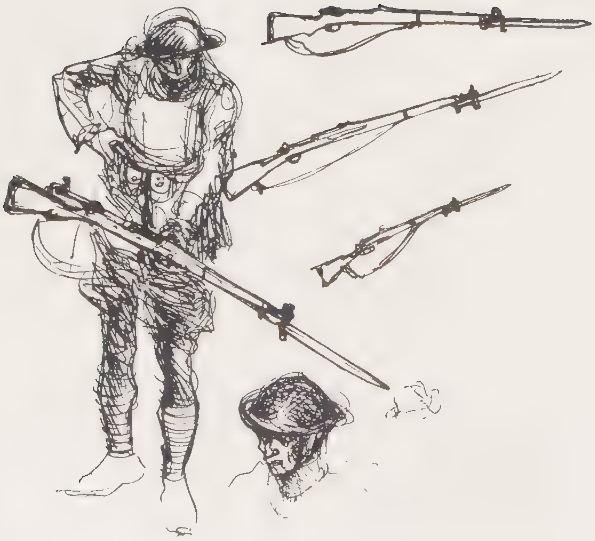


From a pencil drawing by Captain Wallace Morgan, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution

The morning wash-up, Neufmaison, France, 1918

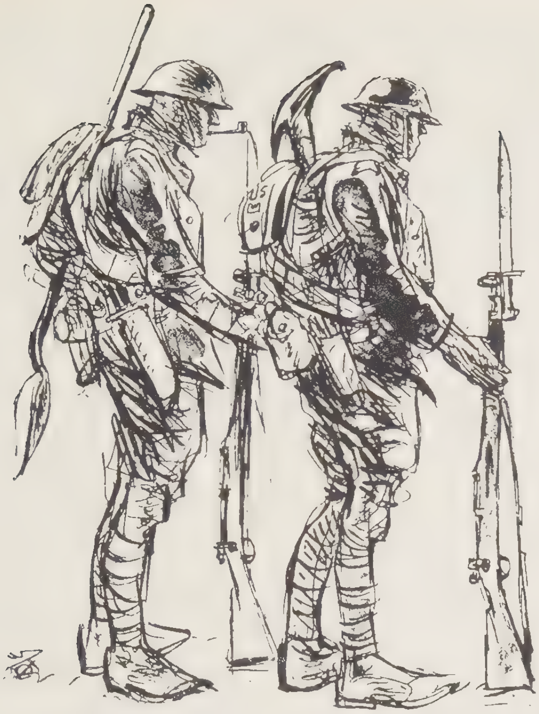
*From a drawing by Captain Wallace Morgan, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

Supply train on the Paris-Metz road
during the battle of Belleau Wood, June 6, 1918



*From a sketch by Captain John W. Thomason, U.S.M.C.*
*Courtesy Mrs. John W. Thomason and Charles Scribner's Sons, New York*

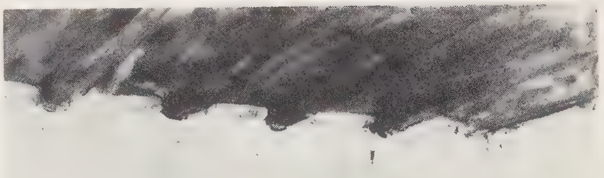
"A Marine and His Rifle."



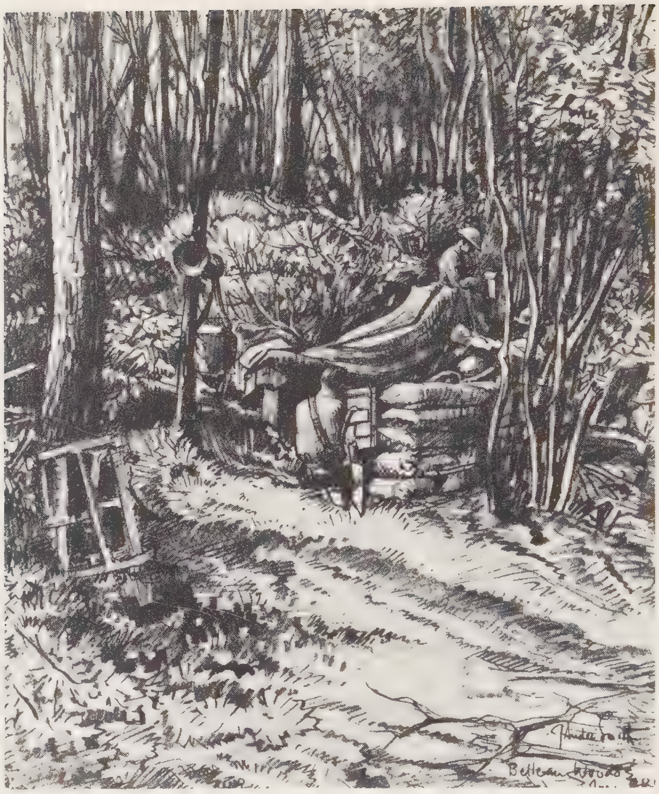
*From a drawing by Captain John W. Thomason, U.S.M.C. Courtesy Mrs. John W. Thomason and Charles Scribner's Sons, New York*

The Second Engineers

Off duty

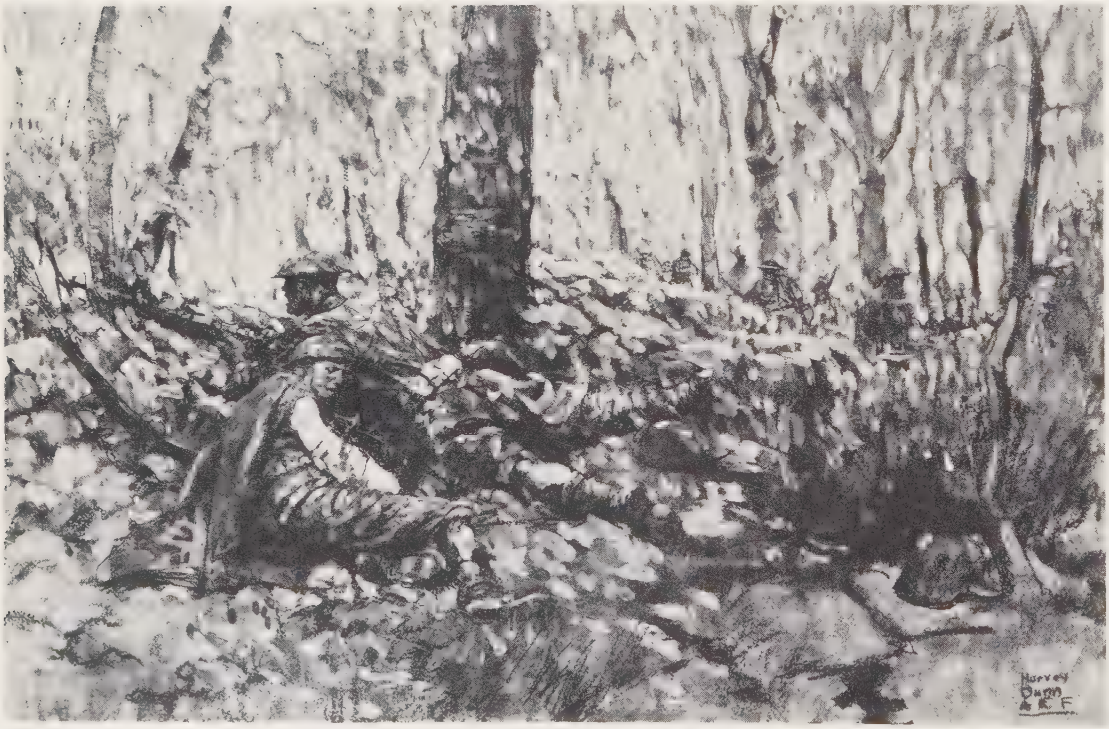


*From a drawing by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*



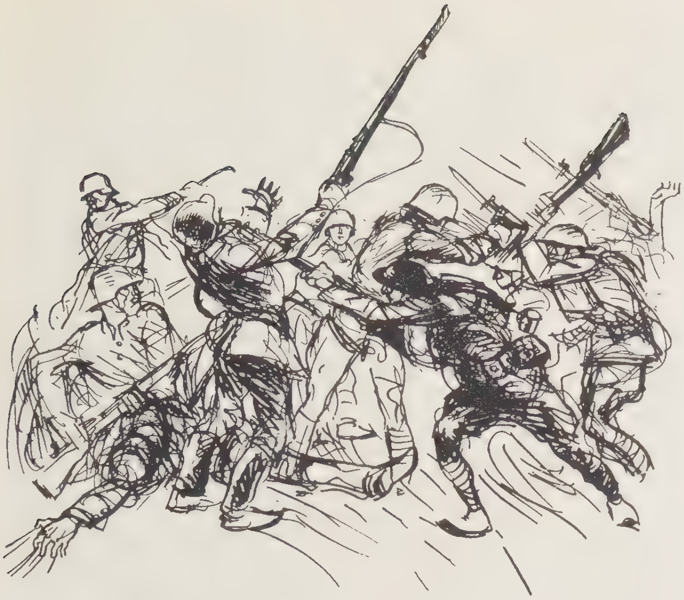
Listening post
in Belleau Wood, France, 1918

*From a drawing by Captain J. Andre Smith, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*



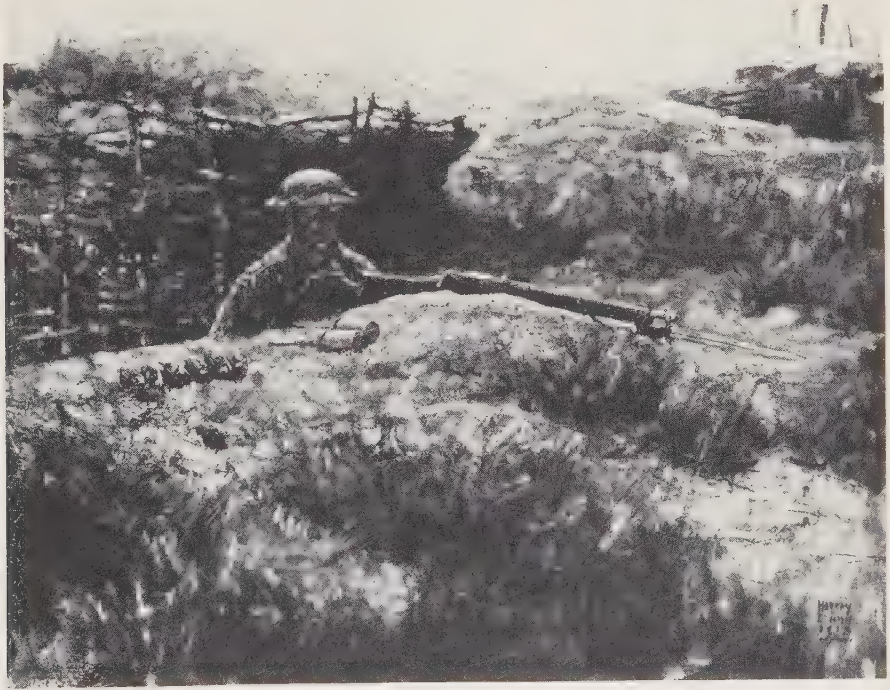
*From a painting by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

Sunday morning at Cunel, France, 1918



*From a drawing in pen and ink, made on the field, by Captain John W. Thomason, U.S.M.C. Courtesy Mrs. John W. Thomason and Charles Scribner's Sons, New York*

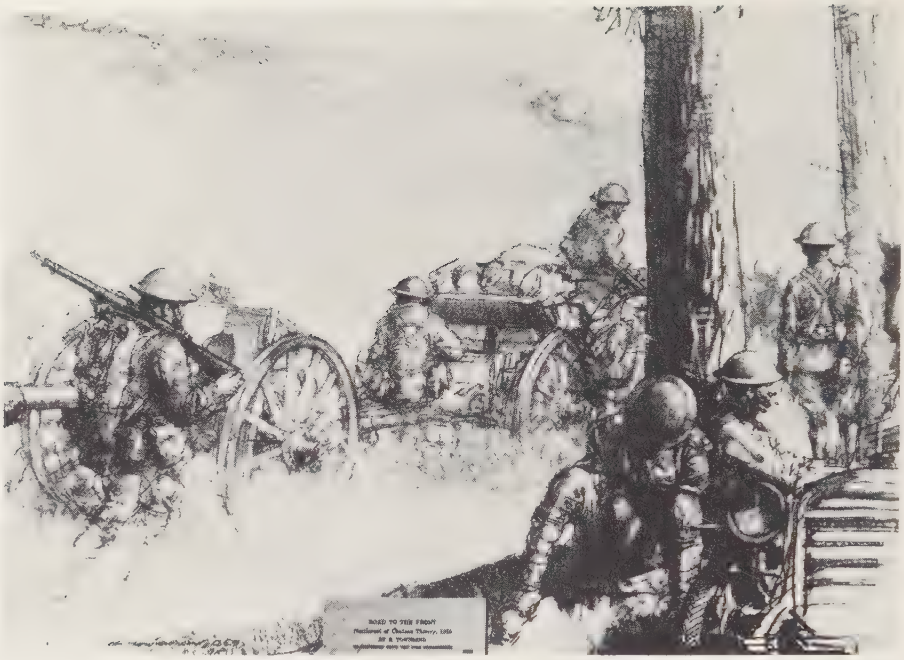
"The fighting in the woods at Soissons was close and savage"



*From an oil painting by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

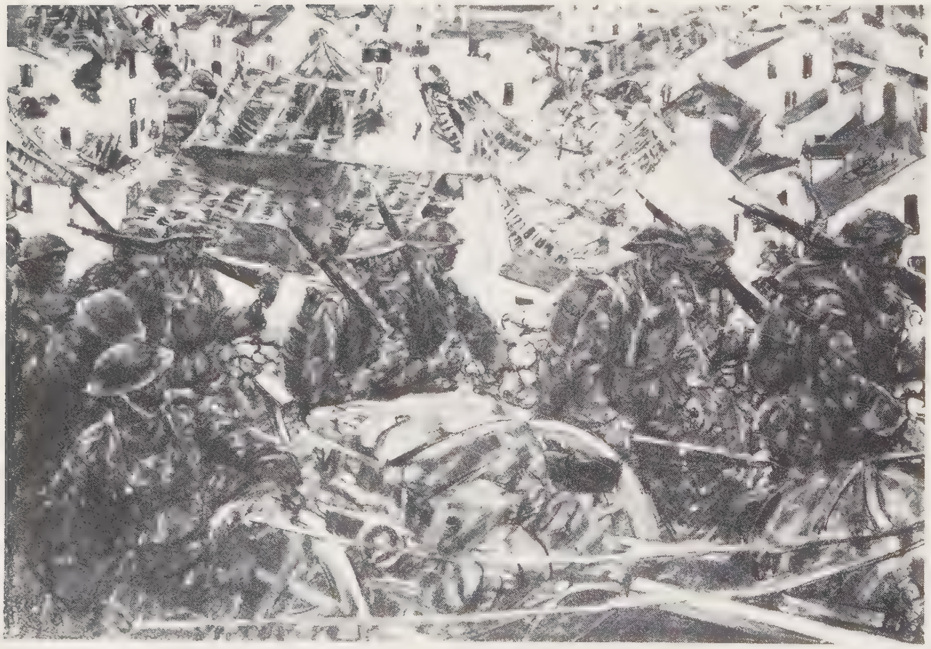
"Certain designated individuals watched," front line, France, 1918

His rifle resting on the parapet, "potato-mashers" and Mills bombs within easy reach, this sentry watches for signs of enemy activity.


ROAD TO THE FRONT
Northwest of Chateau Thierry, 1918
BY H. TOWNSEND

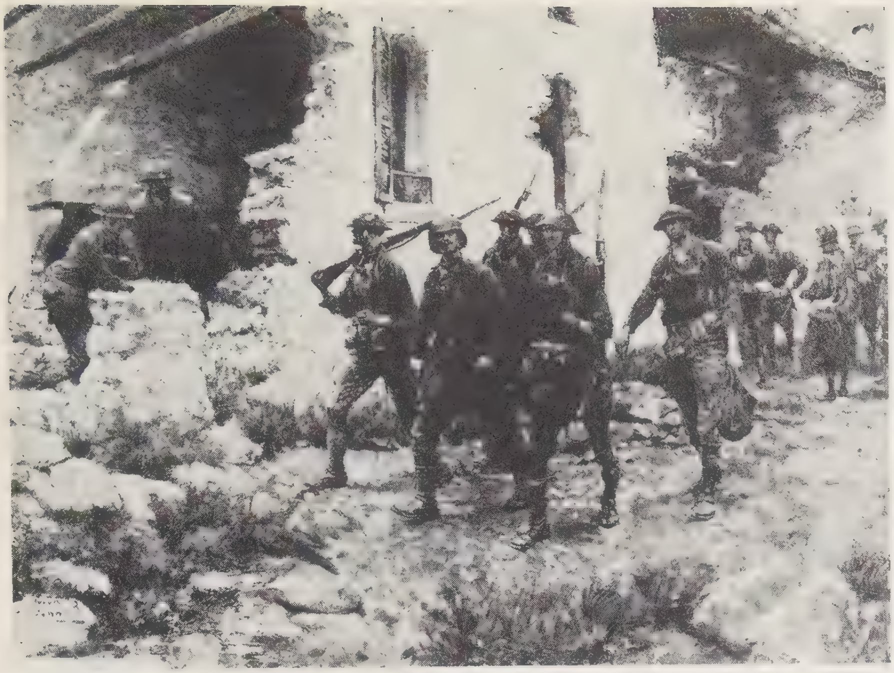
*From a drawing by Captain Harry Townsend, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

Road to the front—northwest of Chateau-Thierry, 1918



*From a drawing by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

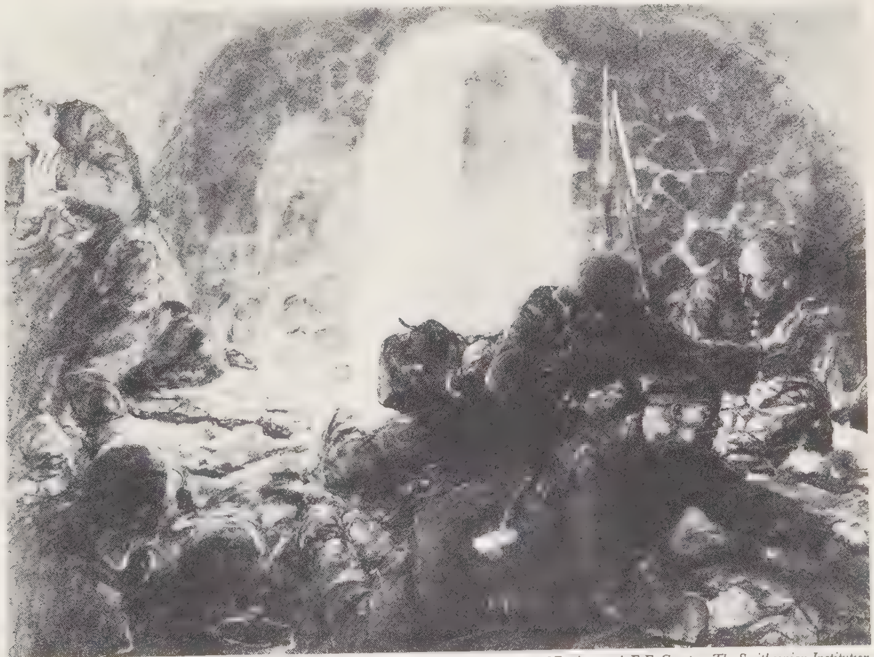
American troops moving up through a war-damaged village in France, 1918



*From a painting by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

The prisoner

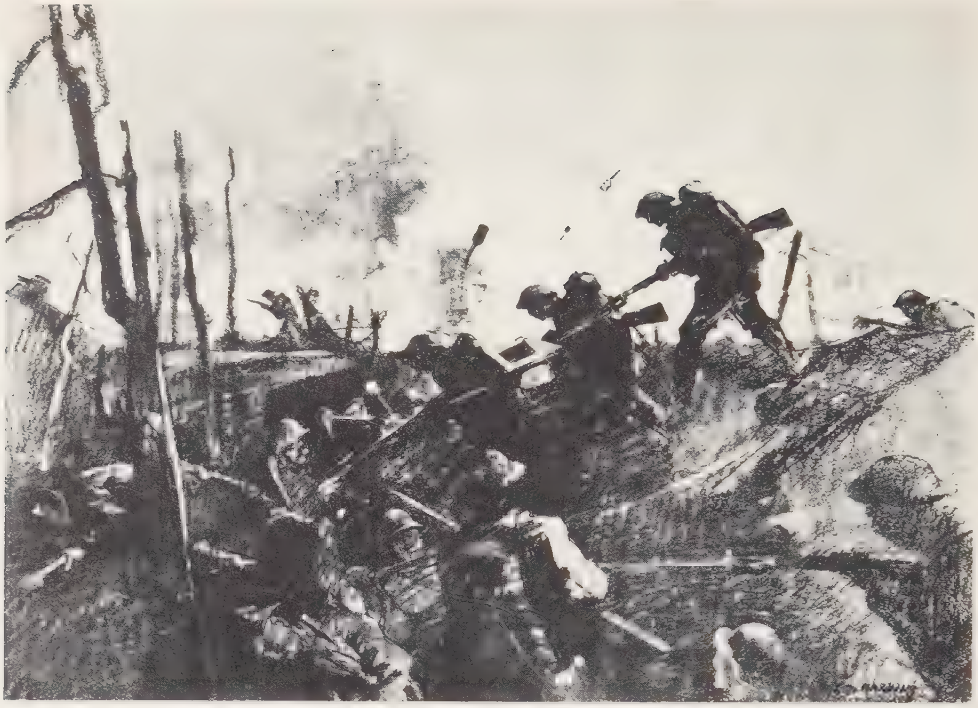
Bringing in a German prisoner for interrogation, somewhere in France, 1918.



*From a drawing by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

The hand grenade

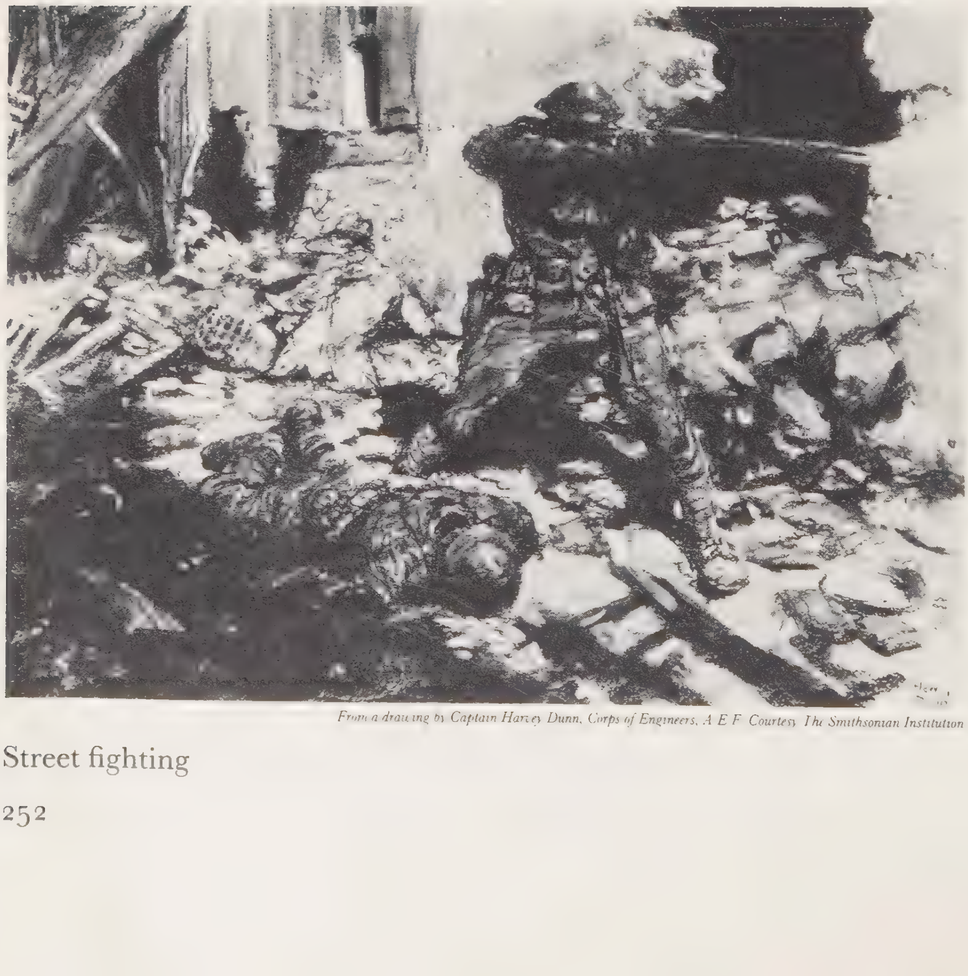
A group of German soldiers, hiding in a wrecked building, try to get out of the way of a hand grenade thrown through the doorway.



From a drawing by Captain George Harding, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution

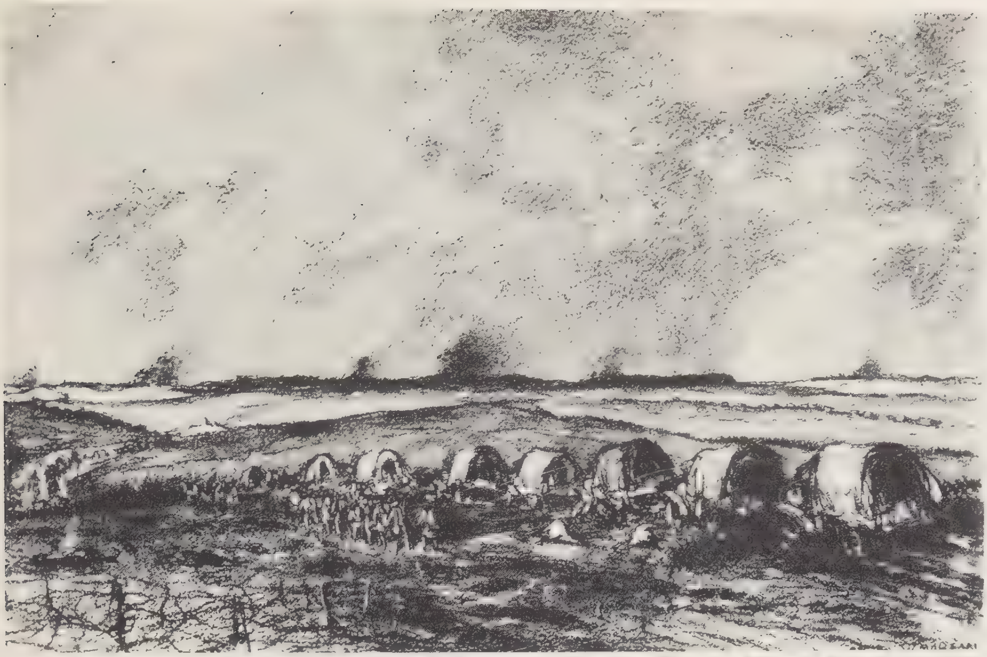
Charging a German trench, Verdun offensive

"American troops following a barrage."



From a drawing by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution

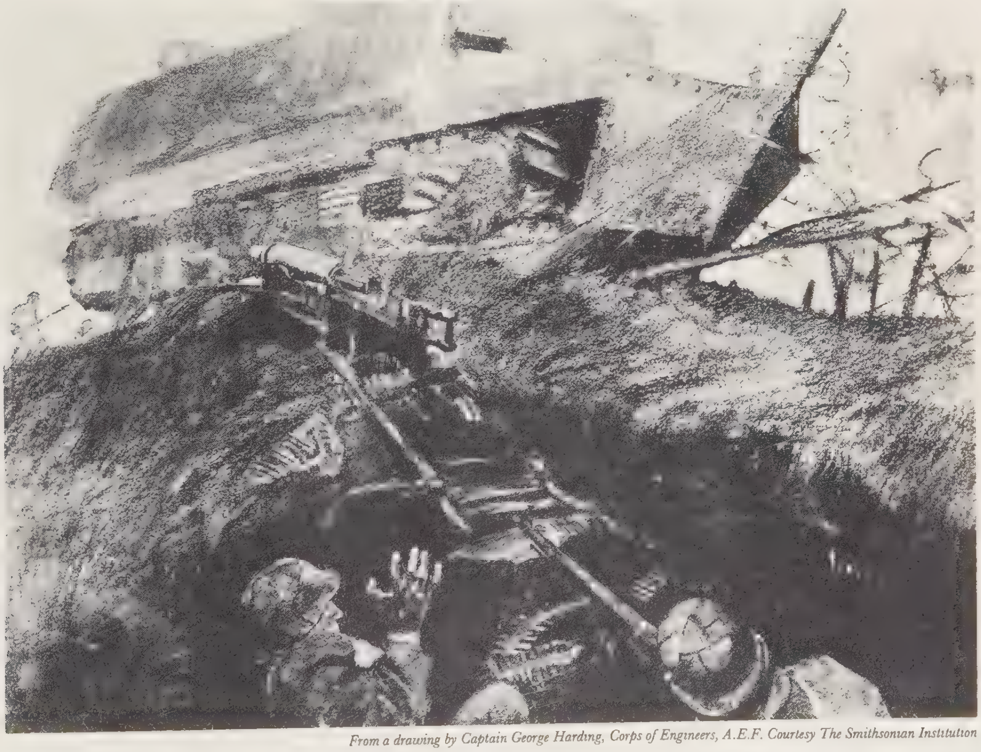
Street fighting



*From a drawing by Captain Wallace Morgan, Corps of Engineers, A E F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

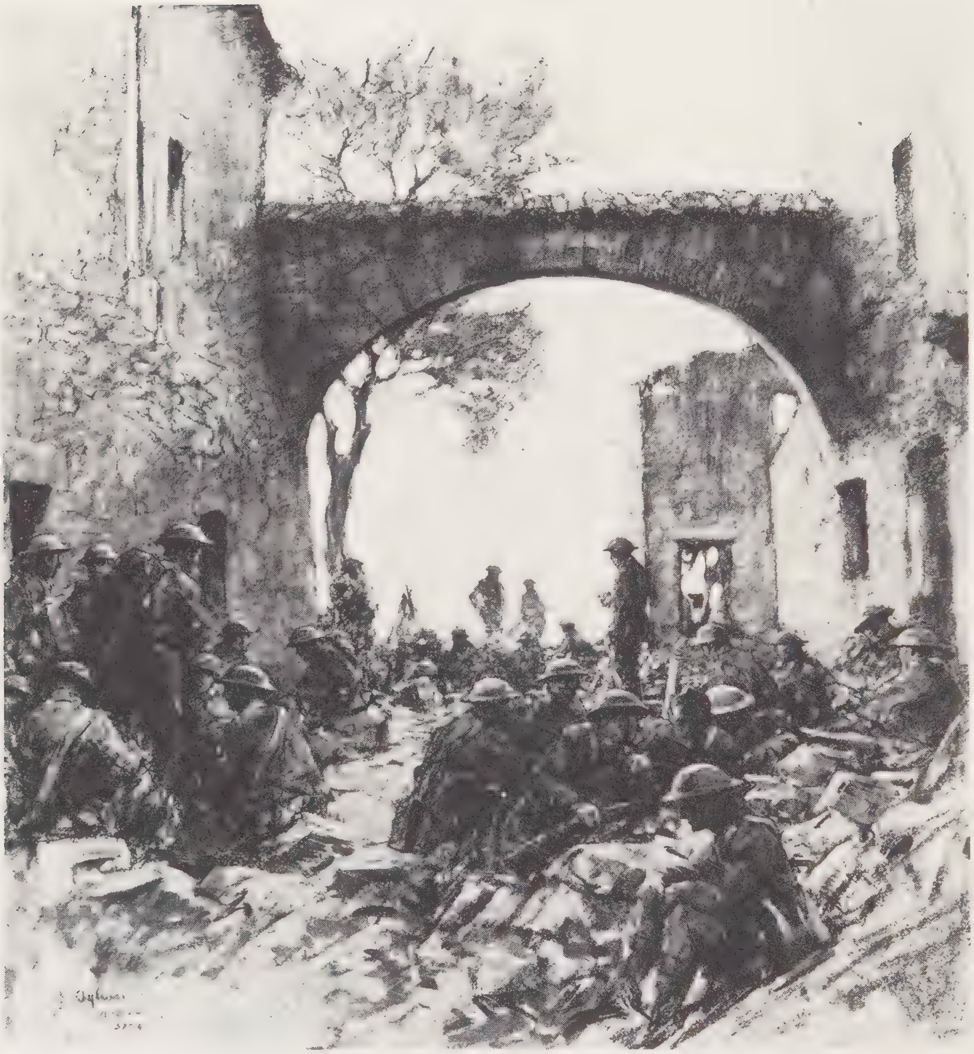
The pursuit

American forces crossing the old No Man's Land in pursuit of the retreating Germany army.



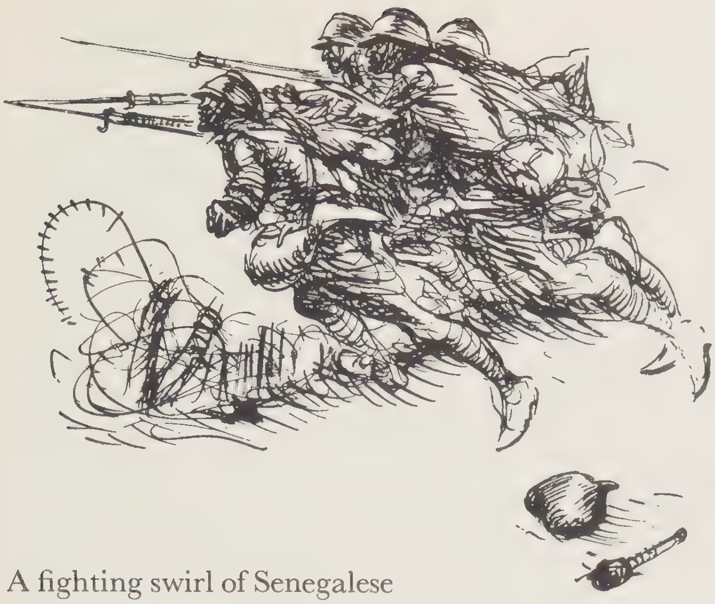
*From a drawing by Captain George Harding, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

Cleaning out a German machine-gun nest, St. Mihiel Drive, France, 1918

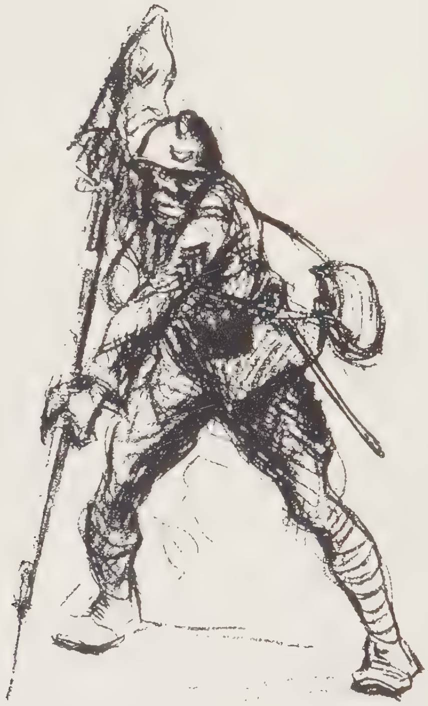


*From a drawing by Captain W. J. Aylward, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

American troops waiting to advance at Hattonchatel, St. Mihiel drive

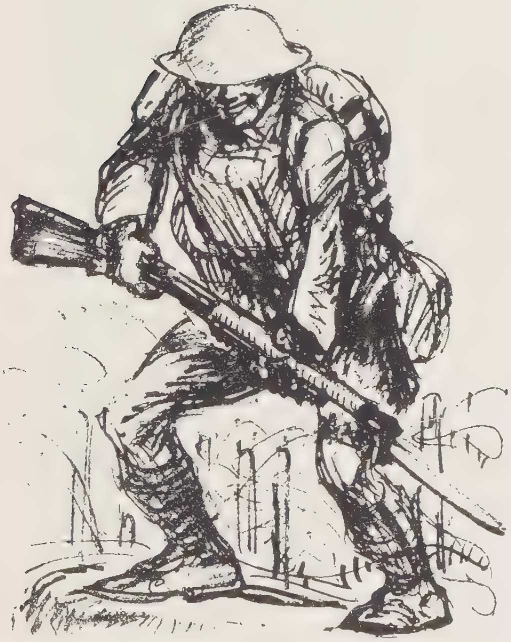


A fighting swirl of Senegalese



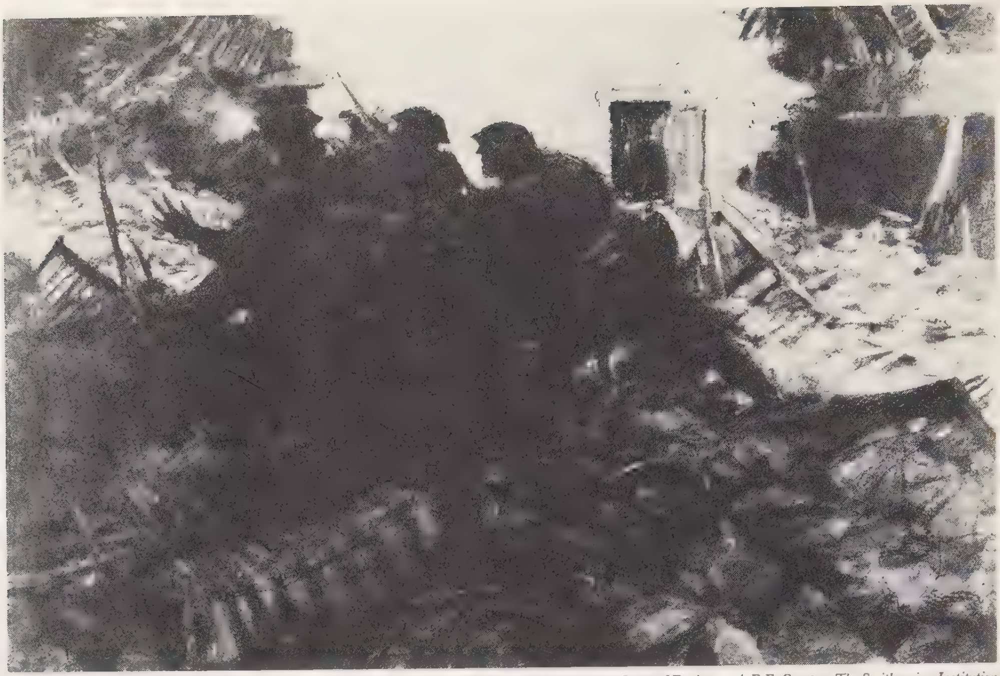
The Senegalese

"With reason the Boche feared them worse than anything living."



"Those sawed-off shotguns they gave us at St. Mihiel"

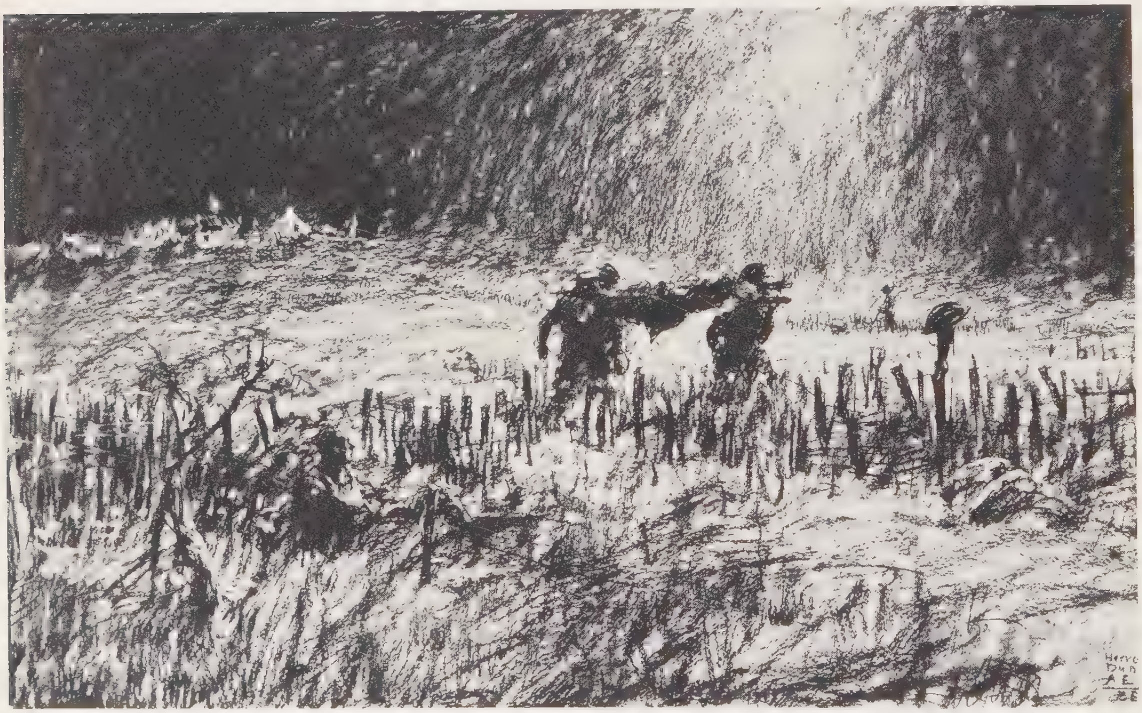
*Pictures on this page are from field sketches by Captain John W. Thomason, U.S.M.C. Courtesy Mrs. John W. Thomason and Charles Scribner's Sons*



*From a drawing by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

Combat patrol

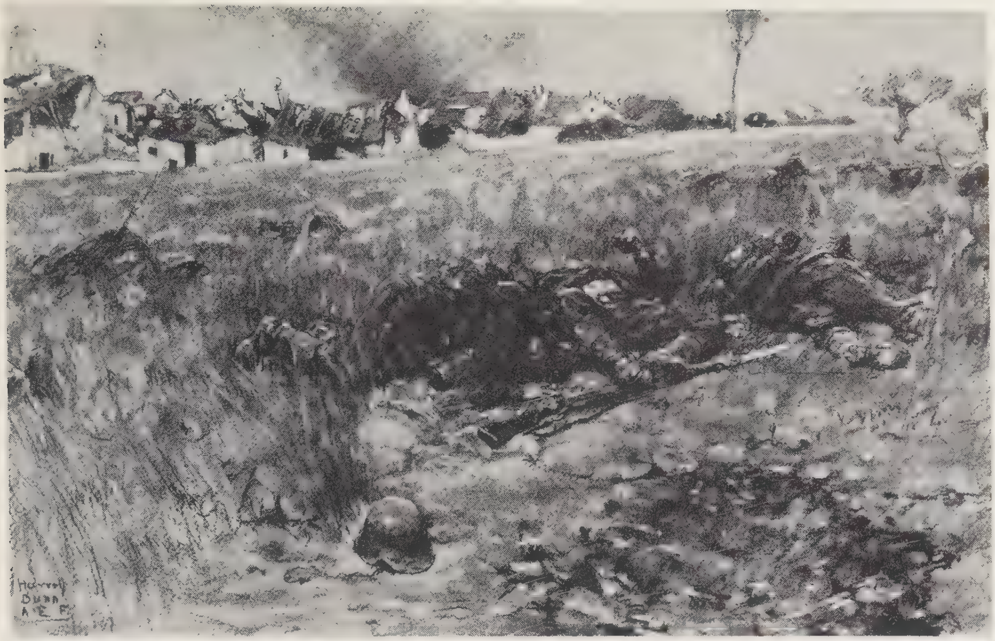
Street fighting in a town held by opposite forces, France, 1918.



*From a drawing by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

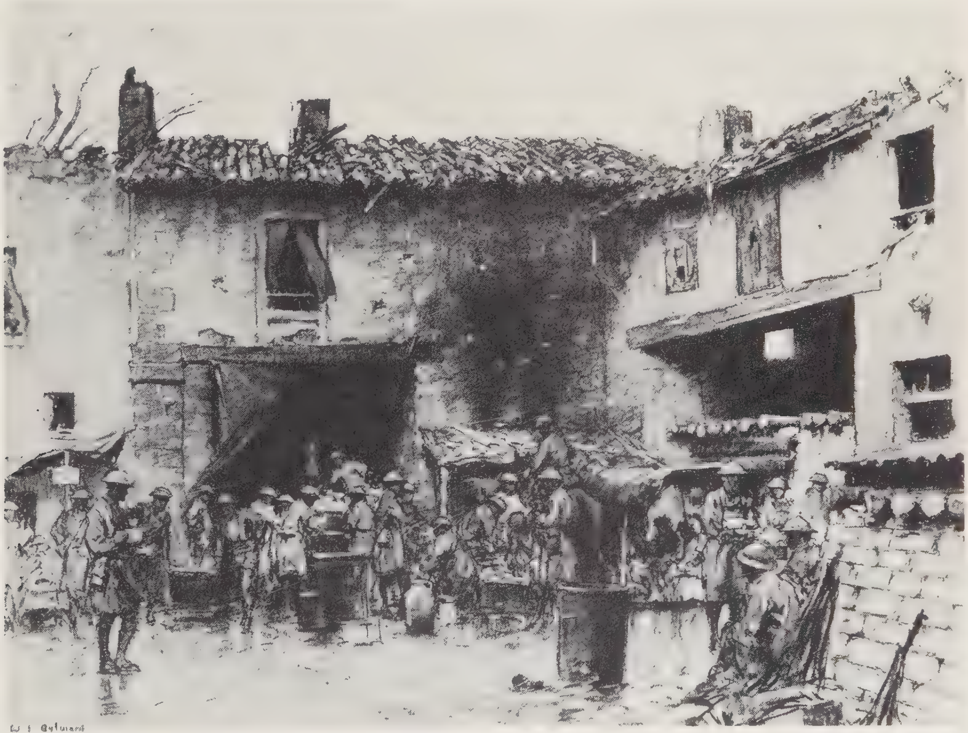
The flare, "No Man's Land," France, September, 1918

Bringing in the wounded, caught by a German flare.


Harvey Dunn A.E.F.

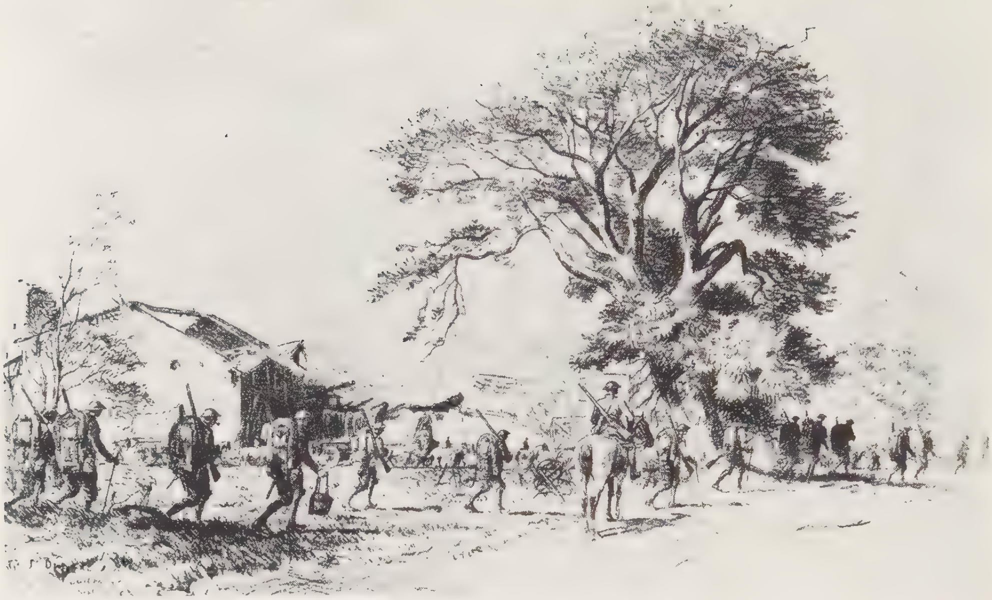
*From a drawing by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

The harvest moon



*From a drawing by Captain J. W. Aylward, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

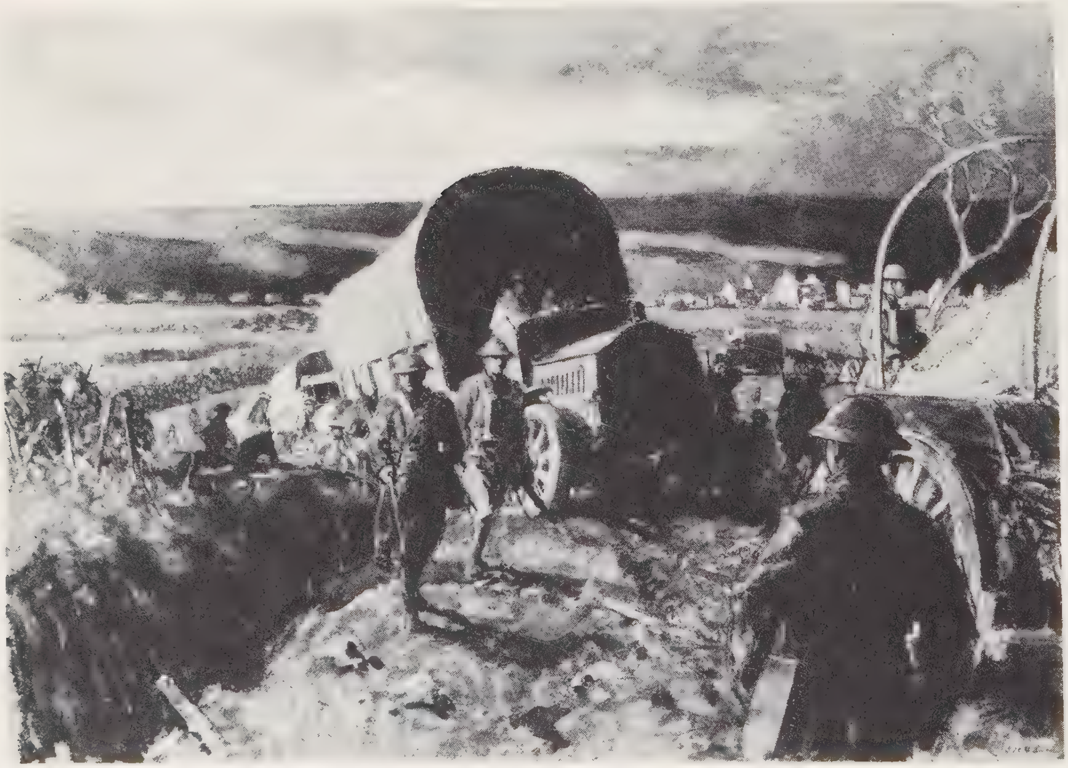
First Division headquarters kitchen, St. Mihiel drive, France, 1918



*From a drawing by Captain W. J. Duncan, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

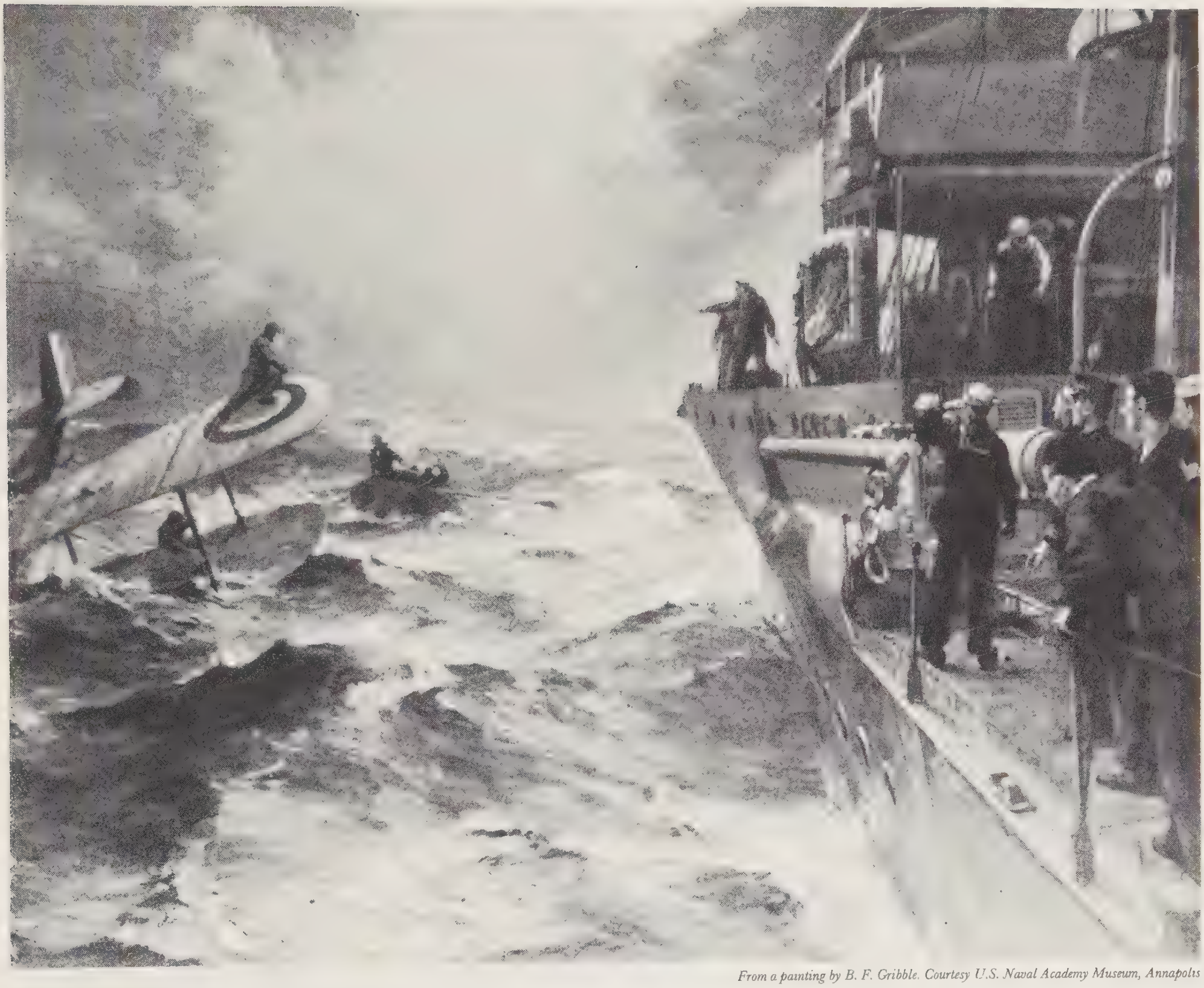
The St. Mihiel drive

"Troops leisurely advancing in St. Mihiel drive passing by the ruins of Seicheprey."



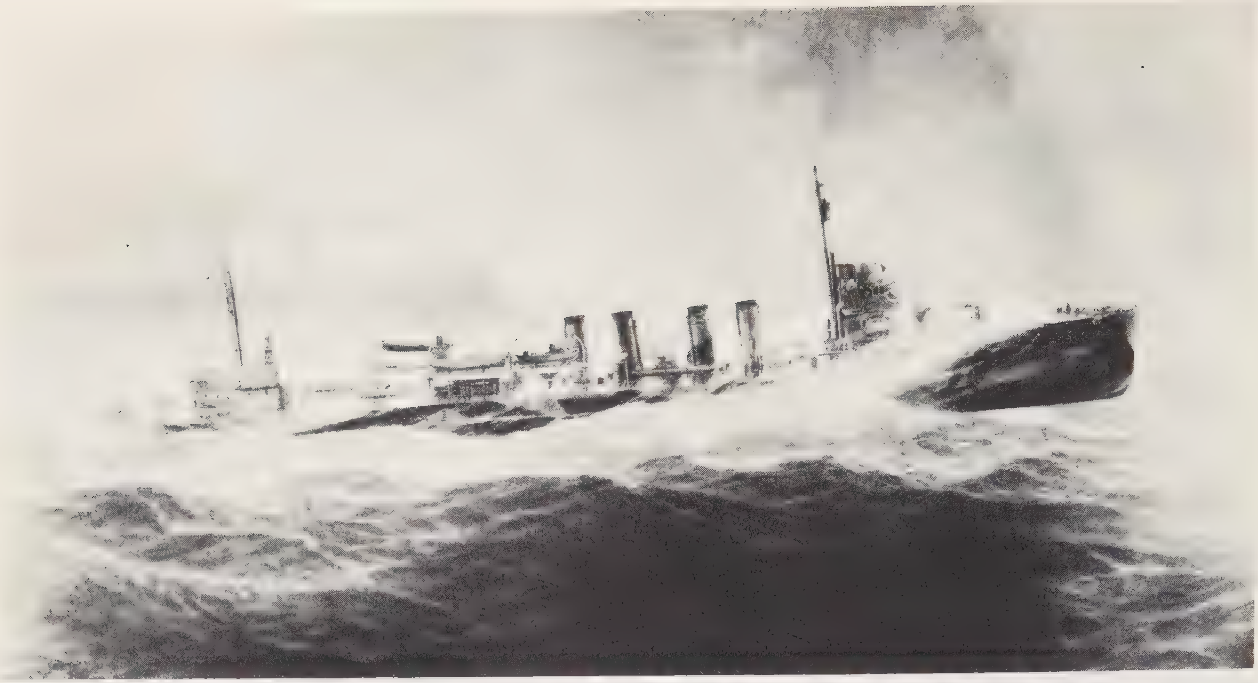
*From a water color by Captain W. J. Aylward, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

On the trail of the Hun, St. Mihiel drive, France, 1918



*From a painting by B. F. Gribble. Courtesy U.S. Naval Academy Museum, Annapolis*

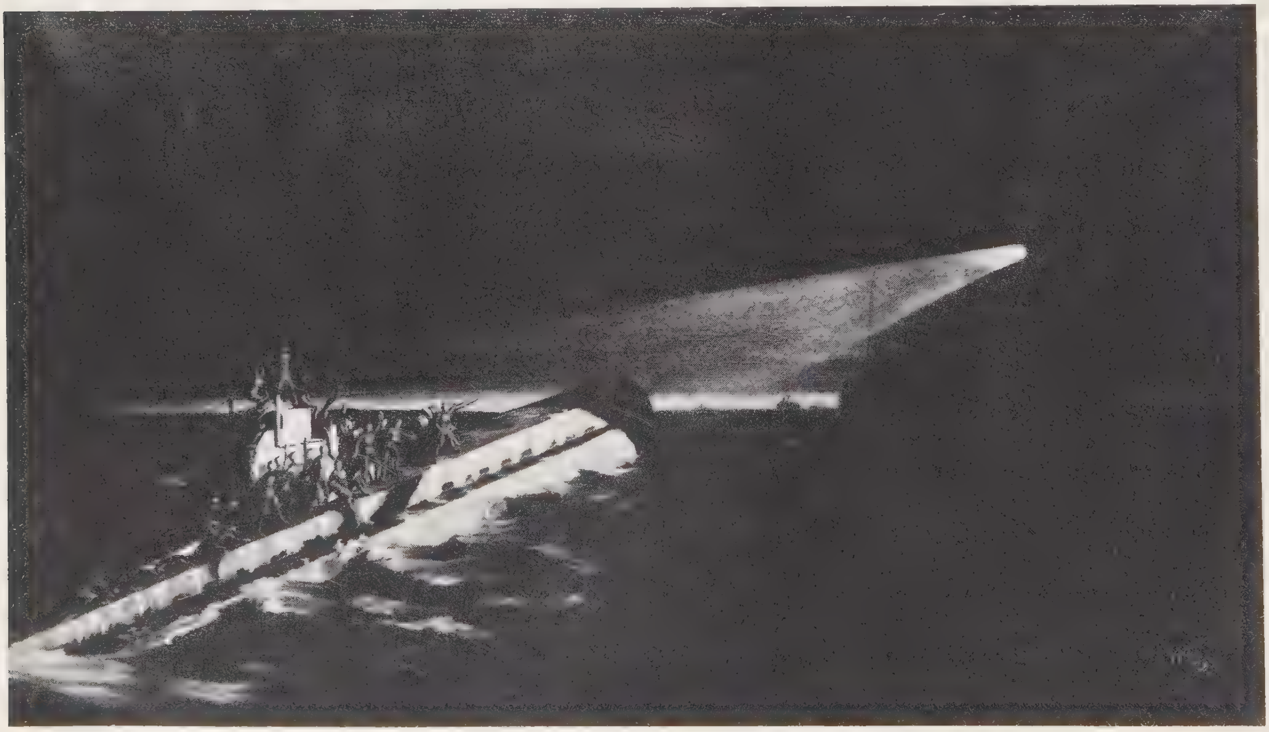
An American destroyer rescuing a British seaplane



*From a painting by Burnell Poole. Courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Museum and Naval Historical Foundation, Annapolis*

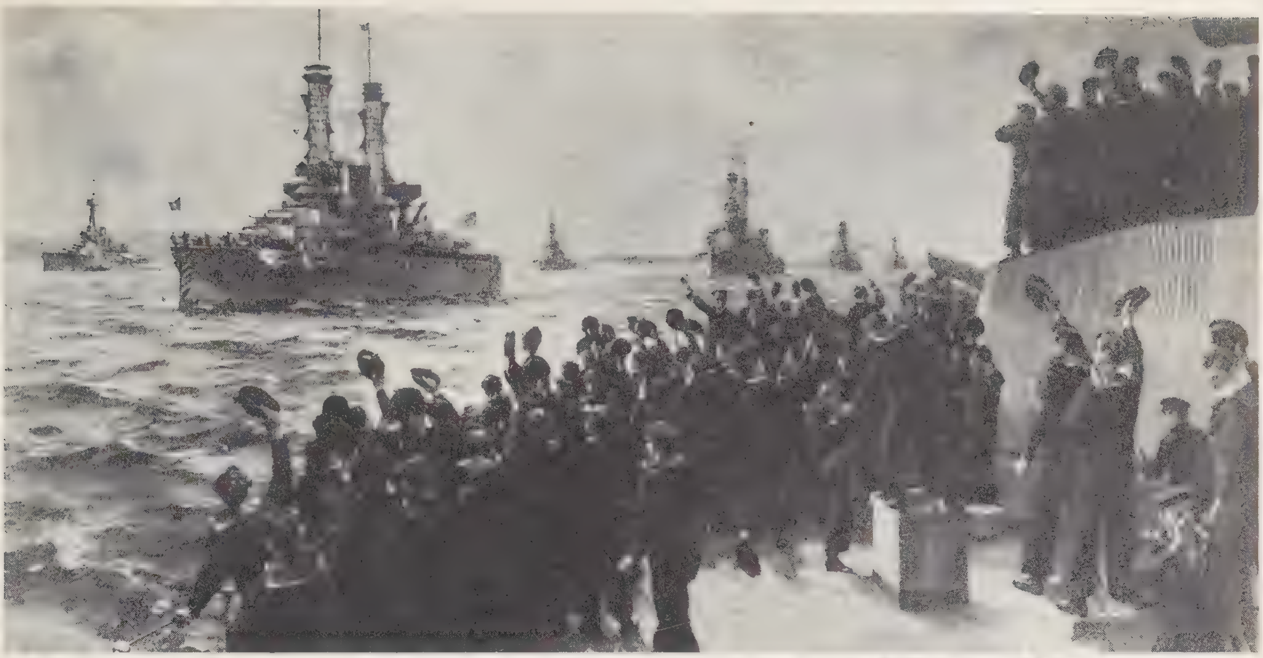
A fast convoy

An American destroyer escorting a camouflaged troopship bound for France, 1918.



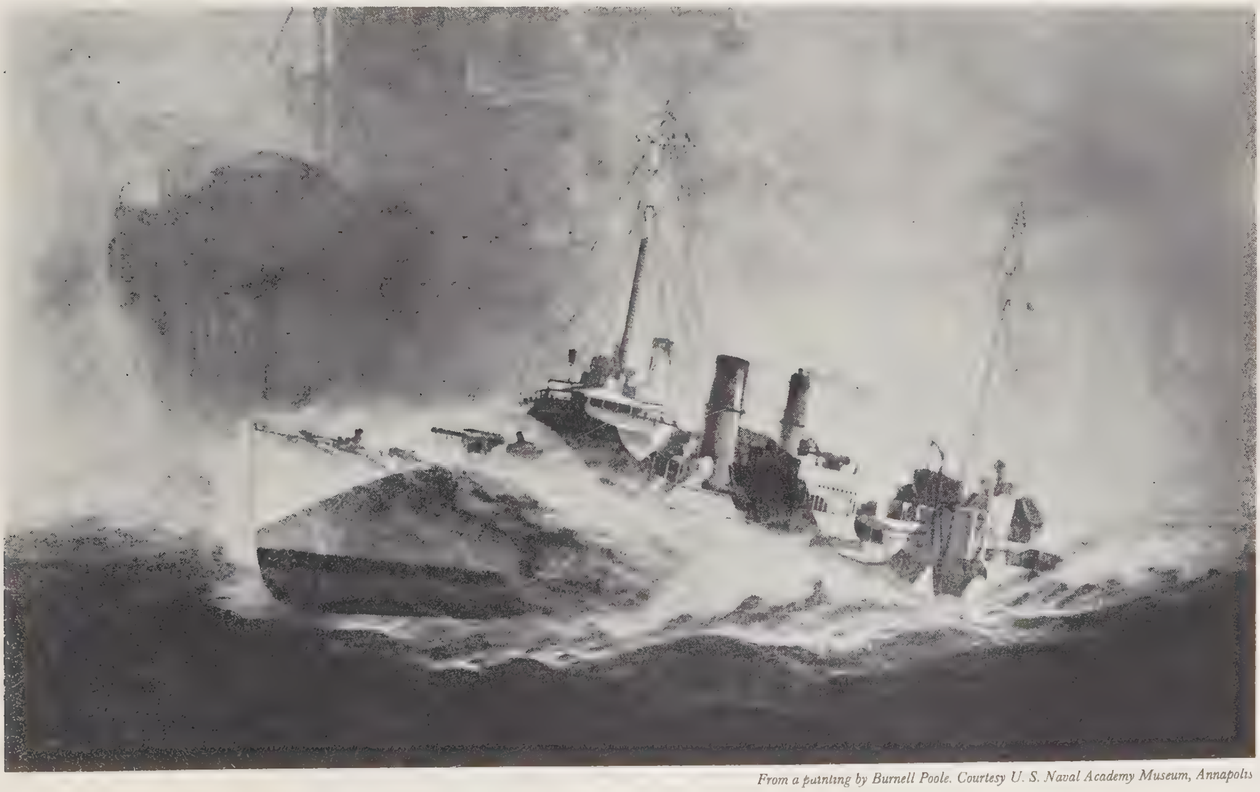
*From a painting by K. K. Pointer. Courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Museum, Annapolis*

Rescue of the crew of the German submarine M-103 by the United States destroyer *Davis*



From a painting by B. J. Gribble. Courtesy U.S. Naval Academy Museum, Annapolis

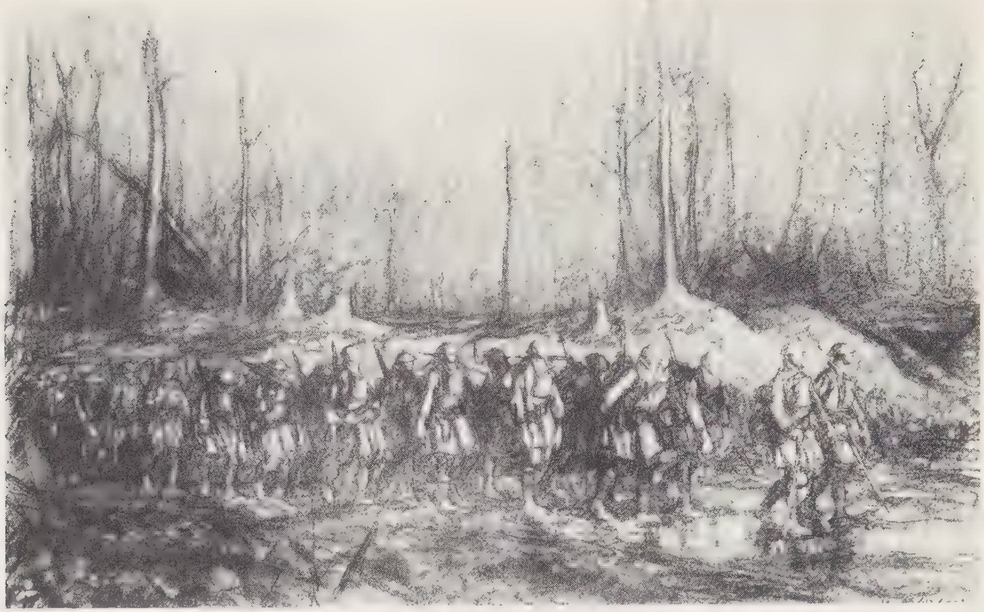
Arrival of the 6th Battle Squadron at Scapa Flow



From a painting by Burnell Poole. Courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Museum, Annapolis

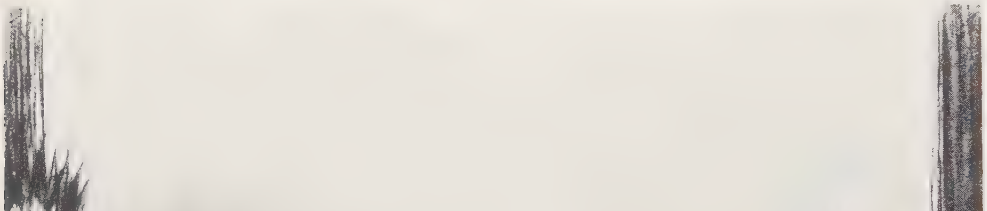
Critical situation

An American destroyer-escort cutting across the bow of a troopship while on escort duty in a fog in the North Atlantic.



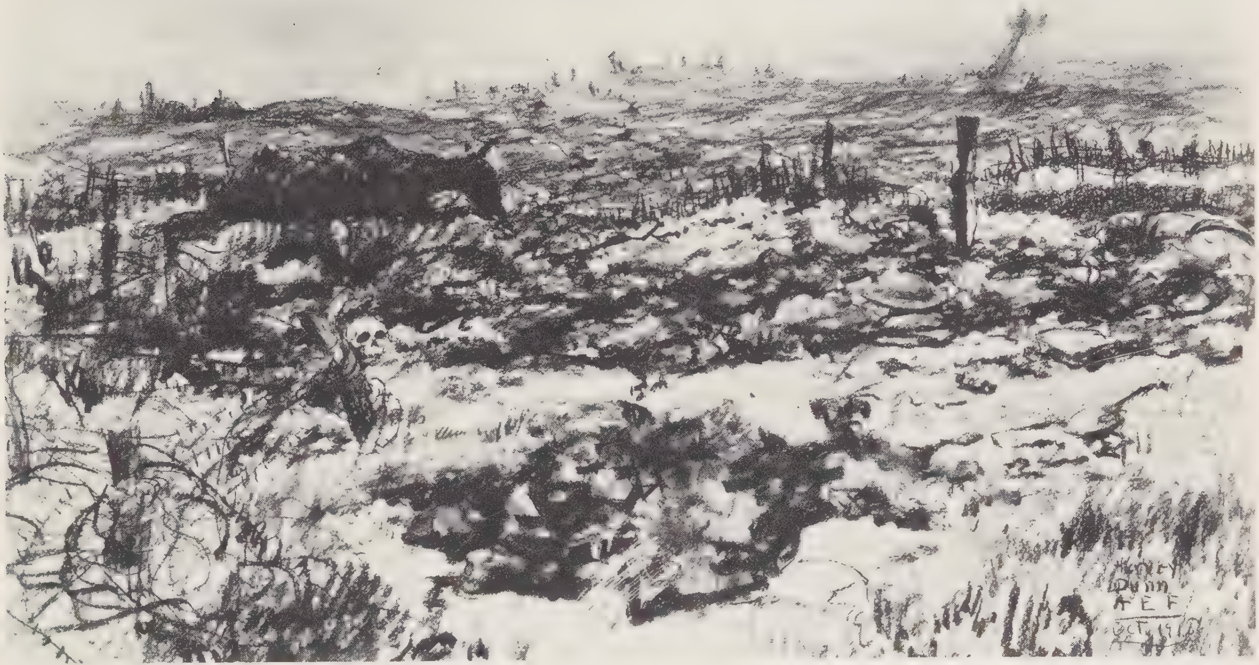
*From a drawing by Captain Wallace Morgan, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

The last long mile



*From a drawing by Captain Wallace Morgan, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

American troops marching through the Place de la Concorde, July 14, 1918



*From a drawing by Captain Harvey Dunn, Corps of Engineers, A.E.F. Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution*

Aftermath—No Man's Land—October, 1918

# II

# War Was Everywhere

## *World War II*

### 1941–1945

The founding of the Combat Artists Program of the United States Navy in World War II was apparently conceived by the late Commander Griffith Baily Coale, distinguished mural painter of New York City. An expert on small boats and ship models, Griffith Baily Coale loved the sea. "You can't talk to Coale for half an hour," wrote the late Stephen Vincent Benét, "without realizing that his first love is, and remains, the sea, and that he has a wide and accurate knowledge of ships and sailormen, past and present, that he knows as much about salt water as he does about paint."

In a conversation with the late Mrs. Mary Minton, custodian of Naval Art Office of the Chief of Information, Navy Department, Rear Admiral Chester C. Wood, former Secretary of the Academic Board of the Naval Academy, discovered that there was apparently no record in existence which "described the inception and founding of the Combat Artists Program as it was carried out during World War II."

In a memorandum dated 11 August 1953, Admiral Wood wrote: "It so happens that I think I know something of this matter. Accordingly, as a matter of historical interest I have prepared and forward herewith some notes on the subject. These notes are written purely from memory inasmuch as I have no written records concerning the events. However, I can completely vouch for the authenticity of the statements made in the enclosure. On the other hand, there may well be other factors and considerations which affect the authenticity of my statements and about which I have no knowledge.

"On the weekend of 15–17 March 1940, the late Mr. Griffith Baily Coale of New York City was a guest, with his wife, of mine at our quarters at the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland. Mr. Coale was enroute to the official opening of the National [Mellon] Art Gallery in Washington on March 17. Mr. Coale was an old friend of my father's and a fellow painter in Baltimore, Maryland, prior to World War I. I had seen but little of him through the years but knew of his work in New York where he had achieved quite a reputation as a painter of murals and large-size decorations and portraits. His wife's father was the late Bishop Manning of New York.

"After a dinner party on the evening of March 16th, Mr. Coale informed me that he had a matter to discuss which he hoped would be of significant interest to me. The two of us retired to a small sitting room where Mr. Coale proceeded to unfold his ideas along lines which eventually developed into the entire Combat Artists Program.

"He specifically stated that he sensed that we would be shortly in the war; that he wanted an active part to play; that his long experience with ships and things maritime made him desire service within the Navy; but, his age (he was then about fifty) would prevent active duty in the line.

"He therefore proposed that he, and others similarly qualified be commissioned as line officers of appropriate rank, that they be actually sent to combat zones in naval ships; with no other directive than to produce a historical record of what they had seen in the form of paintings.

"He elaborated by stating that all should operate from one or principal bases where they would have studios and facilities for turning out the finished product. The artists would be sent to sea for varying periods of time—between three and six months, he felt was the optimum—and then would return to do the studio work. He insisted that they could only get the proper feeling for their work by being as much a part of the combat service as they could possibly be made. On this point he was adamant in his thinking.

"Quite naturally, I was very much impressed and continued to discuss the matter for several hours. As I think back on the conversation, there was hardly a detail which we missed. I found Mr. Coale had thought the entire program out with remarkable detail and clarity.

"The next morning from my office in the Administration Building I called two officers in the Bureau of Naval Personnel. (Note: I cannot with surety identify these officers in my memory. They were officers with whom I had had frequent contact in my capacity as Secretary of the Academic Board of the Naval Academy. I seem to remember that they were Captain Randall Jacobs and Commander Bidwell.)

"I informed these officers that a Mr. Coale would arrive before noon with an idea which I felt would interest them. Both officers expressed interest and promised to see Mr. Coale.

"Mr. Coale later informed me that he was most graciously received and generously treated.

"I suppose that it is a matter of record that his commissioning process was started that very day. In any event, he was the first of the combat artists to be commissioned.

"I happened to be in Mr. Coale's home in Stonington, Connecticut, in August 1941 just prior to his departure for Quonset, R. I., where he was to take a plane for Argentia and thence proceed across the Atlantic, by destroyer. This was the trip on which he gathered material for the book, *North Atlantic Patrol.*

"As a further footnote, Mr. Coale had no intention at any time of writing anything concerning his duty as a combat artist. However, while on the trip across the North Atlantic, he wrote some notes which he eventually showed to his neighbor in Stonington, the late Stephen Vincent Benét, the poet. Mr. Benét was so impressed with the notes that he urged Coale to put them into book form."

There soon followed other artists of reputation who entered the naval service, who would have as their "primary function the job of preserving for the public and for history the vivid scenes of modern war." Among these men were Lieutenant William Draper, Lieutenant (j.g.) Mitchell Jamieson, and Lieutenant Stanley Backus. All held commissions in the Naval Reserve. These combat artists went through the period of naval training, later being assigned to "combat battle stations along with everyone else in the ship or unit to which they are assigned." Following the convictions of Commander Coale, these Navy artists were to depend on their own eyesight and experience for subject matter, rather than on delayed reports sent to them at home. Soon these men would be traveling to every corner of the world theater of war to send back "an unequalled historical record of what they saw."

## THE SOUTH PACIFIC

On December 7, 1941, the Naval Air Arm of the Imperial Japanese Fleet, in a surprise attack, struck the United States naval base at Pearl Harbor, Honolulu, Hawaii, almost crippling the U. S. Pacific Fleet. That same day, December 8, Far Eastern time, Japanese aerial bombs fell on Wake Island, Manila, Hong Kong, and Singapore. Within five months after Pearl Harbor the Japanese had possession of the Netherlands East Indies, Wake Island in the Central Pacific, Rabaul in New Britain, and the approaches to Australia.

In the Philippines, General Douglas MacArthur exacted a fearful price in Japanese lives in his stubborn defense of Bataan and Corregidor. General Jonathan Wainwright, his half-starved, malaria-ridden troops suffocating in the tunnels of Corregidor, was finally forced to capitulate on May 6, 1942, after five months of desperate resistance. General Wainwright and his men, gaunt, weary, and starved, emerged from the dark tunnels of the fortress as prisoners of war; their march to the Japanese internment camps was to become a symbol of horror.

That same month, May, 1942, saw the extension of Japanese military lines to Tulagi, off Florida Island in the Solomons. From their island airfield on Rabaul the Japanese began bombing Lae and Salamaua, New Guinea, off Huon Gulf. By July, 1942, Japanese military occupation extended more than halfway across the Pacific. Westward, Japanese penetration reached as far as the mountain fastnesses of India and Burma; while in the Northern Pacific the Japanese seized a firm foothold in the Aleutians. In Europe, France had fallen and Britain and Russia were battling for their very existence.

But the war in the Pacific for reasons of high strategy became secondary in importance to the war in Europe. Lacking the necessary equipment, American forces in the South Pacific performed miracles of defense, fighting with what they had, keeping a relentless pressure on the Japanese. It was an uncomfortable beginning, but there were no impossibilities to determined men.

"It had always been the concept of the United States Chiefs of Staff," wrote General Marshall, "that Japan could be defeated by a series of amphibious attacks across the far reaches of the Pacific. Oceans are formidable barriers, but for the nation enjoying naval superiority they become highroads of invasion." Before this operation could be executed, however, the Japanese Imperial Fleet, heretofore unchallenged and intact, had to be engaged and defeated. Despite the extensive damage sustained by the United States Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor, U.S. forces stopped the Japanese fleet early in May, 1942, in the Coral Sea attempting to break the supply lines to Australia. Then in June, for three days a fierce battle raged on the approaches to Midway Island, west of the Hawaiians. Every available ship and serviceable plane was thrown into the action against the ponderous Japanese naval force moving toward Midway.

Two hours before dawn on June 4 the Japanese were sighted. Marine dive bombers, Army B-26's armed with torpedoes, and Navy TBFs engaged the oncoming enemy carriers. Twenty-seven available fighting aircraft, heedless of their small numbers and outclassed planes, took on the enemy's big flying force.

As the Japanese planes and dive bombers approached the island, antiaircraft batteries opened up from redoubts in the sand on the suicidal attacks by the Jap pilots. The island soon became a raging inferno of exploding bombs, shells, and machine-gun fire.

Midway's small air force struck back with all its limited strength. Meanwhile, as the battle raged on the island, the Navy was attending to the job in hand at sea not too far away.

"For the next forty-eight hours," wrote Commander Coale, "American forces on Midway forestall the last Japanese landing attempt, while the Navy task force continues the pursuit. Once more the battle at sea rages as the fighting Naval task force engages the remaining Japanese ships. By midnight of June 7th the battle is over, but the gallant carrier *Yorktown* is mortally wounded after having received two torpedo hits. . . . the battle of Midway is over and won, with the Japanese Fleet in rout to the westward. The ships that came to save the *Yorktown* lie in a circle around the death-bed of the dying Amazon. She has come out patched from her last bold engagements, to add new laurels to the name of the battle that she bears. The *Yorktown* helped tremendously to make this battle another salty Waterloo for our enemies. After slowly capsizing to port . . . the U.S.S. *Yorktown* sinks."

## THE ALEUTIAN CAMPAIGN

The Aleutian campaign began six months after the attack on Pearl Harbor, when planes from the Japanese carriers *Ryujo* and *Junyo*, in a two-day attack, bombed Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians. The first activity was bitter. But the Japanese attack was not a full-scale invasion of Alaska. As a far-flung diversion to the main Japanese attack at Midway, to forestall an anticipated American advance via the Aleutians, the Japanese landed troops on Kiska and Attu.

Military, air, and naval operations in the Aleutians were complex and difficult because of the terrain and unpredictable weather, much of the fighting taking place on the little islands of the Aleutian chain. The few level spots, incapable of supporting a taxiway for heavy bombers, because of the soft tundra and layers of muskeg, had to be covered with steel matting.

Once the steel-matted landing fields were serviceable, B-24 bombers made sorties over the area searching out Japanese cruisers, carriers, and destroyers. When a "hole" or "break" in the overcast would occur, 11th Air Force planes dropped their bombs on the difficult moving targets. The Navy tried bombardment of Japanese installations in the Kiska area, but the risk of collision to the big warships in fog, and the inconclusive results, were too great a gamble to warrant continued actions of this kind. Once, happily, when an exceptionally good stretch of weather occurred, the 11th Air Force flew 1,175 sorties against Kiska.

The invasion of Attu developed into an infantry battle with a fanatical Japanese garrison force. Here the solution was different. By May 28, the Japanese had been pushed into a small area of ground around Chichagof Harbor. Major General Eugene Landrum, his larger force deployed on the surrounding heights, planned to finish the urgent work of clearing the Japanese from the peninsula. A surrender order was first sent through the lines to the Japanese commander, Colonel Yasuyo Yamasaki, who, instead of complying with the ultimatum, decided on a foolish and desperate counterattack. After two days of hand-to-hand fighting the Japanese garrison was wiped out. Heavy bombing missions in the months that followed finally put an end to the threat to the Aleutians.

## GUADALCANAL

The first step on the long road to Tokyo was a large island, dark, jungle-covered, and forbidding, in the central Solomons, called Guadalcanal. Here began the battle to recapture the South Pacific. The very name, Guadalcanal, has blood on it. On this island the enemy had to be annihilated. Among the maze of coral atolls, reefs, lagoons, and islands that is the Solomons, the Americans and their allies fought the opening battles of the South Pacific. At the U. S. military and naval base at Noumea, on New Caledonia, was planned the simultaneous attack on Guadalcanal, Tulagi, Tanambogo, and Gavutu.

It was well known to American officers that the Japanese were building an airstrip on Guadalcanal. In fact, there was no movement the Japanese made that was not reported by the daring, resourceful coast-watchers. After a patient wait for the Japanese to complete the airstrip on Guadalcanal, on August 7, 1942, the 1st Marine Division, 10,000 strong, stormed ashore on the beach at Lunga Point in a surprise attack, took the Japanese off guard, and threw a defense perimeter around the airstrip. On that same day American forces and their allies landed at Tulagi, Tanambogo, and Gavutu.

For weeks the battle raged back and forth in jungle and swamp. At night gun flashes from American warships seared the night sky over Sealark Channel, forever afterward to be called "Iron Bottom Bay." At Guadalcanal the campaign developed into a series of small, personal, bitterly fought actions. Patrols, sweating mightily, fought desperately in the steaming jungle, taking one ridge after another in hand-to-hand fighting at night and during the day, while dogfights between the Jap Zeros and P-40's roared, screamed, and sputtered overhead.

The Japanese tried desperately to maintain their hold on Guadalcanal. The "Tokyo Express," Japanese troop transports supported by cruisers and destroyers, pushed down the seaway channel from Buin to Guadalcanal, which henceforth acquired the sobriquet of "The Slot," only to be beaten back by a Navy task force in the battle of Tassafaronga.

The Japanese, outwitted, tried every device they knew to retake Guadalcanal. Japanese bombers flew down from Rabaul with daily regularity. Sometimes at night a single plane would hover over American island installations and drop a flare, after which immediately followed heavy shell-fire from Japanese warships standing offshore.

Then, on November 12, 1942, was fought the great naval and air battle off Santa Cruz Island. During the enemy raid 16 bombers and 25 fighters met in furious battle with 24 Marine and Navy F4F Wildcats in which no less than 22 Japanese planes were shot out of the air, with not a single loss among U.S. Navy or Marine pilots.

On Guadalcanal attack after attack was repulsed by the Marines with great loss, but the baffled Japanese never got within one mile of the airstrip. From Truk, far to the northwest of Santa Cruz Island, a powerful Japanese naval task force staged the largest attack yet, and met American naval air and surface forces in a violent action in which three of the enemy's carriers were disabled and nearly a hundred Japanese planes destroyed. But the Japanese could brag that Vice Admiral Nagumo had sailed back to Truk, and that his planes had sunk the American aircraft carrier *Hornet.*

In another violent action off Savo Island, the United States Navy suffered one of its worst defeats. Admiral Mikawa, commander of the 8th Japanese Fleet, promptly gathered his warships for a fast strike at Allied invasion shipping. Fully aware that he was tackling superior naval forces, Admiral Mikawa planned a fast hit-and-run strike to clear Savo Sound for a convoy of troopships to reinforce the garrison cornered at the tip of Guadalcanal.

Radar failed to pick up the Japanese warships as they entered the seaway between Savo Island and Guadalcanal. Under cover of darkness the Japanese sailed confidently on, unchallenged, until they were sighted by the destroyer U.S.S. *Patterson* which radioed the alarm. Suddenly, the darkness was brilliantly broken by flares from the Japanese warships, silhouetting H.M.S. *Canberra* and U.S.S. *Chicago.* The flares were followed by a hail of shells which struck the *Canberra;* at the same instant two torpedoes slammed into her starboard side. The battle immediately took on a crazy black-and-white pattern, the night broken by gun flashes and blinding searchlights. Within minutes of the beginning of the wild, confusing action, three American cruisers took mortal hits: the *Astoria* exploded into a sheet of flame, the *Quincy* was shelled to pieces, the *Vincennes* became a disabled, burning wreck. The last was the U.S.S. *Ralph Talbot,* and to this day it is unknown whether friend or foe fired on her in the darkness. The Japanese withdrew, leaving four United States heavy cruisers on the floor of "Ironbottom Bay." For them, it was a tremendous victory; for the allies, a shocking defeat. But the Japanese did not get away altogether unscathed. Marine and Navy pilots systematically attacked the hapless Japanese transports, only three reaching Guadalcanal, where they were beached and destroyed by artillery and unrelenting air bombardment. The Japanese, in February, evacuated the island. The six months' campaign for Guadalcanal was ended.

United States forces then thrust their way up the Solomons chain from Guadalcanal, through the Russells to New Georgia, by-passing Kolombangara, on to Vella Lavella, and from there to Bougainville, posing a dangerous threat to the Japanese strong point at Rabaul. To keep their air strength effective in the northern Solomons, the Japanese, after suffering heavy losses, were forced to draw reinforcements from the Marshalls, Truk, the Marianas, and Celebes areas. The situation was critical, for if Bougainville fell, Rabaul would be virtually useless. The successful United States landing on Bougainville Island, November 1, 1943, convinced the Japanese High Command that "the threat in this section was greater than that of attack in the Central Pacific."

## CAPE GLOUCESTER

### *New Britain*

In the morning hours of December 26 (Christmas Day in the United States across the International Date Line), the first contingents of the Marine landing force headed in from the northwest toward Cape Gloucester, New Britain Island. The first streaks of dawn light were just breaking when, at 0600, cruisers and destroyers swung their batteries into position and opened fire, the guns thundering and flashing. Overhead at 0700 bombers of the 5th Air Force, escorted by fighters, roared over the target area and dropped their bombs, setting fire to and exploding ammunition dumps and fuel tanks. Strangely, to all this there was no reply from the Japanese except for a single round from a Japanese gun. As the convoy drew closer to the island, the keenest observers searched the shore line for a beach. Heavy smoke drifting offshore obscured the landing places; one battalion of Marines, missing its landing spot altogether, got mixed up in a short fight, the only opposition encountered.

The terrain was the worst encountered in any landing up to that time, and New Britain Island, to the men who fought there, will "remain one of the evil spots of this world." The onrushing assault waves, charging down the lowered ramps of their LCVPs, suddenly found themselves held up by a "wall of clotted jungle so dense as to be impenetrable even to the eye for more than a few feet." The men hacked and chopped their way through the jungle with machetes to where they found a system of shallow rifle pits and log-and-earth bunkers and a couple of abandoned 75-mm. guns.

The troops, moving through the swamp forest of Cape Gloucester, in places slogging through mud and water hip-deep, would plant their feet on what looked like firm ground only to have it give way, bringing them up to their waists in muck that held them helpless until their buddies could pull them out. Soon the column came within the sight of Japanese roadblocks on the way to the airstrip. A brisk little fight ensued which marked the strongest Japanese resistance of D-Day. The next day, December 27, a monsoon struck the island. "No one who has not endured it can have more than the faintest comprehension of what the northwest monsoon was like at Cape Gloucester," wrote Colonel Hough and Major Crown. "The first of the expected rains arrived on the afternoon of D-Day: what appeared a solid wall of water such as, seen rarely and briefly, in the U. S. is called a cloudburst. Only there is nothing brief or rare about this. It lasted for hours and recurred at least once every day for the next three months. The division had landed light, without tentage. Men in front line foxholes were soon up to their necks in water, those in jungle hammocks farther back were not much better off.

"This sort of thing became routine soon enough, but the storm previously mentioned was something of a special feature, though by no means unique. The wind roared in from the Bismarck Sea at hurricane velocity, bringing down giant trees with rendering, splintering crashes. Lightning, striking close by, blinded men, and deafening thunder drowned out the noise of gunfire where the Japanese were counter-attacking the center perimeter and Marine artillery fired over the defensive positions. In the midst of the elemental confusion, a Japanese plane dropped two flares into the area. Marines, recalling the Japanese signal for naval gunfire at Guadalcanal, promptly dove for their flooded foxholes. But no fire came from the sea, and foul weather precluded any further aerial activity, so the meaning of this futile gesture remains a mystery. All in all, it was quite a night."

Cape Gloucester was taken, and was followed by the battle of Arawe (Cape Merkus) and the Talasea operations, after which the Japanese withdrew from New Britain.

## TARAWA

In the South Pacific, in the Gilberts, there is a triangular-shaped atoll called Tarawa. The atoll is about 18 miles long on the east side, 12 miles long on the south and west sides. Tarawa is more a continuous reef than an island, consisting of a thin string of coral sand islands, each about eight to ten feet above sea level. The atoll is L-shaped. Guarded by a barrier reef is the lagoon. The southernmost island is Betitu, or Betio.

On this island the 2nd Marine Division fought its bloodiest battle. Tarawa was strongly fortified. Running out into the water for a distance of about 100 yards was a barbed-wire apron which virtually encircled the island. The beaches were covered with log barricades bristling with machine guns. Inland, the defenses were of reinforced concrete and virtually defied reduction by naval shellfire and aerial bombs. These emplacements were armed with heavy naval rifles captured at Singapore. In the water were concrete tetrahedrons built to impale any landing ship.

On the morning of D-Day, November 20, 1943, the Japanese garrison fired a red star cluster, signaling the approach of U.S.S. *Colorado* and U.S.S. *Maryland*. Swinging their main batteries into action, the battleships began firing broadsides into the island stronghold. The shore batteries returned the fire but did no damage. The air strike, delayed because of the smoke and dust caused by the naval shelling, and from the danger of naval projectiles in flight, took over after the naval guns ceased fire for 30 minutes to allow the planes to do their bombing. But the aerial bombs had no material effect on the concrete buildings and installations. Salvo after salvo was poured into the smoking, burning island. Soon the entire island was enveloped in great clouds of black smoke and dust. The naval bombardment was then lifted. Amphibian tractors, loaded with the first wave of the 3rd Battalion, 2nd Marines, headed for the beach. Hard hit by the entrenched machine-gun fire, they nevertheless landed and made a rush for the log barricades which afforded only temporary protection.

Over the fire-swept water followed the men in the other assault waves, some drowning in the treacherous water covering the reef, pulled down by the weight of their packs, others killed by the intense machine-gun fire.

Tarawa was at last taken, but not until after 76 hours of bloody fighting. Over 3,300 Marines of the 2nd Division lay dead among the bunkers, palm stumps, barricades along the beach and in the waters of Betio. The Japanese garrison was wiped out almost to a man.

## NORTH AFRICA

As early as April, 1942, plans were under way for the invasion of the European continent. Unprepared as the United States was at the time to undertake a full-scale invasion of Europe, the Pacific War notwithstanding, it was decided that the invasion of North Africa would lessen the terrific pressure of German military might on the Russian army, now fighting for its life. Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's Afrika Korps, having taken Tobruk, was now headed for Cairo, Egypt, with every chance for success. Rommel's advance was checked finally in a titanic battle at El Alamein by General Bernard L. Montgomery's 8th Army, which prevented the loss of the Suez Canal and the oil fields of Abadan. The Afrika Korps began a shore-line retreat to Tobruk.

The North African landings on November 8, given the code name "Torch," came as a complete surprise to the German High Command. No advance preparation to forestall such an attempt had been made, and all their efforts to halt it, wrote General Mark Clark, "suffered from hasty improvisation." First reports began to come in to General Clark's headquarters from General Patton at Casablanca to the effect that his forces were encountering stiff resistance. The Eastern Task Force assault at Algiers had been successful, landings being made at all three beaches; the heaviest resistance was met at Oran after the initial landing was made. Following the landings, the American army pushed on toward Bizerte and Tunis, but bad weather and torrential rains slowed down the American advance. The problem now was to cut off Rommel from joining his reinforcements in Tunis and Bizerte. Many weeks of hard fighting took place at Sfax, key point in the German lines along the African coast, before it was torn from Axis control. By May 12 the only Axis forces in Africa were those under guard in prison compounds.

## SICILY

After the successful conclusion of the North African campaign came the amphibious assault on the island of Sicily. The attacking force was the 15th Army Group under the command of General Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The assault troops were embarked from Tunisia, following weeks of intensive aerial bombardment of rail lines, airfields, and fortifications on Sicily. On June 11, after a combined air and naval bombardment, the island of Pantelleria surrendered, soon to be followed by Lampedusa and Linosa.

On the night before D-Day, as the troop convoys slowly approached Sicily, a gale blew up that hampered operations, at the same time throwing the German and Italian defenders off guard. Nevertheless, "all the initial invasion moves were carried out smoothly," wrote General Eisenhower, "and an astonishing lack of resistance was encountered on the shore line."

The battle for Sicily lasted 38 days. Allied aircraft flew 1,200 sorties a day, blasting airdromes, rail lines, and German and Italian troop concentrations, while the infantry slugged it out on the ground. By July 16, the troops fighting in the rugged mountain passes had wrested from Axis forces all but the northeastern corner of the island. Despite the desperate fighting and concentrated attacks of the Allied armies, the Germans and Italians managed to extricate thousands of troops and panzer units across the Strait of Messina to fight again on the Italian mainland. The Sicilian campaign had been costly—31,158 killed, wounded, and missing. But the Germans and Italians suffered 167,000 casualties and the loss of Sicily to the Axis was a major disaster.

## SALERNO

At one minute past midnight, September 9, 1943, loudspeakers on the troop transports lying offshore broke the stillness of the night. Down the landing nets clambered the soldiers into the waiting landing craft alongside. Before long the calm sea was alive with LCMs, LCVPs, like busy water bugs, carrying the first assault waves toward the Salerno beaches.

Racing for the shore in landing boats, the spray-drenched men became seasick in the rolling surf. Three and a half hours later all the assault forces had left the transports. Behind them followed the craft carrying the heavy weapons, antiaircraft artillery, antitank guns loaded on DUKWs, and amphibian trucks. The 6th Corps attacked the beach at Paestum while the other beaches designated for landings received the other landing forces. It was a clean landing, the first waves hitting all four beaches exactly at H-Hour, 0330. The second and third assault waves followed at eight-minute intervals. Suddenly flares went up and enemy guns opened fire. During the first hour of the attack the beaches were torn with shells and machine-gun and small-arms fire. Resistance became very heavy. The Germans literally poured machine-gun fire down the irrigation ditches where the Allied soldiers had taken cover, causing many casualties.

The fighting was heavy and vicious, lasting six days, battles taking place at Ponte Sele, Altavilla, and the Tobacco Factory. The Germans fought with skill and stubbornness, but by nightfall of September 19, Salerno was in the hands of the 5th Army.

Then began the slugging campaign to the Volturno River, interspersed with enemy rear-guard actions in the rugged hillsides of the Italian terrain, blowing up bridges, laying mine fields, causing time-consuming problems for the engineers, and necessitating long, slow envelopment operations. Over the steep, narrow roads and slopes, through wind-swept passes, cliffs, and canyons the 5th Army forged ahead, crossing gorges, fighting an enemy in well-nigh impregnable positions. Meanwhile, General Montgomery's 8th Army, after turning the German left flank at Salerno, headed for Naples. All during the march heavy rains had bogged down operations, washing rocks and dirt down the mountainsides into the roads. But the herculean efforts of the Army engineers kept "the delay to a matter of days rather than of weeks." By October 2 Naples was occupied by the U. S. 5th and British 8th Armies.

## OPERATION OVERLORD

By July, 1943, the Axis powers began to feel the crushing power of Allied war might, particularly in the air over Fortress Europe. Allied air assault forces pounded unmercifully at the German and Italian homelands, the over-all effect of the air raids nothing less than shattering.

Hermann Goering's Luftwaffe, with every plane it could get off the ground, concentrated the last ounce of effort to sweep the Allied air armadas from German skies. But American and British bombers spared nothing in day and night, around-the-clock bombings. Oil refineries, aircraft factories, ball-bearing plants, airdromes, and communication centers were literally smashed to rubble by the devastating explosions and were left burning, smoking wrecks. By the spring of 1944, overwhelming numbers of U. S. long-range bombers and fighters were hammering German industrial cities into a shambles. The R.A.F. laid waste the Ruhr and Rhineland industrial centers, leaving in its wake 900 locomotives, 16,000 freight cars, and miles of track destroyed, crippling rail centers, and throttling transportation. But, though victory in the air seemed certain, it was realized that to stab the heart of Germany a million men must take up where the bombers left off.

To supervise the labor of building an invasion army for the continent of Europe, General Dwight D. Eisenhower was selected as Supreme Commander at Cairo and directed to "enter the continent of Europe and in conjunction with other Allied Nations, undertake operations aimed at the heart of Germany and the destruction of her armed forces." Three weeks before the invasion, General Eisenhower was able to present a reassuring picture. "There is no question at all as to the readiness of the troops," he wrote, "they are well trained and fit, and impatient to get the job started and completed."

D-Day was set for June 5, 1944—unseasonal weather necessitated a one-day postponement to June 6—and the beaches of Normandy were selected for the initial landings, because of the apparent weaknesses of the enemy defenses there. The first invaders of the French coast were the 82nd and 101st American Airborne Divisions and British airborne troops; the dropping zone, behind the rear of the German coastal fortifications guarding Cherbourg, Caen, and Normandy. From air bases in England had come thousands of gliders laden with troops, towed by bombers across 100 miles of English Channel in one of the most hazardous air operations of the war.

At dawn, June 6, the sea lane to France was marked by the Allied invasion armada carrying 35 divisions for the assault. Overhead, the combined British and American air forces flew 5,000 sorties in support of the assault. Sections of "Utah" and "Omaha" beaches were code-worded "Charlie," "Easy Red," "Fox Green," "Dog Red," "Dog Green," "Fox Red," "Dog White," covering a distance of 50 miles.

The Germans brought up their heaviest artillery, including one of their largest railroad guns, with which to engage the Allied naval forces shelling the landing beaches before the arrival of the landing craft. Racing through heavy seas the landing craft and transports deployed ten miles offshore for the run to the beach, while the battleships, cruisers, and destroyers threw salvo after salvo into German positions. And then, a sudden wave burst upon the beaches into a hail of shells and spattering bullets from the enemy. The men, crouching behind the ramps of the LSTs and LCIs, the moment each landing barge hit the beach, rushed into the surf and struggled toward shore, shells and machine-gun bullets in a storm about them. The long rolls of thunder that was the German artillery, the bursts of raw flame and smoke, reached the heights of fury as the men struggled toward the designated landing areas, wading through the surf with heavy packs, many never reaching the beach.

Ten thousand yards of beach area, in the American sectors at "Omaha" and "Utah," were filled, 75 yards apart, with landing craft. Assault infantry pouring down the ramps fought their way through the water around steel underwater obstacles, designed to tear the bottoms out of landing craft and to break up their formations. As the men fought their way ashore past these obstacles, a steady stream of fire poured from concrete pillboxes and presighted gun emplacements.

But the beachheads were established, and the advance inland began. Soon a steady stream of ships and landing craft bearing men and supplies was crossing the Channel virtually unopposed, while on land the raucous voice of battle developed in intensity as the Germans sought to stall the advance. To accommodate the landing ships, a breakwater made of a million tons of concrete, floated in sections, was put into position offshore, while 54 ships were scuttled to form a breakwater. All this was interlaced with steel ramps capable of supporting military vehicles and heavy tanks. The Germans tried unsuccessfully to bomb this massive engineering achievement, but failed, and just when all seemed to be going well, one of the worst storms in 80 years broke over the Channel. In less time that it takes to tell it, the entire harbor installation was a mass of wreckage.

After 21 days of savage fighting the city of Cherbourg fell to General Lawton Collins' forces. Ten days later, other Allied forces blasted their way into Caen and St. Lô, where a particularly brittle, desperate battle with German armor took place in the hedgerows and marshes at the base of the Contentin Peninsula.

The weather now turned bad, rain and mud bogging down air and ground operations, all but stalling the advance. General Bradley's offensive at St. Lô and Avranches, preceded by one of the heaviest concentrated air assaults of the war, brought his forces as far as the Meuse River. Following the battle of Avranches, the inland advance developed rapidly.

General Patton's 3rd Army broke out of Avranches, cut off Brittany, and bottled up four German divisions, while Hodges' 1st Army and the British 2nd Army swept north and around from Le Mans circling the southern flank of the German position in Normandy toward Argentan. Meanwhile, the British, driving south from Caen toward Falaise, closed the pincers, killing thousands of German soldiers and capturing over 100,000 troops. The Germans, realizing that Normandy was lost, retreated toward the Seine River, the forces of the Allies in close pursuit.

The campaigns in the Mediterranean and Italy were progressing favorably, if slowly, pinning down enemy forces there, preventing their support in the defense of Normandy. The invasion of southern France included the port of Marseilles, the naval base at Toulon, the French Riviera, and the "Azure Coast." The colorful coves and bays of the lush resort area concealed heavy German gun emplacements, like cobras hidden in rose bushes. Big German Tiger tanks guarded all the roads along the shore while U-boats prowled shipping lanes off the coast. Through the Straits of Gibraltar, into the Mediterranean, sailed the convoys, Nazi U-boats taking a heavy toll of ships and men sailing through the Tunisian war channel.

After an air offensive and naval bombardment, the American 7th Army landed on the beaches at Cannes. After the capture of Toulon, Marseilles, and Nice, the German armies retreated up the Rhone Valley. Lyon fell to American troops on September 1, six days before the 2nd French Armored Division of the U.S. 1st Army entered Paris. The Germans pulled no punches and heavy losses were sustained on both sides. Meanwhile the Siegfried Line, long reputed impregnable to attack, was now being cautiously approached.

The reduction of the Siegfried Line was estimated to take the combined strength of the entire Allied forces. Consequently Field Marshal Montgomery, on September 17, struck the northern flank of the Westwall, while Lieutenant General Lewis H. Brereton's 1st Allied Airborne Army landed in Holland in the Arnhem region, in the largest airborne operation ever attempted.

To the south, the 1st Army fought its way to Aachen where the Hürtgen Forest concealed a strongpoint in the Siegfried Line. Squarely in the path of the 1st Army, which had fought its way from Normandy in the battles of the hedgerows, Hürtgen Forest had to be cleared of hidden mine fields and heavy gun emplacements before the advance to Berlin could continue. The attack advanced along old woodlot roads and trails where the troops suffered some of the heaviest artillery and mortar barrages of the whole war, barrages lasting 48 hours at a time.

The trails became muddy roads. The infantry advanced inch by inch behind the tanks, the troops jumping into shell holes every chance they got. Pillboxes and emplacements were taken at bayonet point, following the grenades and flame-throwers. During the fighting it rained constantly. Not until early December did the three divisions of the 1st Army break out of the tortured forest, reduced now to nothing more than a mass of charred stumps and churned-up mud. When this battle ended, 12,000 men failed to answer roll call. But the way to the Rhine was open.

At Bastogne, a little town in Belgium, there is a monument made of field stone. At its base is an American tank turret. On the column is a plaque mounting one word, "Nuts!" commemorating General Anthony McAuliffe's 101st Airborne Division, and his reply to a German surrender ultimatum. McAuliffe's men faced capture. On December 22, the Germans sent their surrender demand. McAuliffe replied. The Germans threw all their available strength in the "Battle of the Bulge" to take Bastogne. But on the day after Christmas, the American 3rd Army, coming up from the south, attacked and relieved McAuliffe's weary men.

The German armies had fought desperately to hold back the advancing wave of Allied forces up the Italian peninsula and in early 1944 mounted a powerful thrust against an Allied beachhead established at Anzio to outflank the Axis forces as a diversion for General Mark W. Clark's 5th Army. The American 6th Corps fought a terrific battle to hold Anzio, while the Germans threw everything they had in a herculean effort to push the American forces into the sea. The 5th Army, on the defensive for the first time, fought desperately in the worst weather the region had known in many years.

The lines of the 5th Army held and the Germans were gradually pushed back; the Allied march to Rome continued. The 5th Army's entry into Rome on June 4 climaxed months of bitter fighting all over the Italian peninsula. When Allied troops moved into the Eternal City they found little trace of the fast-retreating Germans. Operation Shingle was at long last capped with success.

In Germany, on March 7, 1945, the U. S. 3rd Army Corps reached Remagen Bridge on the Rhine River to find that German demolition crews were ready to blow it up. But an American platoon raced across, ripped up the demolition wires, and secured the bridgehead before the switch could be thrown. Before the bridge collapsed under heavy shellfire, five divisions got across safely, established a *tête-du-pont,* encircled the Ruhr, and stamped a foothold in what was left of the industrial heart of Germany.

The deadlock on the Rhine broken, the end of the war was in sight as the Allied armies converged on Berlin. After a terrible battle in the streets of the German capital, Admiral Carl Doenitz took over command of the remnants of the German forces and announced Hitler's death on May 1. In Italy, partisans had grabbed Mussolini and his mistress two days before and strung them up by their toes on poles in front of a gasoline station in the streets of Milan. Finally, surrounded on all sides, on May 7, Germany surrendered unconditionally to the Allies and the war in Europe was over.

## "SHORE TO SHORE OVER WATER"

The early months of 1944 saw the slow crumbling of the Japanese Pacific defense system. Yet, Japanese difficulties were only beginning. The United States Pacific Fleet was spreading destruction far and wide among Japanese naval and merchant tonnage. Fast carriers with their fleets of planes pounded Japanese island bases unmercifully. Admiral Marc Mitscher's Task Force 58 struck at Truk atoll, largest Japanese Pacific naval base, rendering it useless and hastening withdrawal of Japanese naval aviation units from Rabaul. "At the turn of the year 1943," wrote General George C. Marshall, "Army forces in the South Pacific area were added to General MacArthur's strategic command . . . to maintain the initiative, advancing by amphibious flanking actions on the Philippines and the Japanese islands from the south and the east. The advance across the tremendous reaches of the Central Pacific was placed under the command of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz. It was General MacArthur's intention to proceed by a series of envelopments up the coast of New Guinea and into the Philippines."

After the final breakthrough of the Bismarck barrier, by June, 1943, General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz landed two regimental combat teams on Woodlark and Kiriwina islands, off the western tip of New Guinea, and established airfields for effective operations against New Guinea itself, the now famous "shore to shore over water" operations along the northern shore of New Guinea from Hollandia to Vogelkop Peninsula. MacArthur and the Navy's fast carriers took Hollandia and leap-frogged to Biak, southern end of the Japanese defense perimeter, seizing airfields there and isolating thousands of Japanese in the almost impenetrable jungles.

## "MARIANAS TURKEY SHOOT"

The Mariana Islands, discovered by Magellan in 1521 and named in 1668 for Queen Maria Anna of Spain, are an almost unbroken chain of small, rocky islands, 1,350 miles south of Japan. Saipan, Tinian, Rota, and Guam, the larger islands of the group, provided a string of bases for airfields which protected Japan's line of communications with her home islands. Saipan, approximately 14 miles long and 6 miles wide, and Tinian Island, three nautical miles northwest of Saipan, formed the key defense of the Marianas.

On June 11, 1944, Vice Admiral Marc Mitscher's Task Force 58 subjected Saipan, Tinian, Rota, Guam, and Pegun islands to an intense naval bombardment of three and a half days. Meanwhile, LSTs and transports, carrying assault troops, were rushing toward Saipan from Pearl Harbor. In a fast carrier strike and 225 "fighter-plane sweep" against Saipan, Admiral Mitscher's carrier planes surprised its Japanese defenders. Tons of bombs were dropped on airfields and other installations, the Japanese, under cover of night, replying with feeble, sporadic fire from shore batteries. The battleships plastered the island for seven hours, "turning the impact areas into scenes of desolation." Around-the-clock shelling gave the Japanese no rest. One Japanese officer reported that "scores of enemy Grumman fighters . . . ran amuck and finally left leisurely amidst unparalleledly inaccurate antiaircraft fire . . ." and gloomily added "the enemy holds us in utter contempt."

"H-Hour was set for 1830," wrote Major Carl Hoffman. "Aboard all ships everything was ready. A substantial breakfast had been nervously devoured; guns and winches were manned, boats being lowered, hatches cleared; troops were alert and keyed to the occasion. The day was clear—there would be no serious trouble with the weather."

The first wave, sent in with guns blazing, went surging through the surf at full speed in the 4,000 yard run to the beach, subjected to heavy Japanese artillery fire. "Terrifying, indeed, was the sound of the enemy shells bursting around the amtracs," wrote Major Hoffman, "particularly the high-angle shells which whistle ominously at the bobbing targets. And the Marines, clustered in these 'sitting ducks,' hoped and prayed that none of the shells would find its intended mark. Some, however, did."

While the battle for Saipan was going through its first phase, the Japanese Imperial Fleet was racing eastward from the Philippines. Admiral Mitscher's Task Force 58 met them in the waters off the Philippines. Task Force 58 and Admiral Ozawa and Japan's Mobile Fleet slugged it out in the Philippine Sea in what was perhaps the greatest of aircraft-carrier battles. The Japs lost 426 planes, "or all but 47 planes in Ozawa's Mobile Fleet." American submarines "scratched" two Jap carriers. The disastrous results to Admiral Ozawa's fleet earned for the battle the sobriquet the Marianas Turkey Shoot.

In less than a month Saipan was secured. All that remained now was to stalk and ferret out the remaining Japanese hidden about the island. With the Marianas captured, the Seabees and aviation engineers arrived and began construction of bases and airfields capable of handling the big B-29's for the bombing of Japan itself. From Saipan the B-29's began flying over Tokyo in a series of raids which began on March 10 and almost leveled Tokyo to the ground.

## THE BATTLE OF LEYTE GULF

In a double-pronged attack with an Australian force and an American regimental combat team, General MacArthur knocked out Salamaua and Lae after some difficult fighting. "On 19th of October [1944] two assault forces, the 3rd commanded by Admiral Wilkinson and the 7th commanded by Rear Admiral Daniel E. Barbey, approached the east coast of Leyte with the Sixth Army under General Krueger aboard," wrote General Marshall. "It was an armada of combat and assault vessels that stretched across the vast Pacific horizon. In the covering naval forces were the battleships *California, Mississippi, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Tennessee,* and *West Virginia* with their screen of cruisers and destroyers. . . . The air cover was provided by planes from 18 escort carriers. . . . That day a Japanese search plane discovered this great amphibious force and reported its presence to Admiral Kurita's Singapore Fleet, which then constituted 60 per cent of Japan's major naval units. This report precipitated one of the decisive battles of history."

The Japanese committed their entire fleet to prevent the return of the United States forces to the Philippines. In a raging sea battle that lasted six days the U. S. 3rd and 7th Fleets virtually eliminated the Japanese Fleet. In the great naval action the United States lost the carrier *Princeton* to a single Jap "Judy" which broke through the air defense and unleashed a bomb that landed squarely amidships, in a hangar. Realizing it was impossible to save the great carrier, Admiral Sherman ordered the cruiser *Reno* and destroyer *Irwin* to torpedo the burning hulk.

General MacArthur's forces were now firmly planted on Leyte. Operations for the invasion of Luzon got under way the first week of 1945 when an American assault force slipped through the Strait of Surigao, passed into the Mindanao and Sulu Seas and through the Philippine Archipelago, and effected a landing in Lingayen Gulf. Final operations against the Japanese on Luzon began when General Krueger's forces drove northward from Balete Pass to the Cagayan Valley. They ran into stiff resistance north of Baguio from remnants of the Japanese army entrenched in the mountains, but with the capture of the Cagayan Valley the Luzon campaign was virtually over.

The fighting was very heavy in and around Manila, particularly around Clark Field where the invaders were strongly entrenched in hill positions. By January 29 the 11th Corps was ashore on the west coast of Luzon near Subic Bay where they met light opposition. Driving eastward they cut off the Bataan Peninsula, where General MacArthur had made his stand just three years before.

The battle for Manila raged, and as the troops of the 6th Army advanced on the city Japanese forces within fought furiously from street to street and house to house. After terrific Allied bombardment from the air and sea, Corregidor fell. Thus ended the Philippine campaign. "From California to the coast of China," wrote General Marshall, "the vast Pacific abounded with American power . . . the day of final reckoning for a treacherous enemy was at hand."

General MacArthur now massed his combined forces for the final assault on Japan itself.

## IWO JIMA AND OKINAWA

Iwo Jima, one of the last most powerful Japanese strongholds in the Pacific, was attacked on February 19, 1945, by 60,000 Marines, who stormed across Iwo's beaches of volcanic sand. Formidable Mount Suribachi, tunneled with a mass of interlocked pillboxes and caves, was defended by 20,000 Japanese. A terrific naval barrage and aerial pounding failed to dislodge them and it was left to the Marines to take each pillbox and cave by brute force. After nearly a month of battle, Iwo Jima was taken and the famous photograph of the Marines raising the flag on Mount Suribachi is now part of the American tradition. Tokyo was now only 665 miles away.

On April 1, preceded by an intense naval bombardment, the 24th Army Corps and the 3rd Marine Corps landed on Okinawa and established beachheads on the west coast. The Japanese offered little resistance to the initial landing, but the army met the main Japanese army entrenched near Naha, principal city of the island. It took days, but soon Marine and Army combat teams were operating from Yontan Airfield.

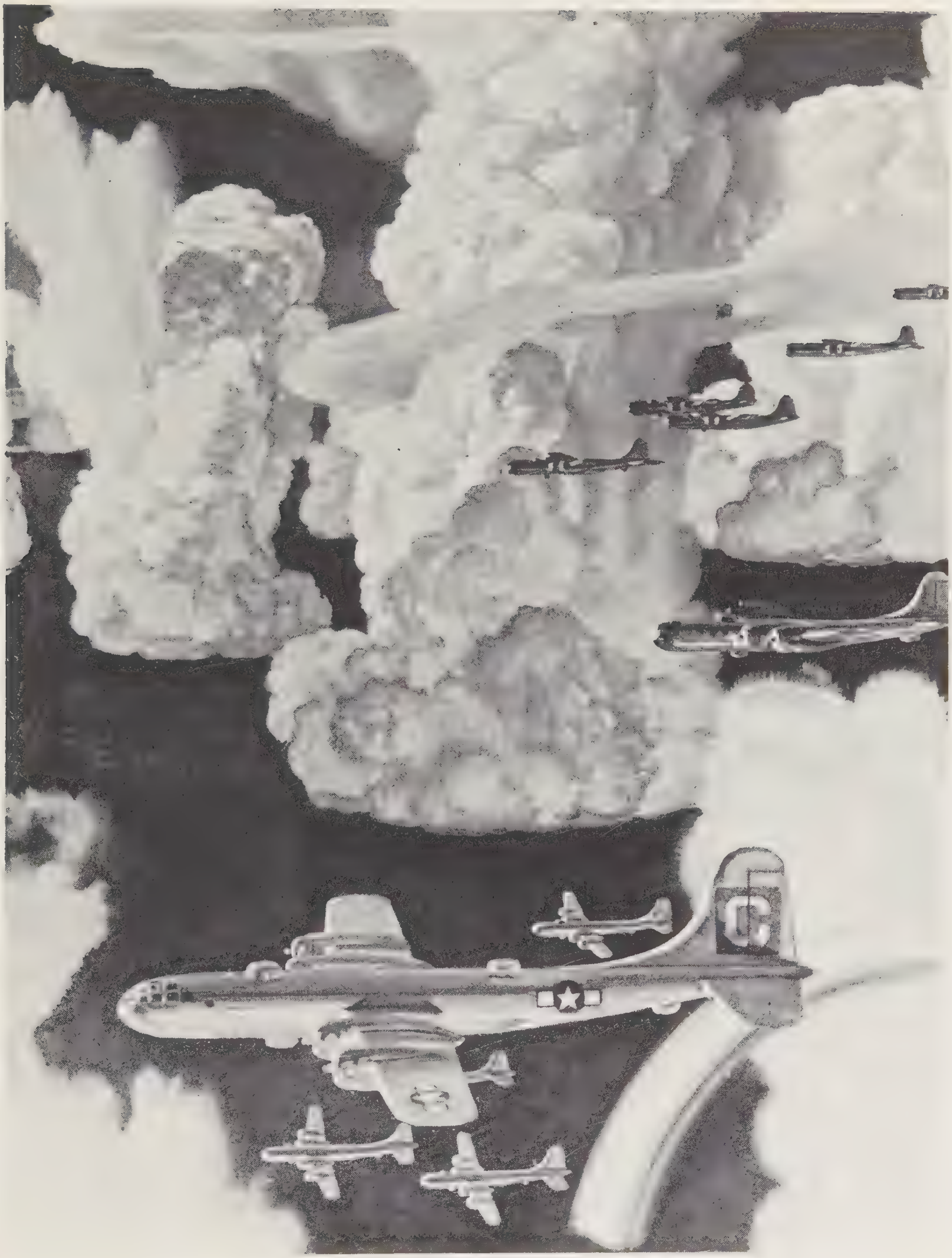
The fighting was ferocious. The Japanese used every conceivable weapon at their command, including kamikaze attacks with a piloted version of the German V-1 rocket. When the campaign ended, American forces had suffered 49,000 casualties. But over 100,000 Japanese soldiers and airmen had been killed, over 7,000 captured.

Okinawa had fallen to the U. S. 10th Army in a slugging campaign that had taken three months to complete. On Okinawa, stretched across a line four miles in width, had advanced six divisions in drenching rains and red, soupy, clinging mud, to take Shuri Castle and Sawtooth Ridge. The island secured, now Japan itself could be invaded.

While plans for the invasion of Japan were being put into effect, the atomic bomb was fired on the sands of New Mexico. The report of the devastating results of the terrible explosion were rushed to President Truman at a meeting at Berlin, Germany, with Prime Minister Churchill and Generalissimo Stalin. The bomb, it was decided, would be immediately used and General Carl Spaatz received orders to drop the bomb on an industrial center of the Japanese mainland. The city of Hiroshima was one of the selected targets, and on August 6 the bomb was dropped with terrifying results. Then, on August 9, a second and more destructive bomb was dropped on Nagasaki. The blast wiped out a large section of the city, its smoke, rising 50,000 feet into the air, visible more than 175 miles. Their situation hopeless, the Japanese asked for terms. August 10, the unconditional surrender of the Japanese was accepted.

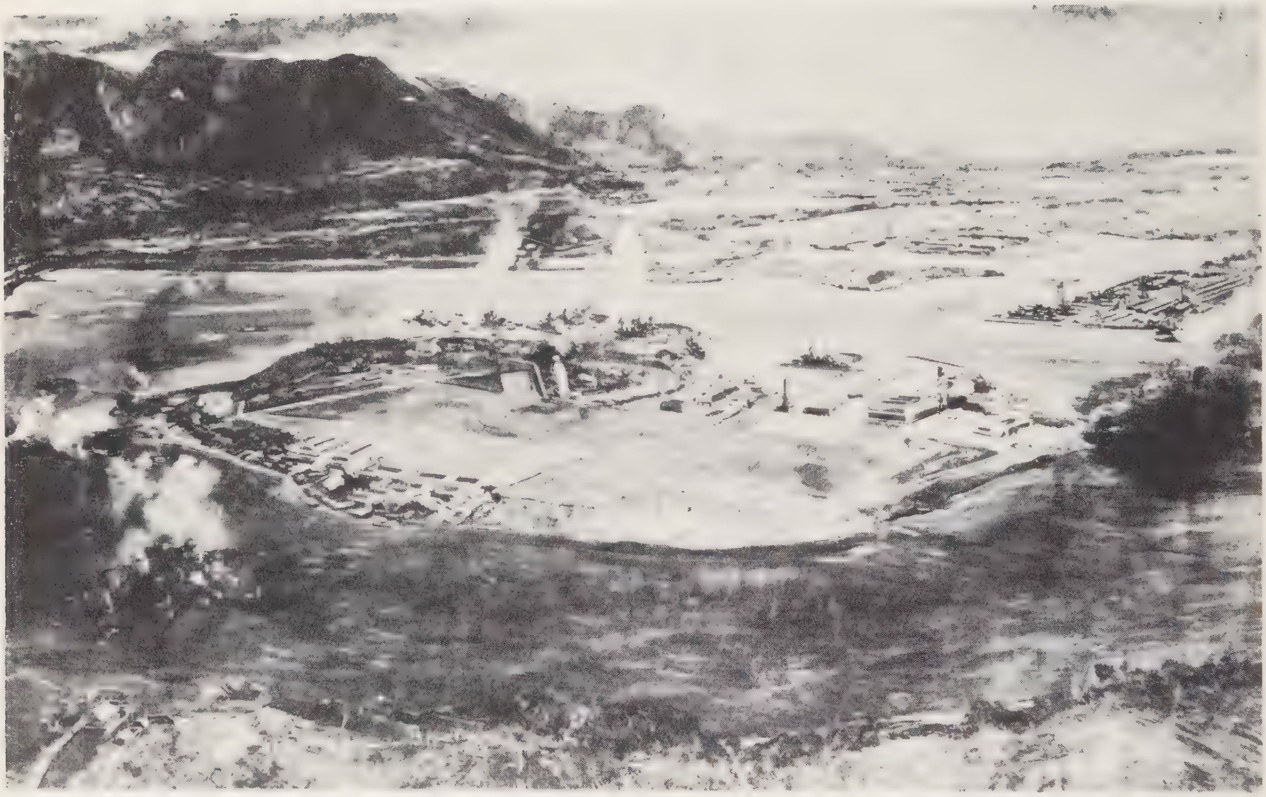
"What happens to all these drawings and paintings?" wrote Colonel Donald L. Dickson, U.S.M.C. "The Marine Corps Division of Public Information has sponsored exhibits from time to time in this country and abroad. These exhibits never fail to generate great interest wherever they are shown. Some originals are hung in Marine Clubs, recreation rooms, in Headquarters offices and class rooms throughout the Marine Corps. All of them are strictly accounted for by the Special Services Branch. Occasionally some disappear—but not without good reason.

"Near the end of World War II an exhibit of Marine Combat Art was sent to Australia, for display. As it was being flown back to the States, one of the plane's engines failed somewhere east of Fiji and the Captain radioed a picket boat to stand by for a crash water landing. The destroyer saved the crew and cargo manifest but the plane went down. Three of my drawings were in that shipment, including my own favorite 'Too many—too close—too long.' "



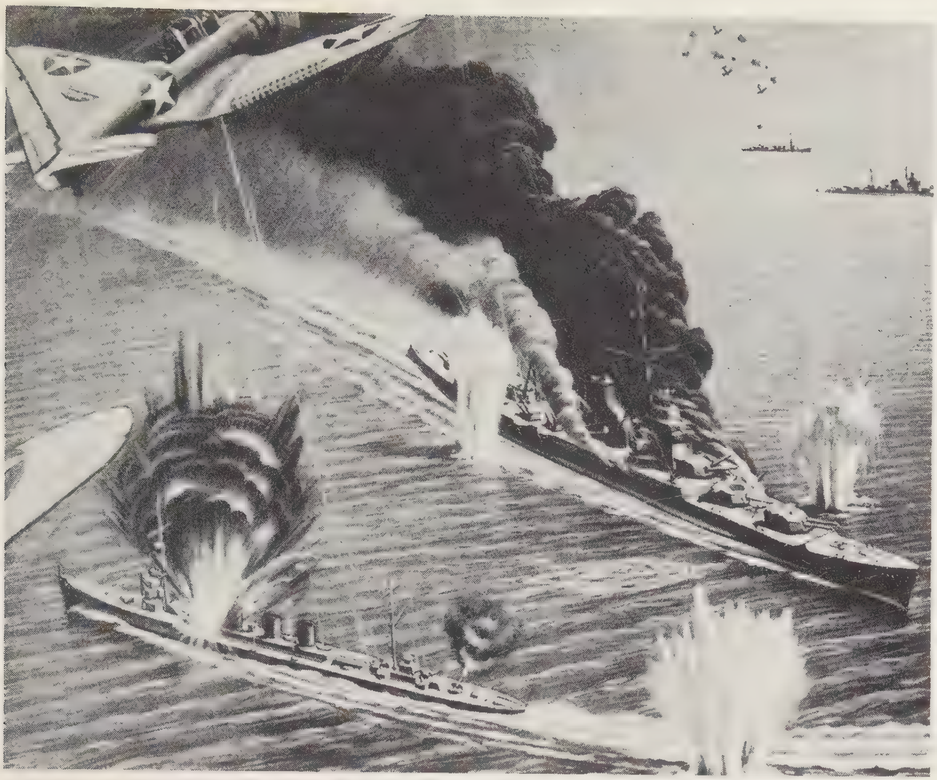
*From a painting by William P. Welsh. Courtesy Department of the Air Force, Historical Properties Office*

Pacific overture



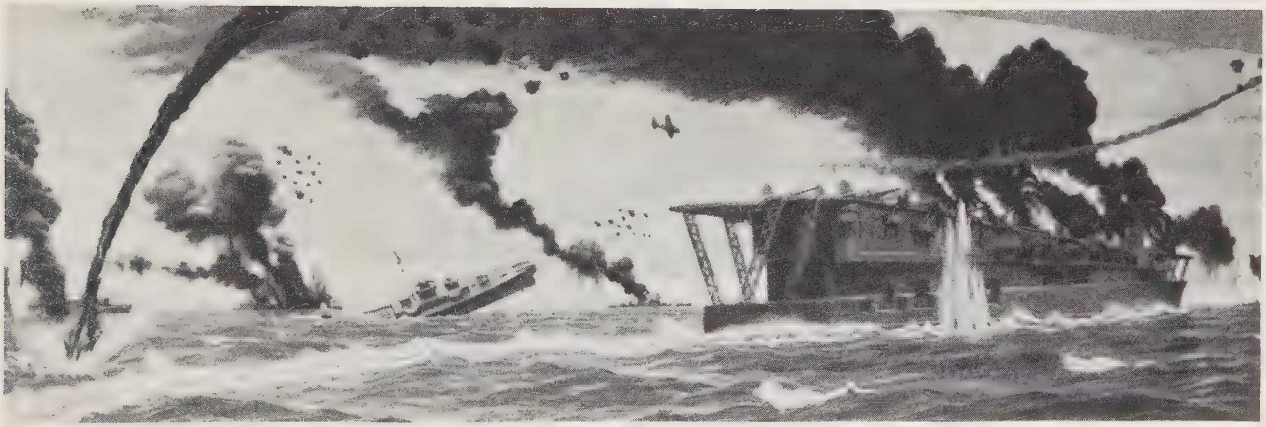
*From a painting by Fujita Tsuguji, Japanese war art in custody of U. S. Army of Occupation, Japan, Ueno Museum, Tokyo. Courtesy Department of the Air Force, Historical Properties Office*

Pearl Harbor on 8 December 1941 (Japanese time)



*From a drawing by Lieutenant Commander Griffith Baily Coale, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U.S. Navy*

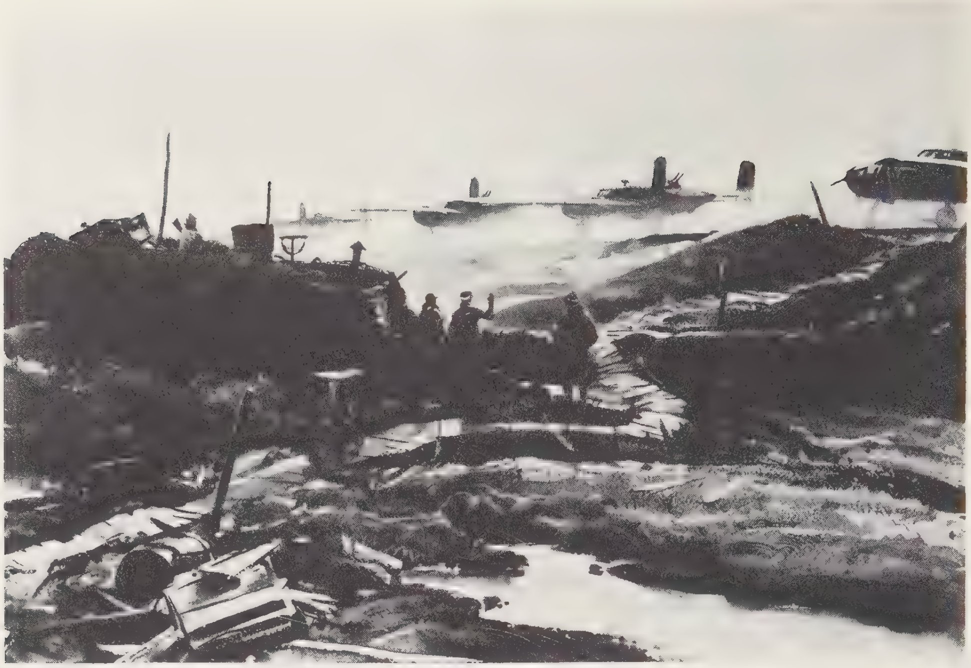
Attack on the Japanese cruisers *Mogami* and *Mijuma* from the air



*From an oil study by Lieutenant Commander Griffith Baily Coale. U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U.S. Navy*

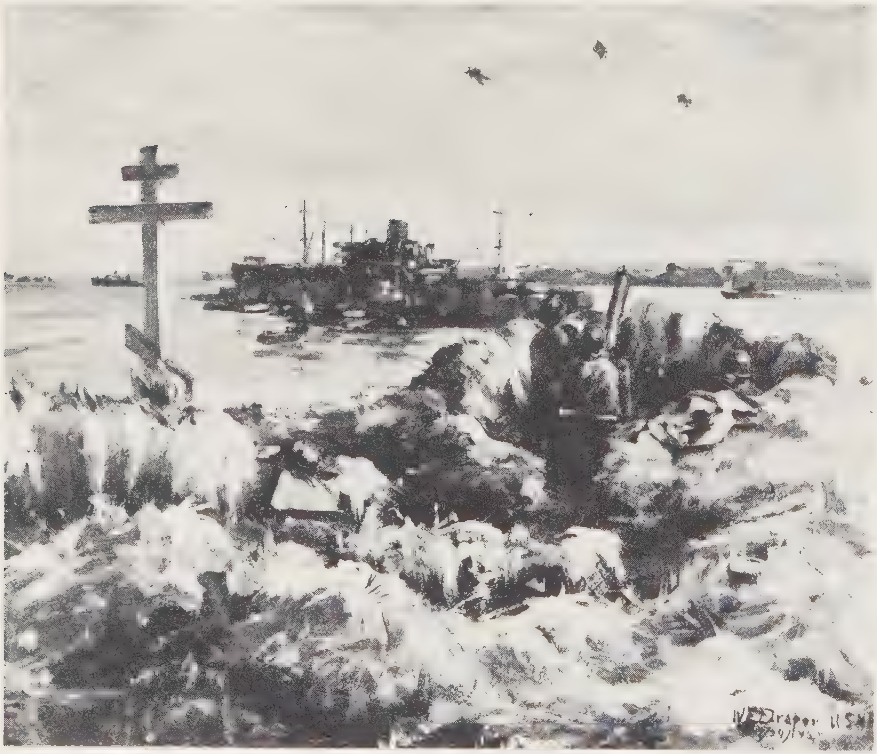
Dive bombing Japanese carriers, battle of Midway, June 4, 1942

The Japanese aircraft carrier *Kaga* passes across the picture with the planes she sought to launch caught on her deck. At the left, columns of water geyser up and around the carrier *Akagi*. The carrier *Soryu* is burning fiercely from stem to stern. In the center a light cruiser's stern rises as she makes her final plunge. On the horizon two battleships have been hit by 1000-pound bombs and are beginning to burn. A Zero, trailing smoke, dives into the sea.



*From a water color by Captain Ogden Pleissner. Courtesy Department of the Air Force, Historical Properties Office*

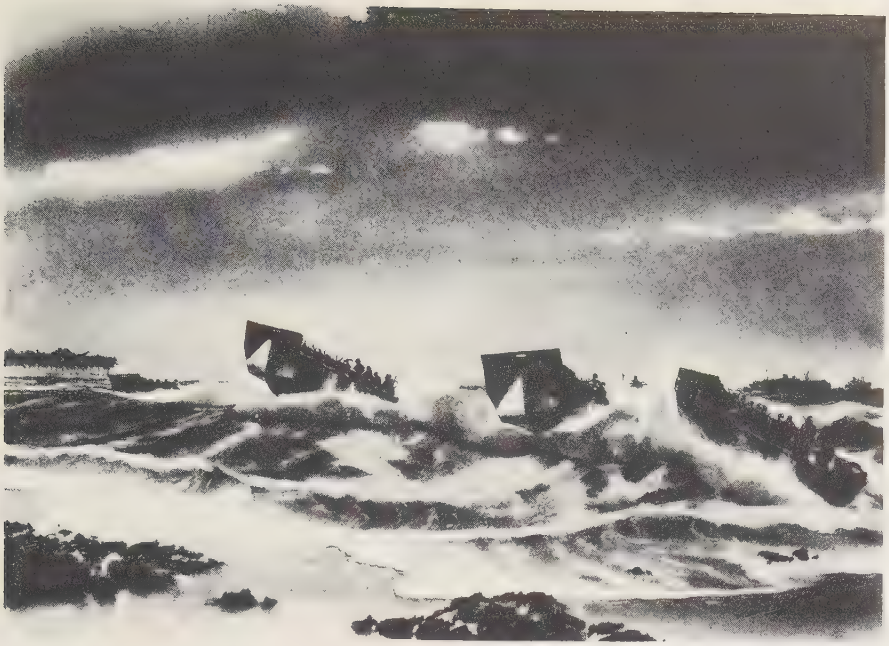
Clearing Weather in the Aleutians



*From a painting in oil by Lieutenant Commander William F. Draper, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

War and Peace—Amchitka, Alaska

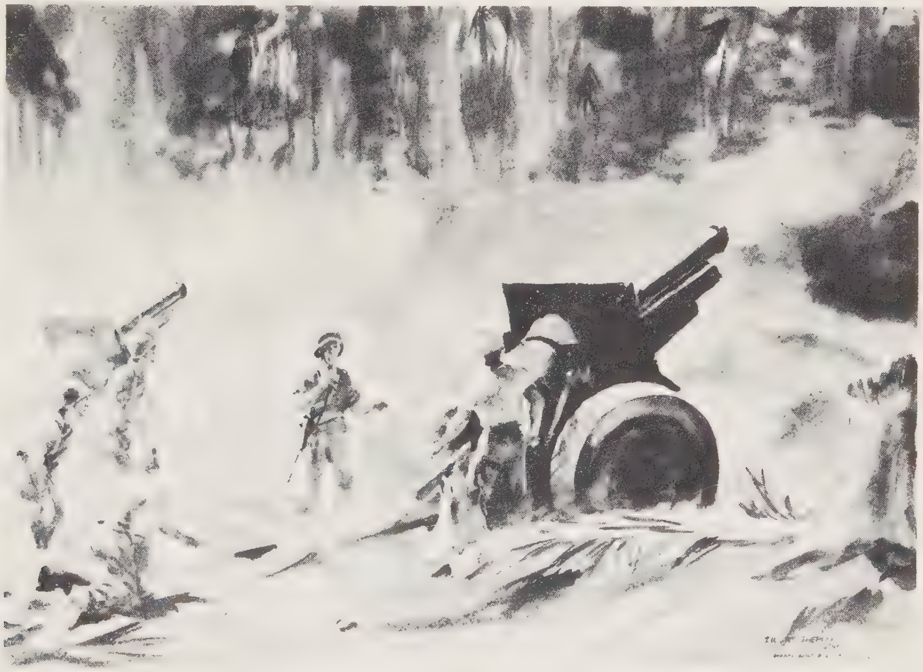
The peace of an Aleut grave is broken by the bark of a machine gun.



*From a charcoal drawing by Chief Boatswain's Mate Hunter Wood. Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard*

Storming ashore to attack on a South Pacific atoll

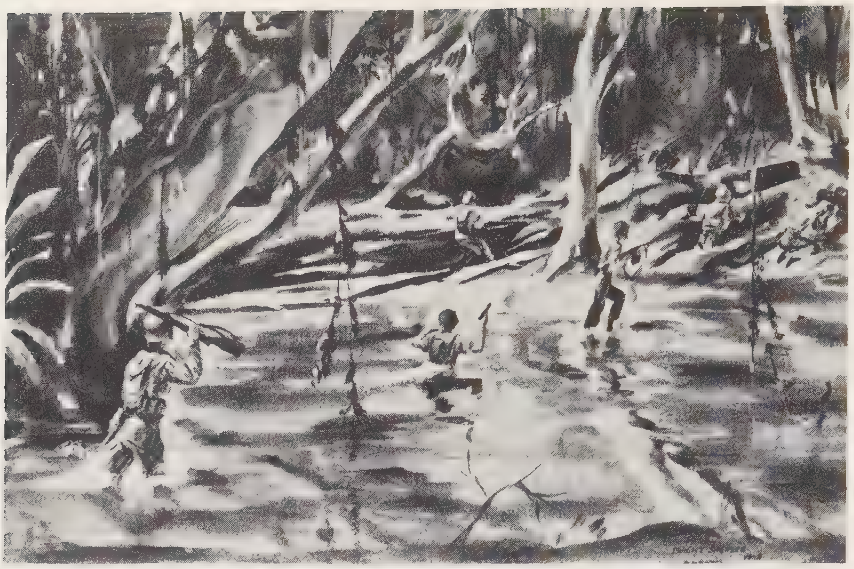
Coast Guard-manned landing craft plow through a heavy surf to invade an unidentified Japanese-held island in the South Pacific.



*From a water color by Lieutenant Dwight Shepler, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Air Division, U. S. Navy*

Bombardment—Guadalcanal

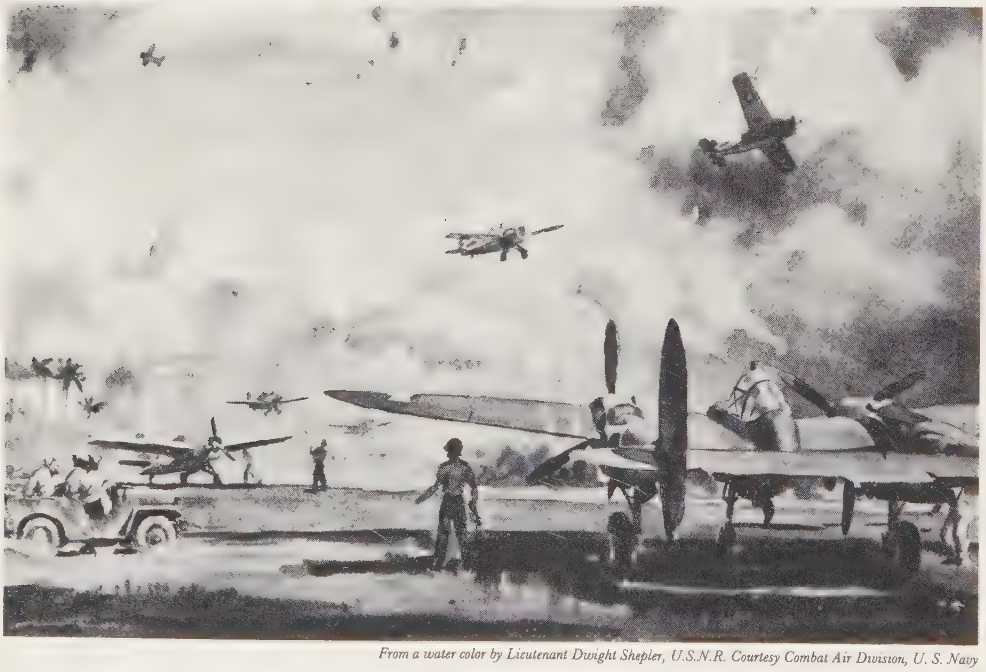
Marine artillerymen using 155-mm. howitzers fire salvo after salvo into the Japanese positions in the jungle of Guadalcanal.



*From a water color by Lieutenant Dwight Shepler, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Air Division, U. S. Navy*

Action on the river—Guadalcanal

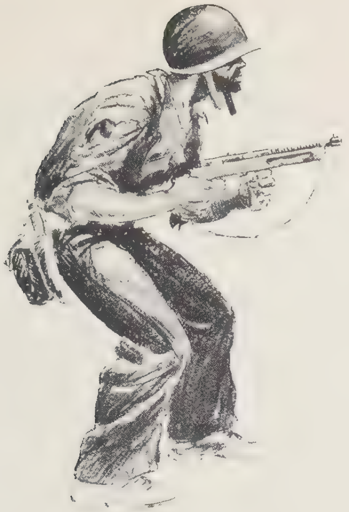
The "point" of a Marine patrol secures the opposite bank of a sluggish river in Japanese territory. The first three riflemen fire at a Japanese patrol in the deep jungle. Other Marines follow, with more than one man in midstream as a target.



*From a water color by Lieutenant Dwight Shepler, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Air Division, U. S. Navy*

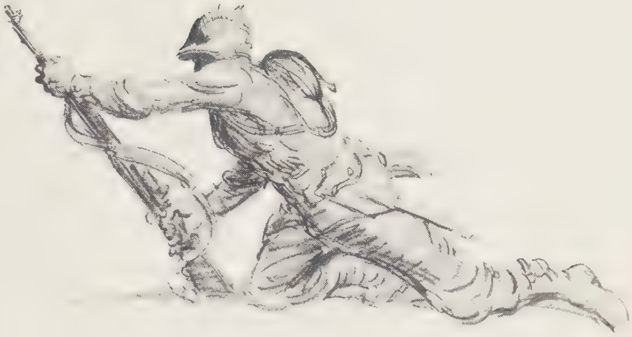
Fighter scramble—Guadalcanal

After the initial landing of the Americans on Guadalcanal Japanese planes raided the U. S. positions almost continually. When they did come, Marine and Navy interceptor pilots would return to Fighter Strip One for fuel and ammunition. The pilots frequently took their Grummans off three abreast in clouds of dust as they returned to the fray. In the foreground stands a newly arrived Army P-38 being serviced by mechanics before taking off for battle.



*By Colonel Donald Lester Dickson, U.S.M.C. Courtesy U. S. Marine Corps*

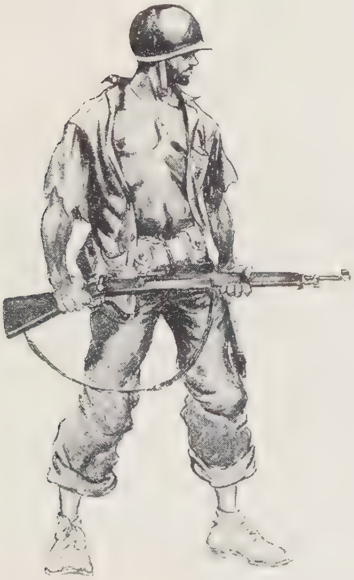
Killer—Guadalcanal



*From a drawing by Howard Brodie. Courtesy War Department, Historical Properties Section*

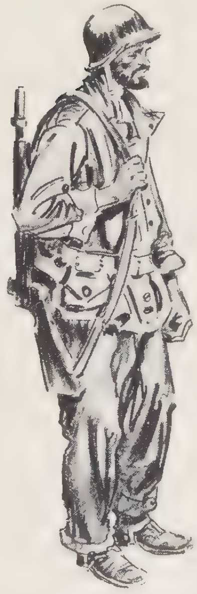
" 'Doggie' going down as a barrage of 88's burst around us"

Guadalcanal Marine

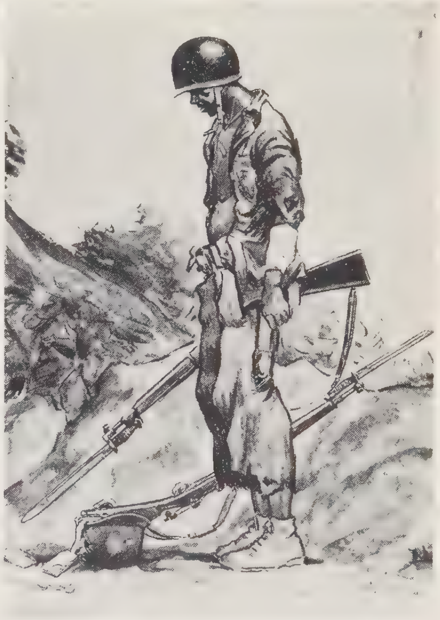


*By Colonel Donald Lester Dickson, U.S.M.C. Courtesy U. S. Marine Corps*

Private Melvin "Mike" Levine, Guadalcanal

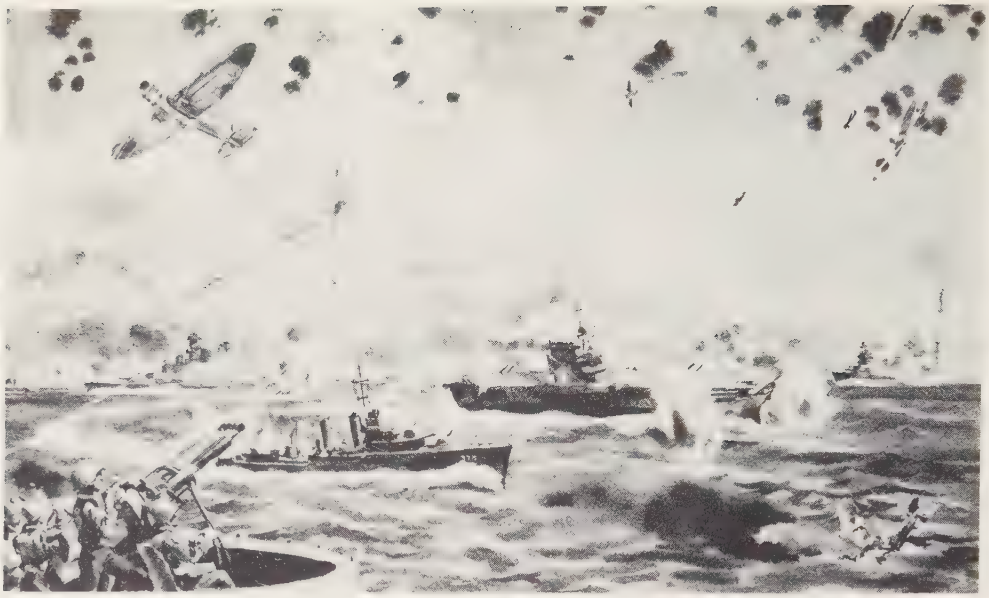


*From a drawing by Sergeant Howard Brodie. Courtesy War Department, Historical Properties Section*



*By Colonel Donald Lester Dickson, U.S.M.C. Courtesy U. S. Marine Corps*

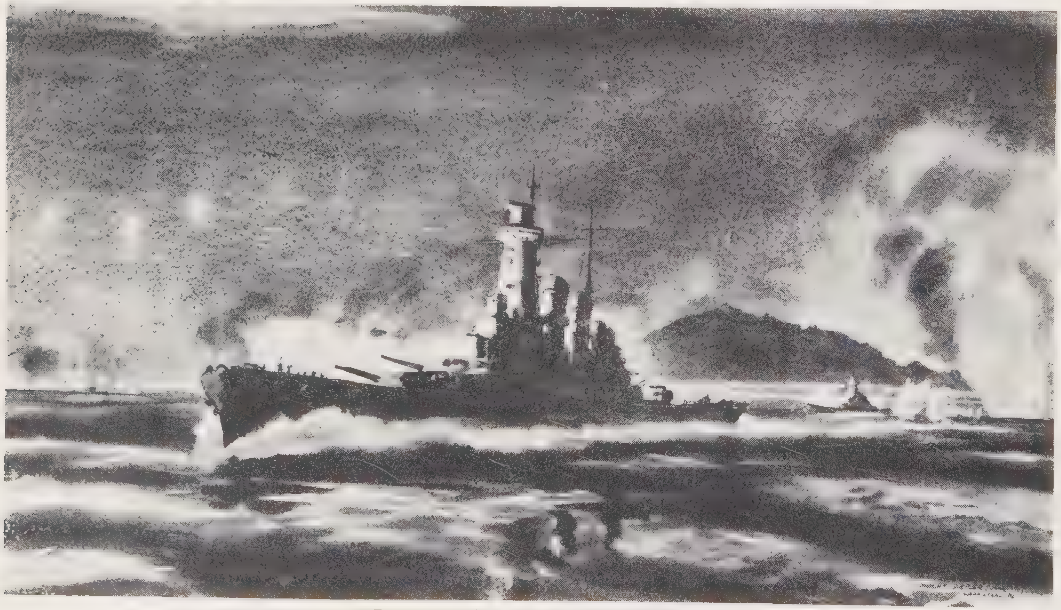
To the victor



*From a water color by Lieutenant Commander Dwight C. Shepler, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

Battle of Santa Cruz Islands

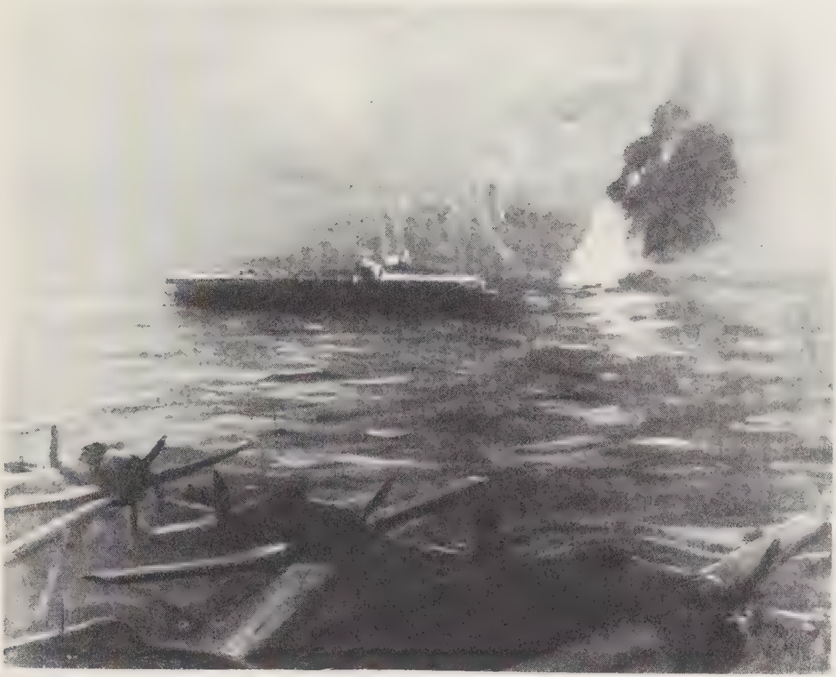
A U. S. task force undergoes prolonged attack by Japanese carrier-based planes, October 26, 1942. An American carrier (right, center) narrowly escapes two bombs. On the horizon on the left, another U. S. carrier is afire. In the left center, an American battleship is under attack. The artist was aboard the cruiser in the left foreground.



*From a water color by Lieutenant Dwight C. Shepler, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

Night action off Savo Island

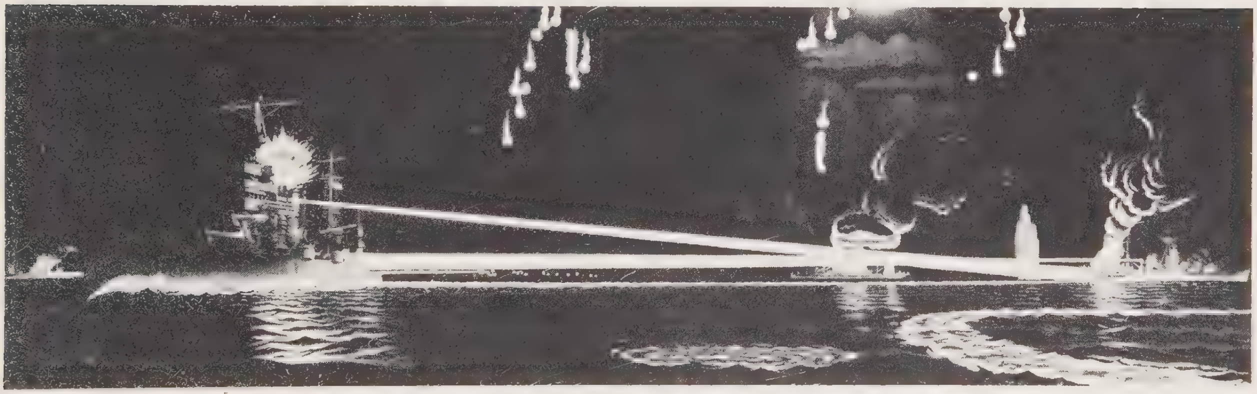
On the calm night of November 14, 1942, American battleships open up with broadsides in the second phase of the battle against two strong Japanese naval forces. Japanese naval craft, hit during the first phase of the action, burn and sink behind Savo Island to the eastward, while salvos from the battleships attend to the force to the north.



From an oil painting by Lieutenant Commander William F. Draper, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy

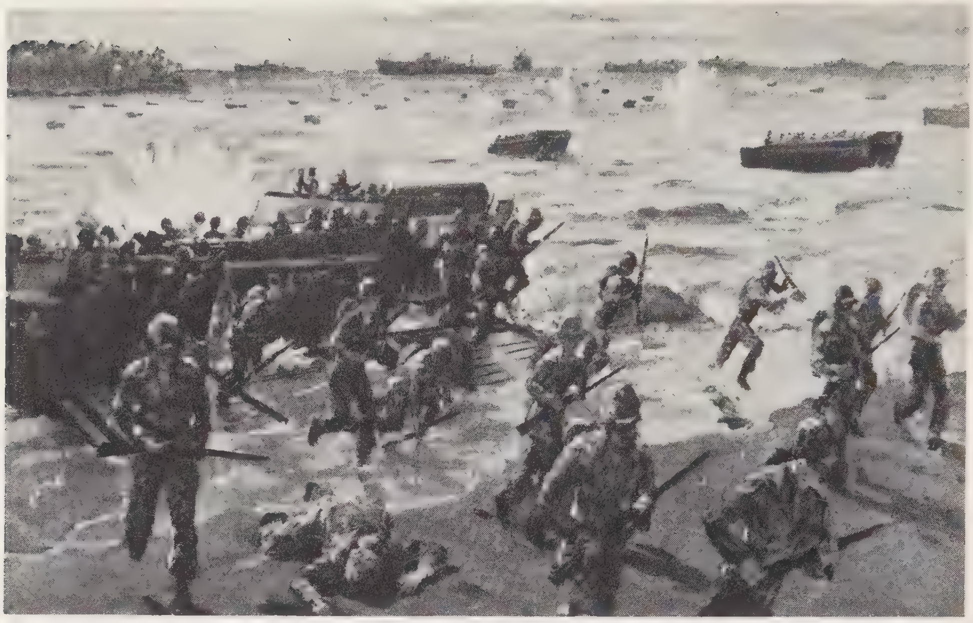
Night attack—South Pacific

A U. S. task force is attacked by six Japanese torpedo planes. Two of the planes were shot down and the others retired. Here, a "Betty" burns fiercely on the water just beyond an *Independence*-class carrier. Five-inch shells explode in the sky and tracers weave through the dark, searching other attackers.



From an oil painting by Lieutenant Commander Griffith Baily Coale, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy

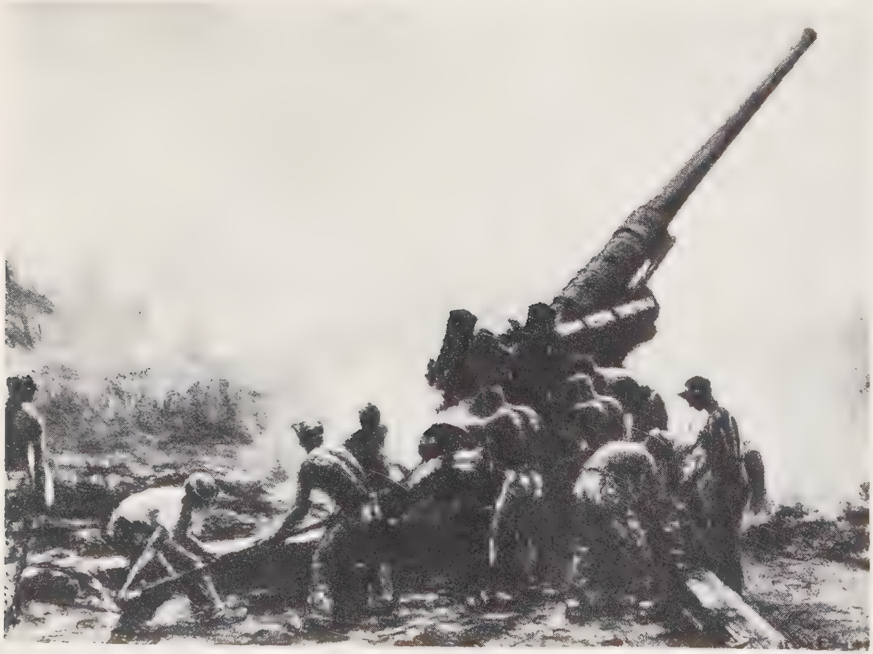
The U. S. cruiser *San Francisco* in the night action off Savo Island



*From an oil painting by Lieutenant Commander William F. Draper, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

The landing—invasion of Bougainville

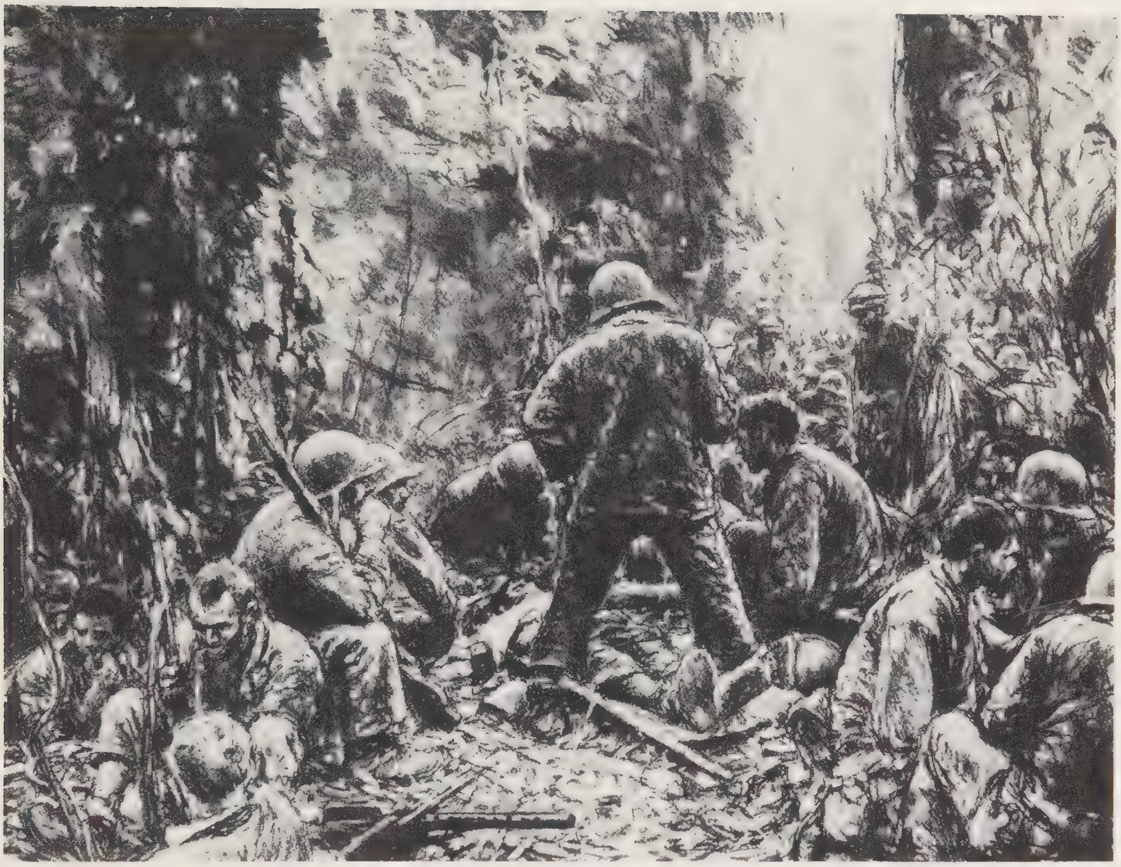
Here are shown the first desperate moments of the landing. Two landing boats from the flagship are seen. Number five was unlucky, a direct hit from a Japanese mortar killing many Marines and crew members. Many other men were killed by Japanese rifle fire.



*From a drawing by combat artist Kerr Eby. Courtesy The Abbott Laboratories, Chicago*

"Long Tom" bellows

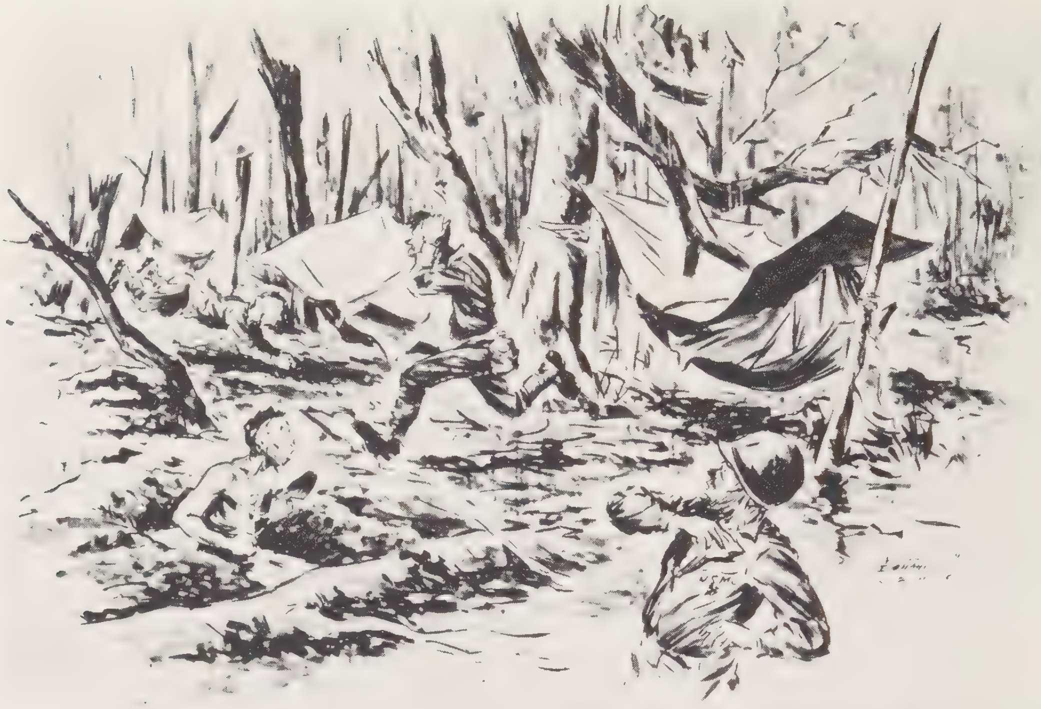
Perspiring and covered with grime, Marines labor at top speed on Cape Gloucester. The Japanese feared this artillery piece more than anything else, except perhaps the great naval guns on the battleships, or a flame-thrower.



*From a drawing by combat artist Kerr Eby. Courtesy The Abbott Laboratories, Chicago*

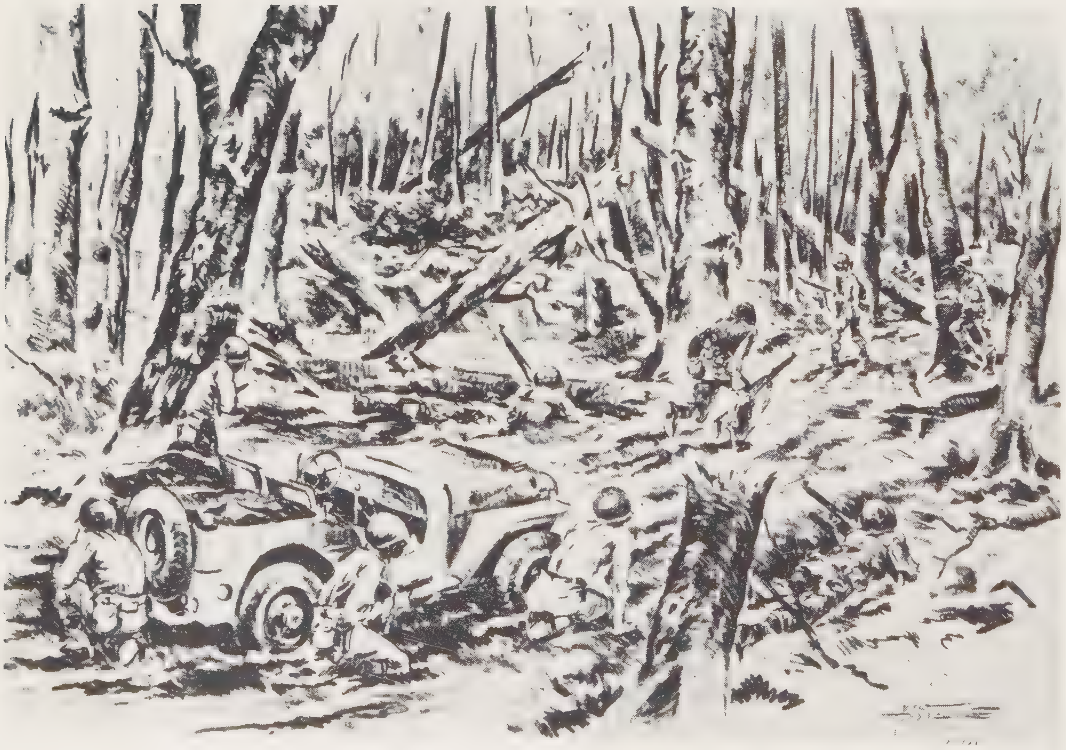
Wounded man at the front, Bougainville

At a station only a few hundred feet from the battle front, the wounded are prepared for the grueling and hazardous trip back to base hospital.



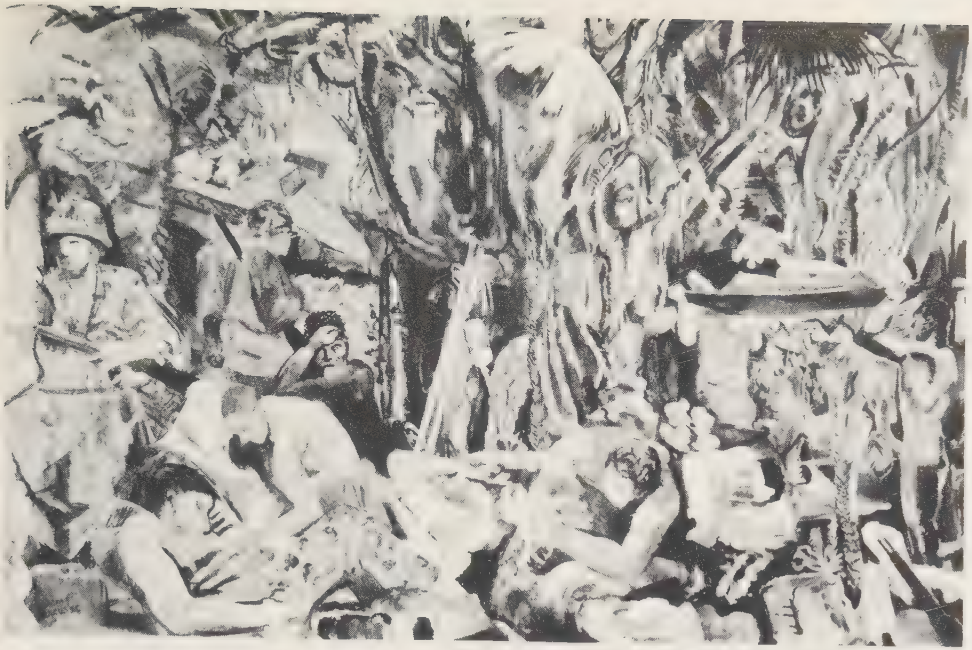
By Master Sergeant Victor P. Donahue, U.S.M.C.R. Courtesy U. S. Marine Corps

Stinking Island



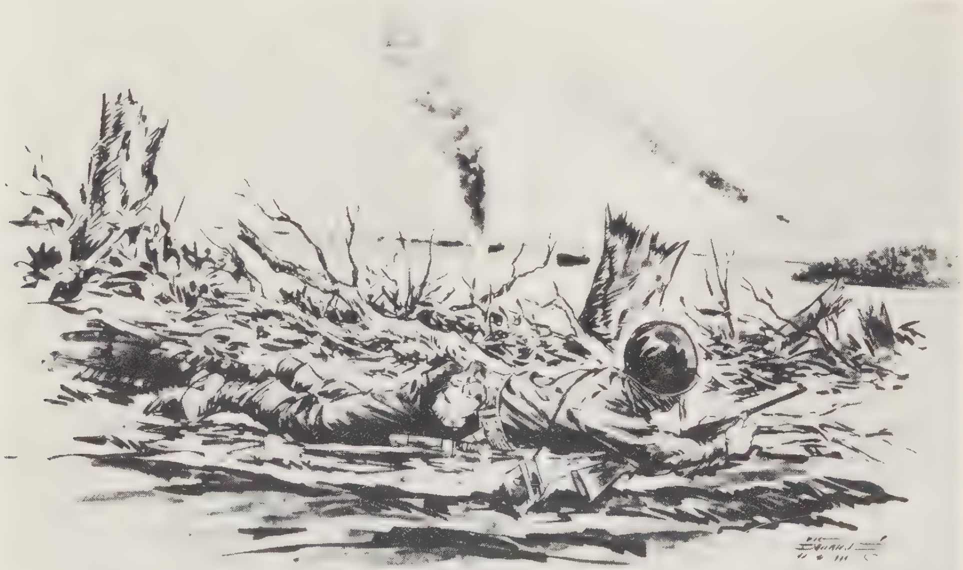
By Master Sergeant Victor P. Donahue, U.S.M.C.R. Courtesy U. S. Marine Corps

Stopped by snipers, Cape Gloucester



*From an oil painting by Major George Harding, U.S.M.C. Courtesy U. S. Marine Corps*

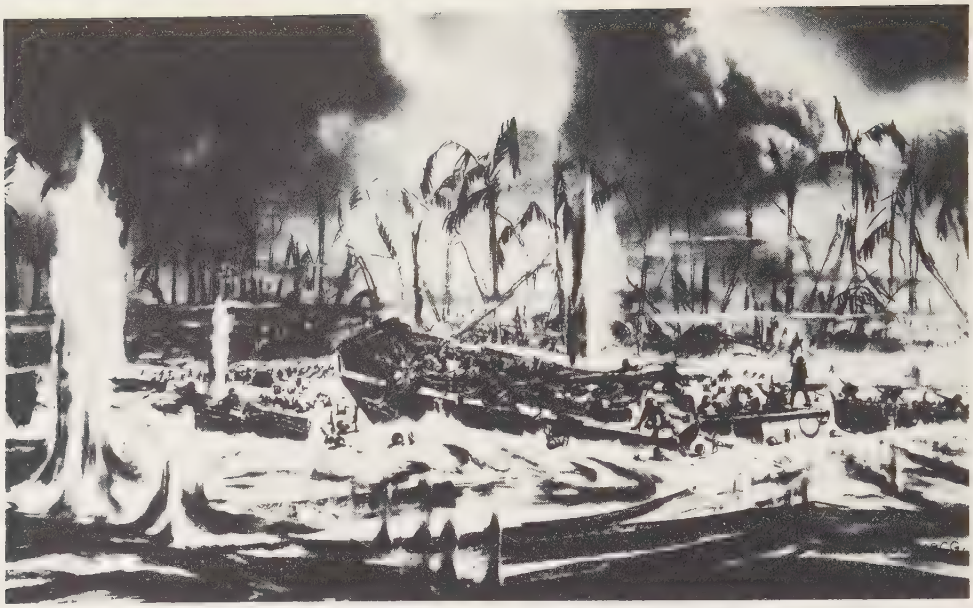
Marine wounded in Bougainville jungle



*From a black-and-white drawing by Master Sergeant Victor P. Donahue, U.S.M.C. Courtesy U. S. Marine Corps*

The Japs came in to strafe

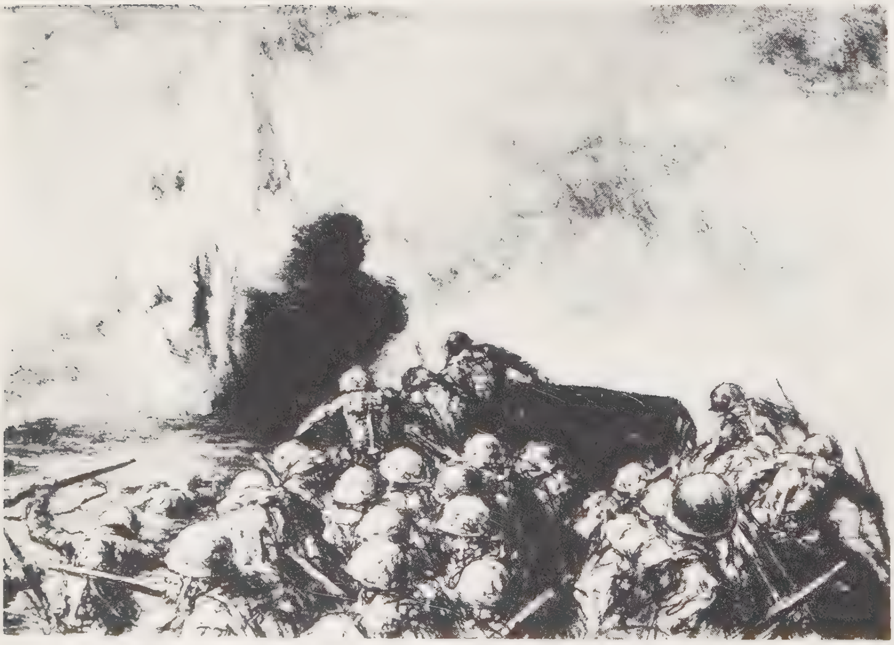
"I was still running when the first Jap came in to strafe. I couldn't find a hole to jump in now. I had to get down fast. I heard the bullets singing over my head and smacking into the trees around me. My only cover was broken branches and limbs. The plane came in and this time I thought I was a goner for sure. Bullets missed me by inches, snapping off twigs and branches. The thought ran through my mind that I was going to get hit before I even had a chance to see anything. All of a sudden it became quiet. I raised my head and saw two planes going down in flames."



*From a charcoal drawing by Chief Boatswain's Mate Hunter Wood. Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard*

## The first wave at Tarawa

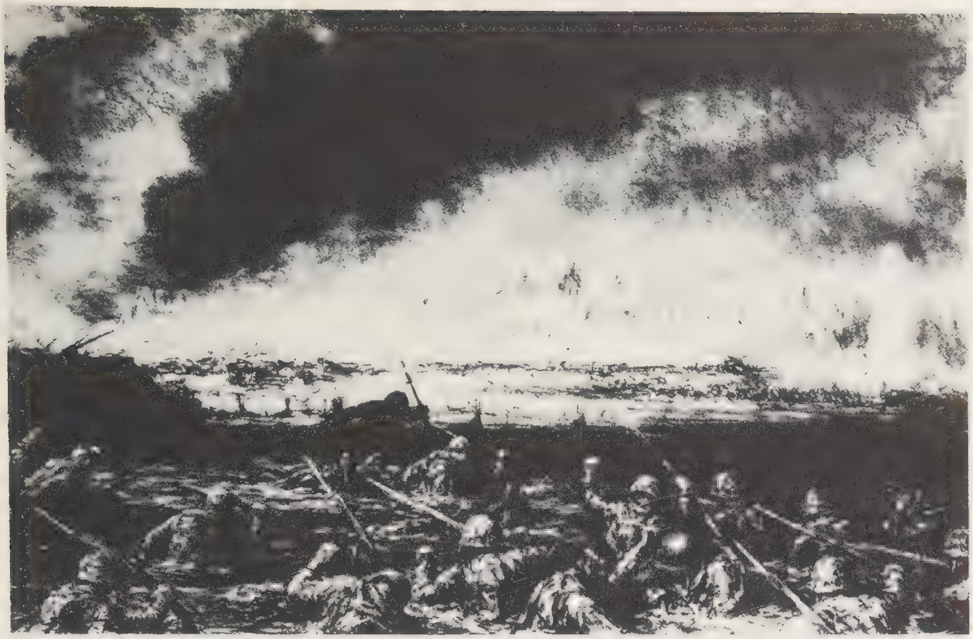
One of the costliest engagements of the war in the South Pacific was the battle for Tarawa, an island in the Gilberts. Here the United States Marines fought perhaps the bloodiest action in all their history. The island was taken, but not before the beach was strewn with the bodies of the Marines' Second Division. Despite repeated bombings and heavy shelling, later called "woefully inadequate," the fortifications had to be taken by hand-to-hand fighting.



*From a drawing by combat artist Kerr Eby. Courtesy The Abbott Laboratories, Chicago*

## The first assault

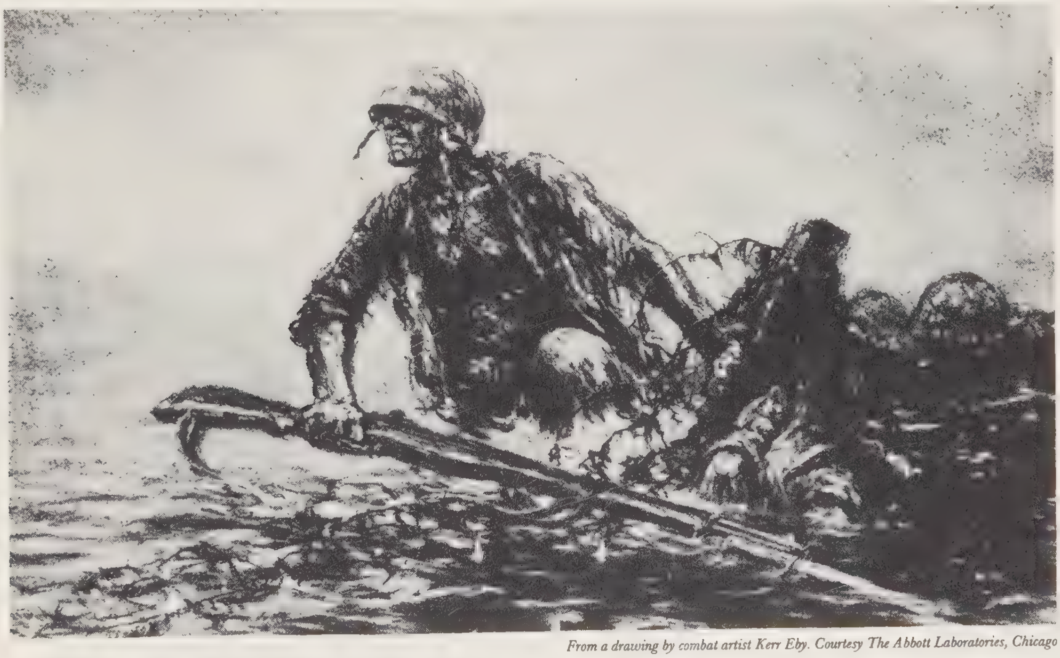
Their landing craft jarred to a sudden halt by a submerged reef, an assault contingent leaps into the water.



*From a drawing by combat artist Kerr Eby. Courtesy The Abbott Laboratories, Chicago*

D-Day on Tarawa

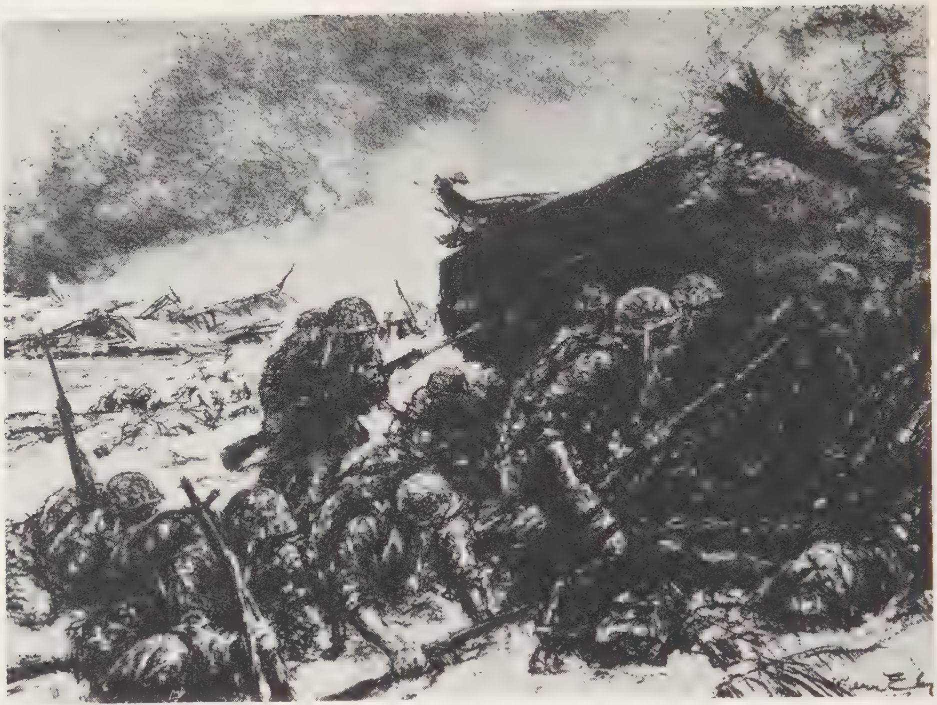
Wading through a leaden surf, under an overcast sky, U.S. Marines secure a beachhead on Tarawa November 20, 1943. Navy dive bombers and torpedo bombers scream down through a blanket of black smoke to blast the Japanese, entrenched in well-nigh invulnerable pillboxes.



*From a drawing by combat artist Kerr Eby. Courtesy The Abbott Laboratories, Chicago*

The last full ounce of devotion

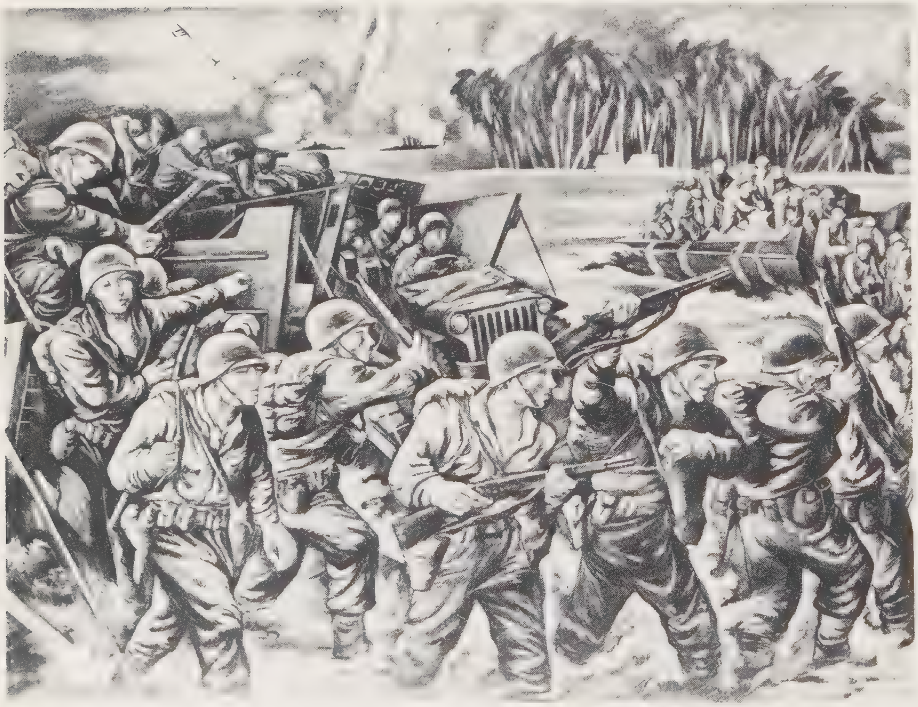
Bullets and barbed wire: both constituted tremendous barriers to victory in the battle for Tarawa; but this Marine, rifle swung grimly in one hand, typifies the resurgent spirit of the conquerors of the Gilberts. Past the wire on which hang the bodies of his comrades the tattered Marine presses on toward the beach.



*From a drawing by combat artist Kerr Eby. Courtesy The Abbott Laboratories, Chicago*

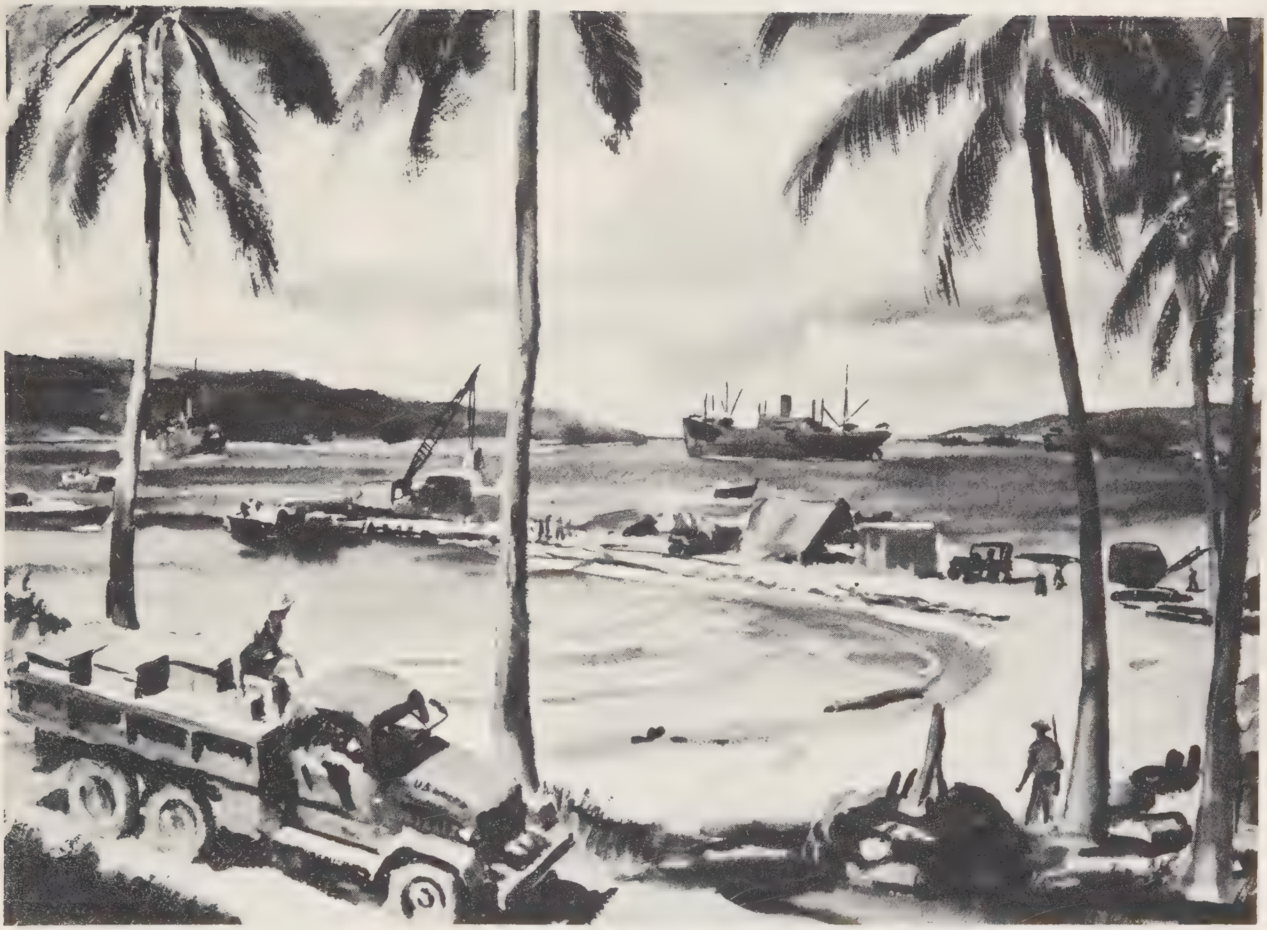
The long, desperate road to victory

Marines, bodies angled forward as if against a wind, press forward on Tarawa. In the background an armored tractor lumbers ahead, shelling the enemy defenses.



*From a painting by Howard Cook, U.S.A. Courtesy Department of the Army, Chief of Military History*

Landing at Rendova, New Georgia, Solomons



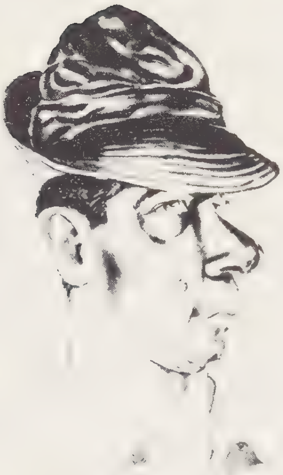
*From a water color by Lieutenant Dwight C. Shepler, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

Building the base—Espiritu Santo

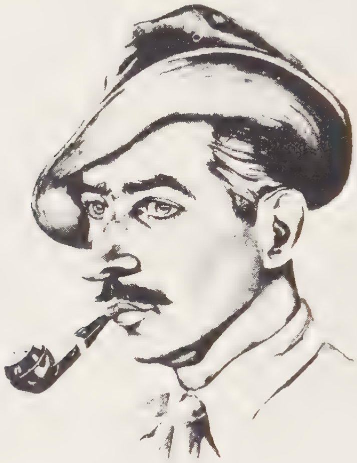
A dock of the Seabees, Navy construction battalions, in a rapidly growing New Hebrides outpost.

# *Hat Styles of the Fighting Marine in the South Pacific*

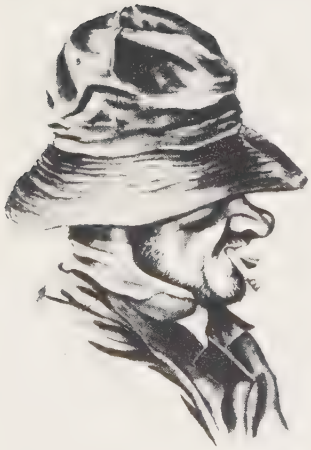
What the well-dressed Marine wore while on fatigue duty



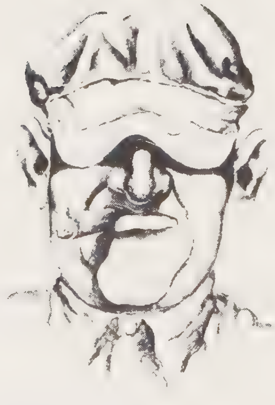
"The clerical or Robin Hood type"



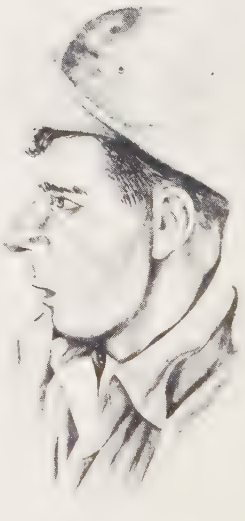
"The Park Avenue or I read Esquire type"



"The Chicago or Oh Yea-a-ah type"



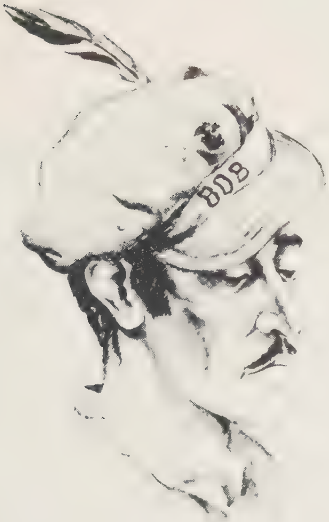
"The I don't give a damn type"



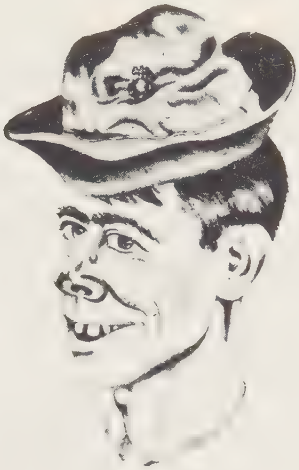
"The windswept or Pony Express type"

*Courtesy U. S. Marine Corps*

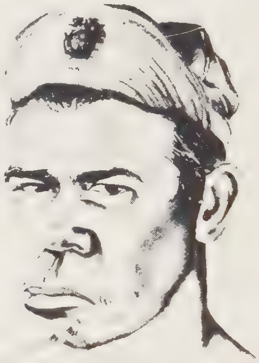
The facile brush of Master Sergeant Victor P. Donahue, U.S.M.C., captures "Gyrene" styles in headgear as modeled by Marine combat veterans of the South Pacific.



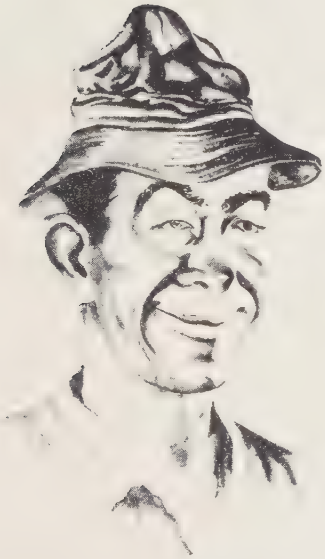
"The Hollywood or I made $300 a week type"



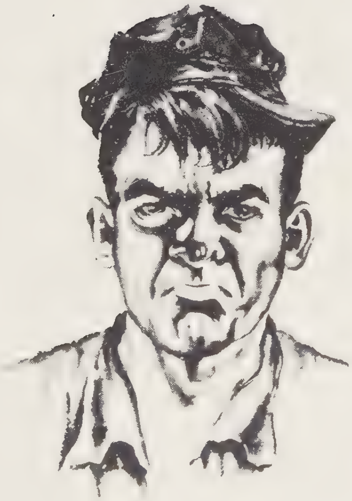
"The Harold Teen type"



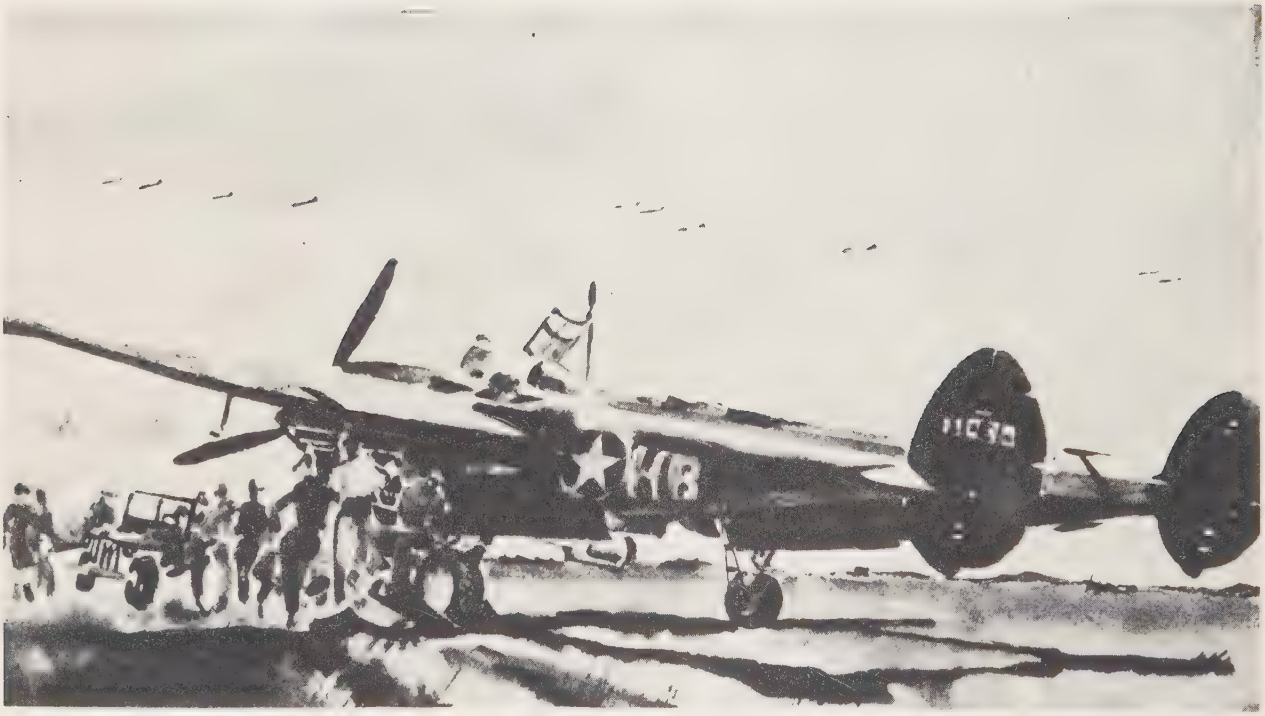
"The Semper Fidelis or the hell with you I got mine type"



"The intellectual or combat correspondent type"



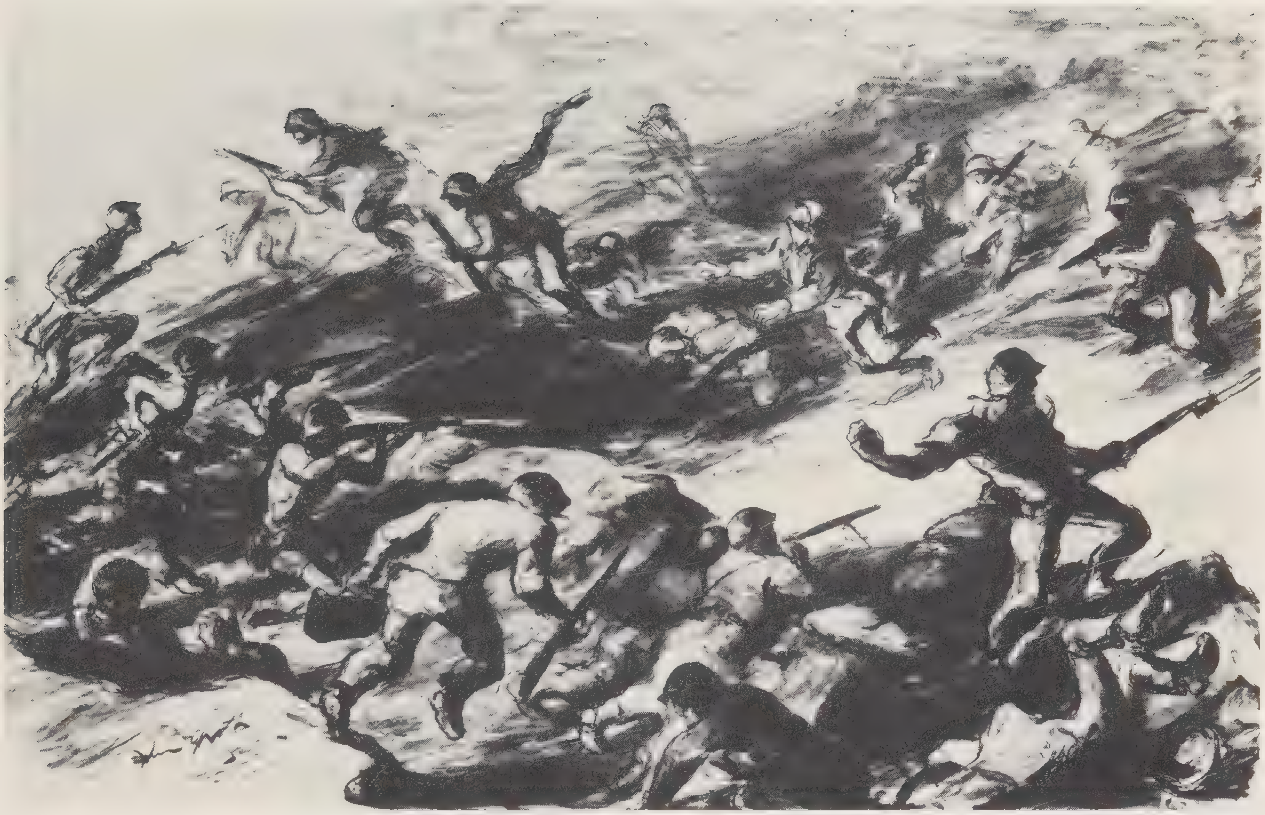
"Sergeant major type"



*From a water color by Major Milton Marx, 9th U.S.A.A.F. Courtesy Historical Properties Branch, Department of the Air Force*

## A bomber gets a checkup somewhere in North Africa

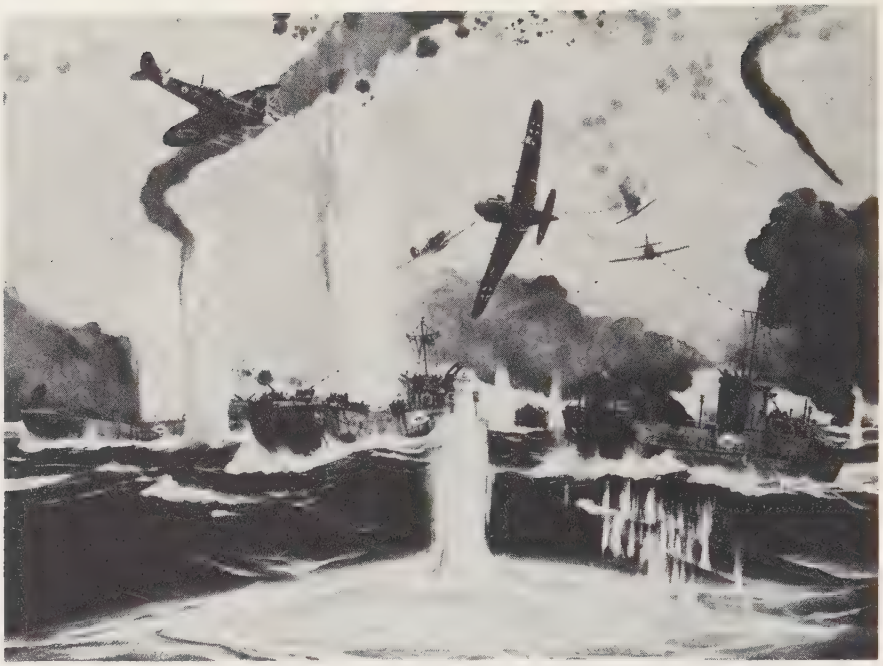
A 9th U.S.A.A.F. bomber receives a checkup and re-arming on an airfield somewhere in North Africa while a squadron of bombers wings its way in the sky overhead. The 9th Air Force was organized in Egypt by Major General Lewis H. Brereton and saw service in the African and European campaigns.



*From a drawing in sepia and wash by John Groth. Courtesy of the artist and The World Publishing Company*

Close combat in North Africa

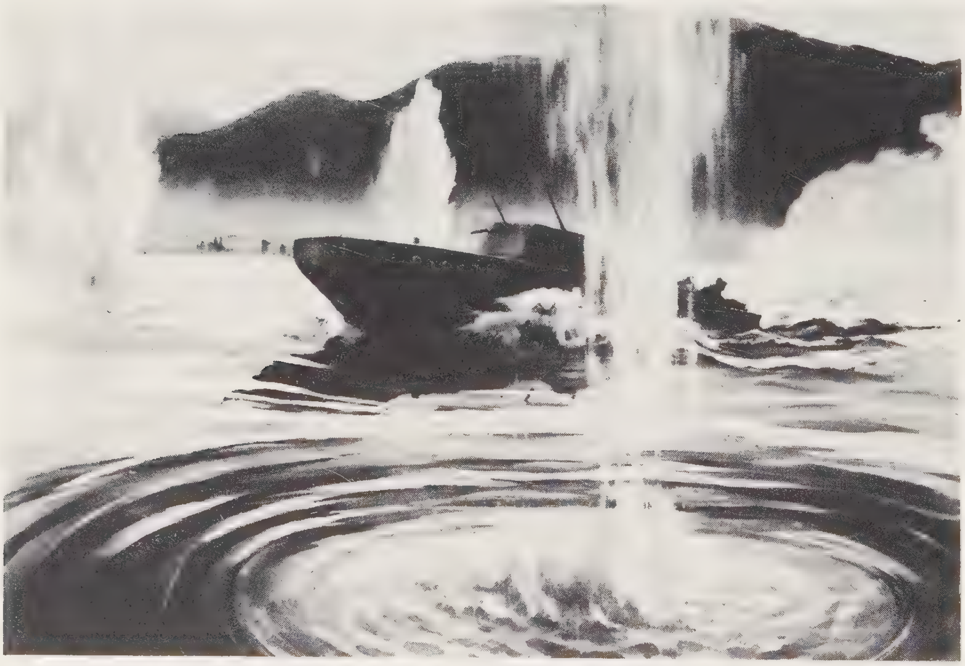
American troops fighting to halt a German attack somewhere in North Africa. The fighting has become close and savage at point-blank range.



*From a painting by Chief Boatswain's Mate Hunter Wood. Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard*

Hot moment off Sicily

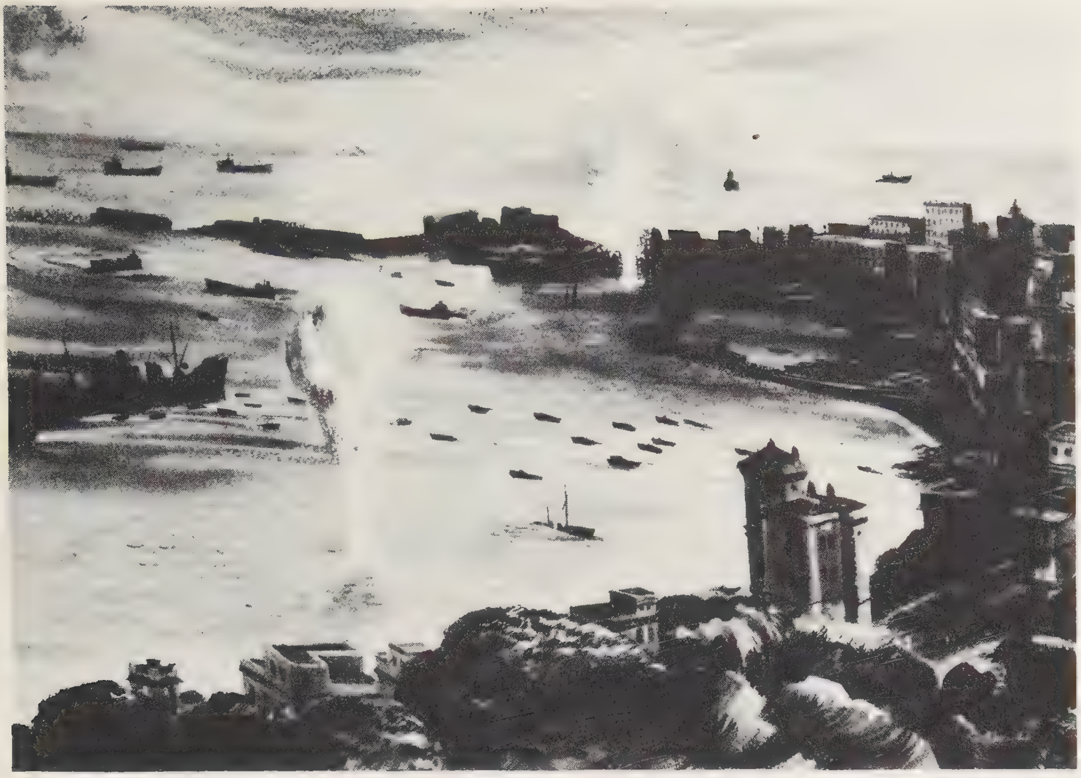
American invasion craft fight off an attack. At the upper left is a Supermarine Spitfire; in the foreground is a Messerschmitt 109F.



*From an oil painting by Coast Guard combat artist William Goadby Lawrence. Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard*

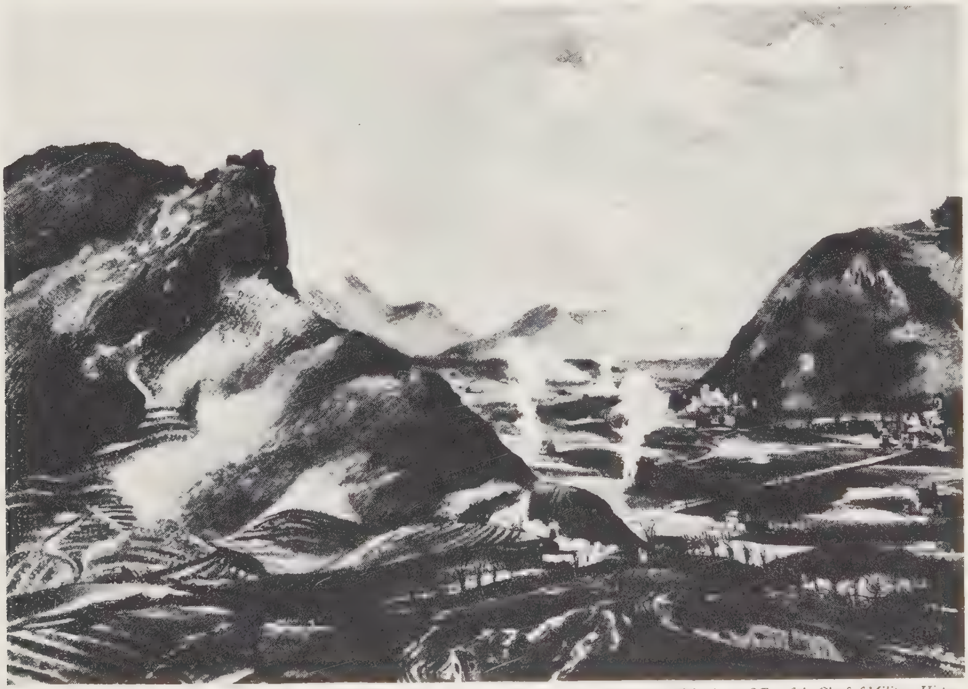
Mountain guns blast shellfire at LCS at Salerno

While laying a smoke screen to cover a wave of landing barges in Salerno Bay, a Coast Guard-manned LCS is straddled by shells from German 88's in mountain emplacements.



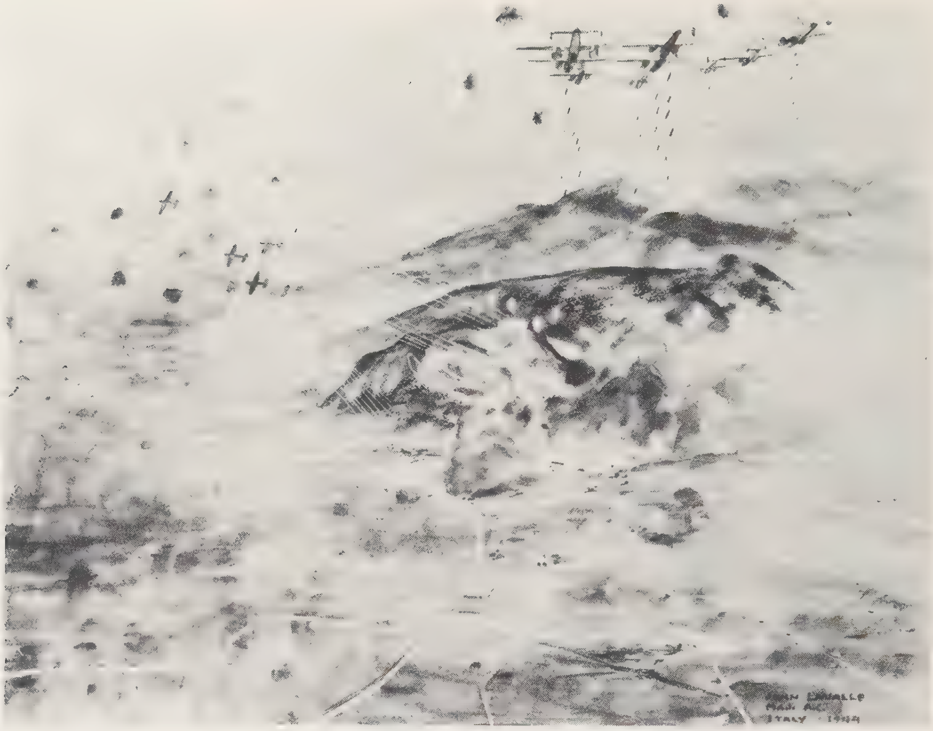
*Picture signed by (——) Reep. Courtesy Department of the Army, Office of the Chief of Military History*

Anzio harbor under German bombardment, Italy, 1944



*Picture signed by ( ——) Reep. Courtesy Department of the Army, Office of the Chief of Military History*

"Purple Heart Valley," winter line, Italy, 1944

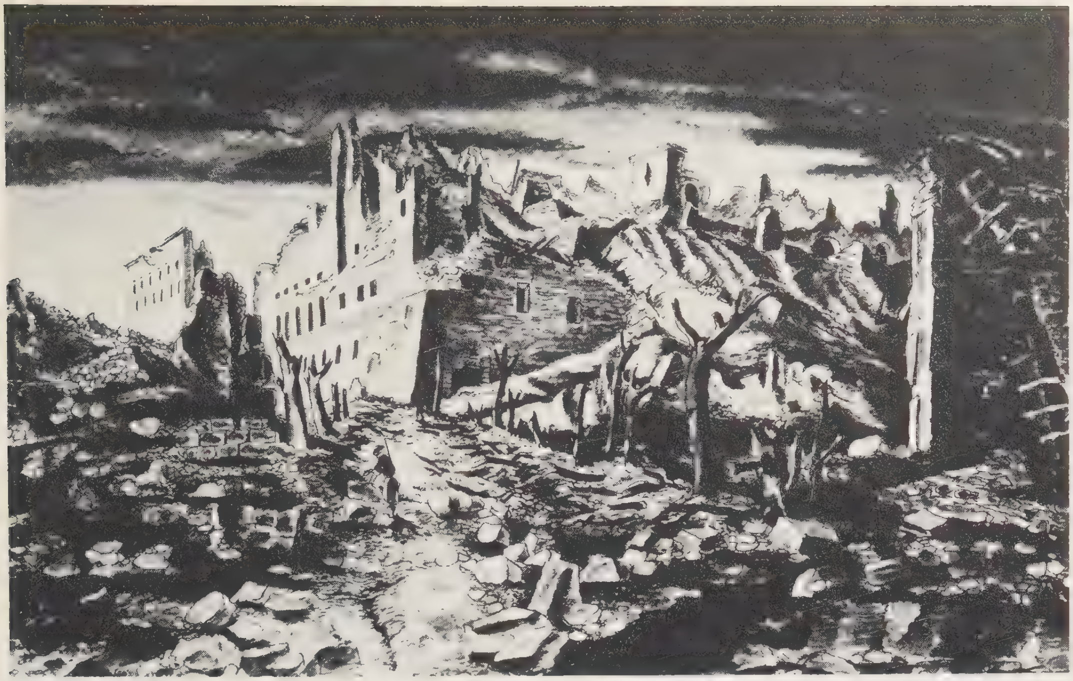


*From a painting by Major John Lavalle, A.C. Courtesy Department of the Air Force, Historical Properties Office*

Over Cassino, Italy, 1944

*From a painting by Savo Radulovich. Courtesy Department of the Army, Office of the Chief of Military History*

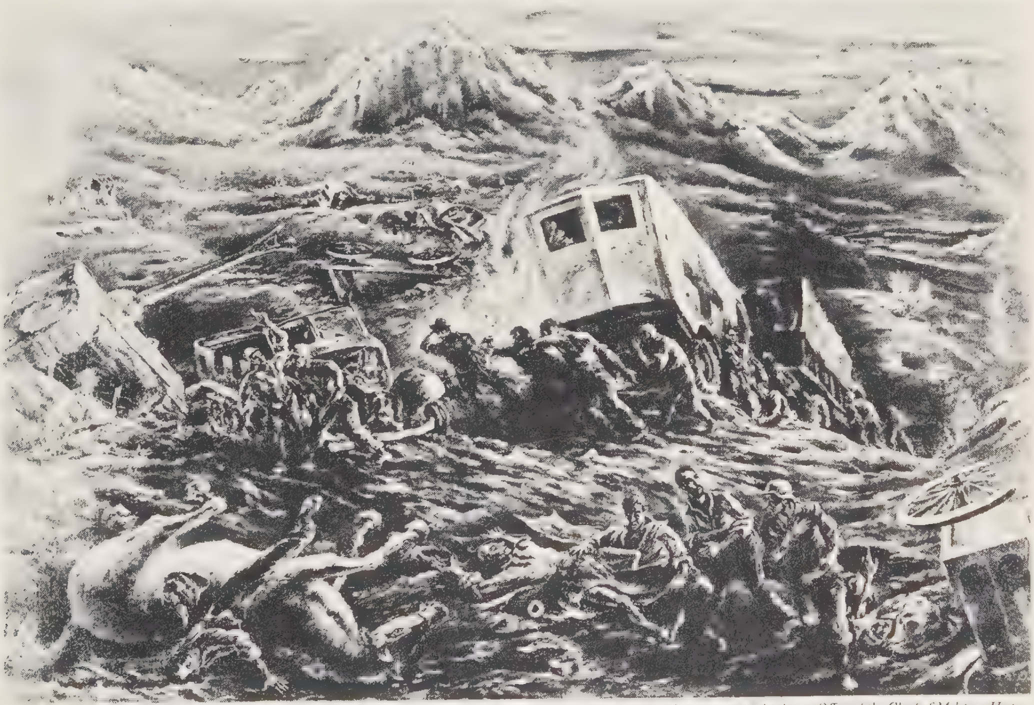
Battle for Cassino, Italy, 1944



*Picture signed by (——) Duncan, U.S.A. Courtesy The War Department, Historical Properties Section*

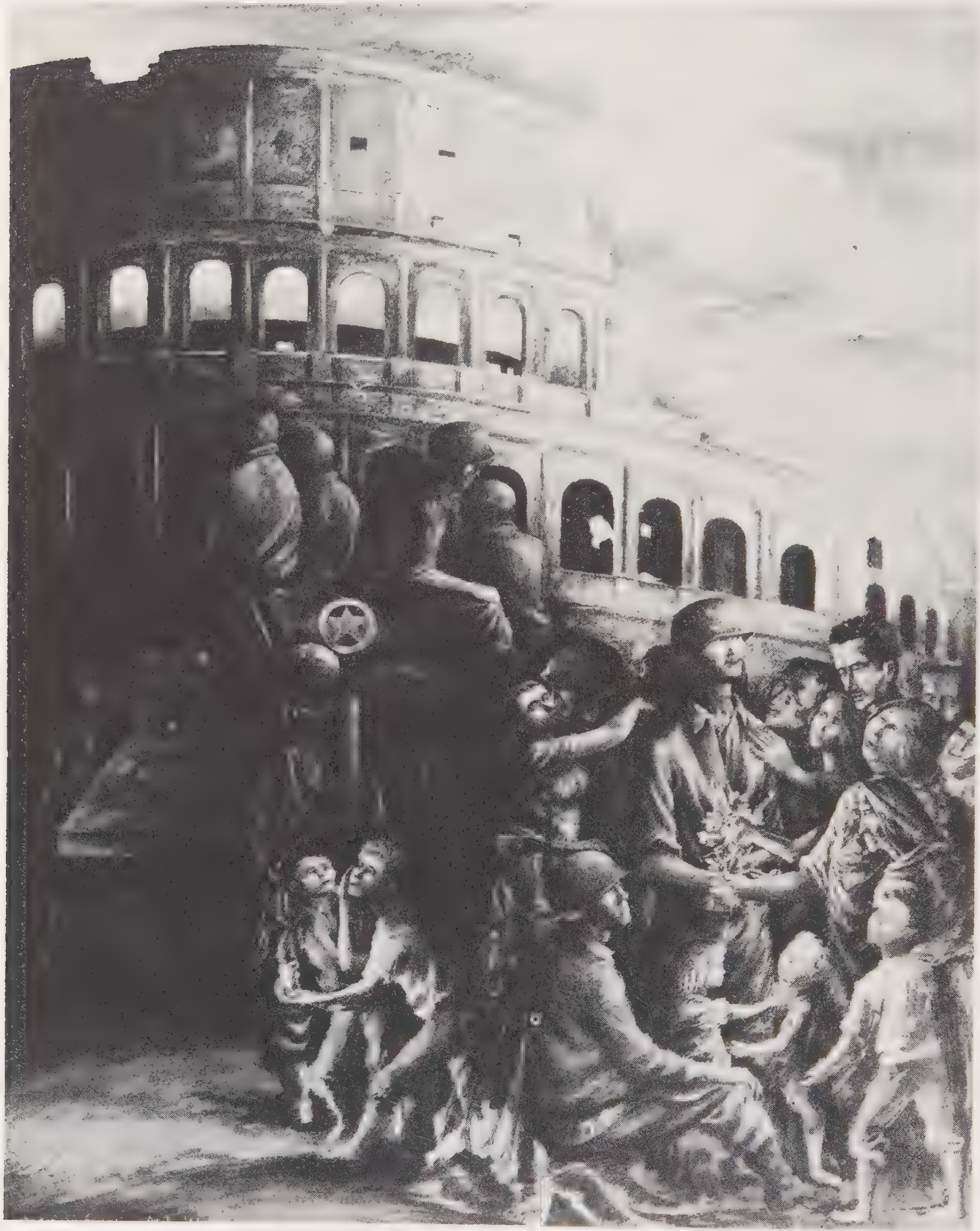
Monte Cassino, Italy, 1944

The ruins of the famous monastery were sketched shortly after the Poles, who fought there, had removed their dead.



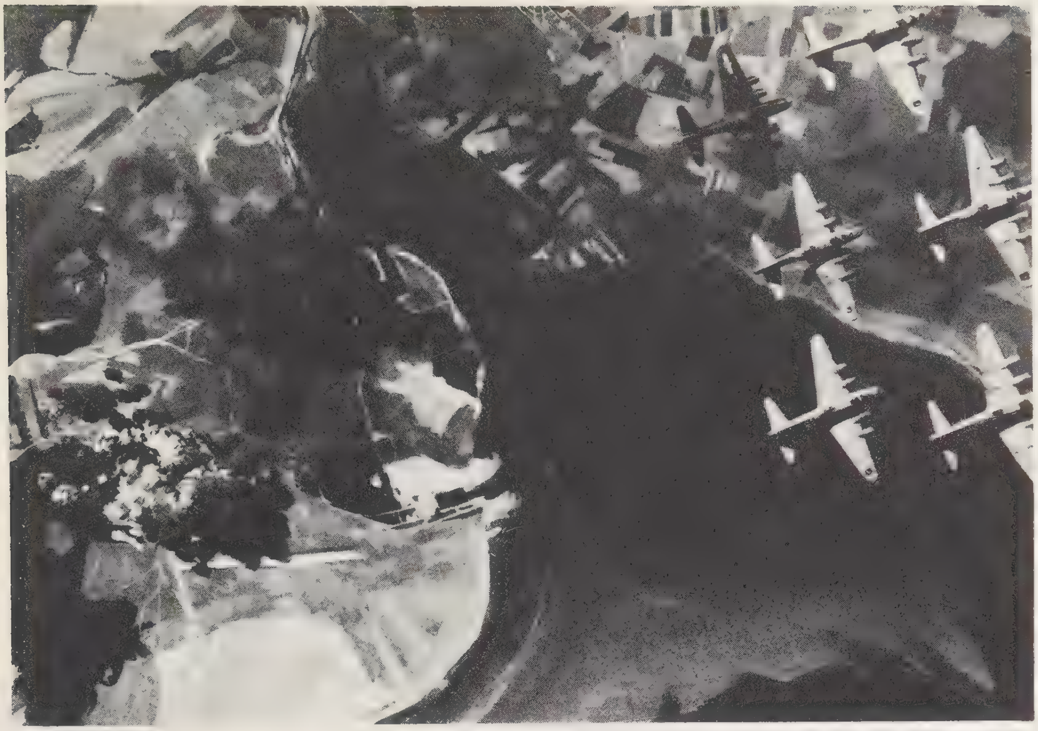
*From a painting by Harry Davis, U.S.A. Courtesy Department of the Army, Office of the Chief of Military History*

Retreating Germans destroying their equipment, Italy, 1944



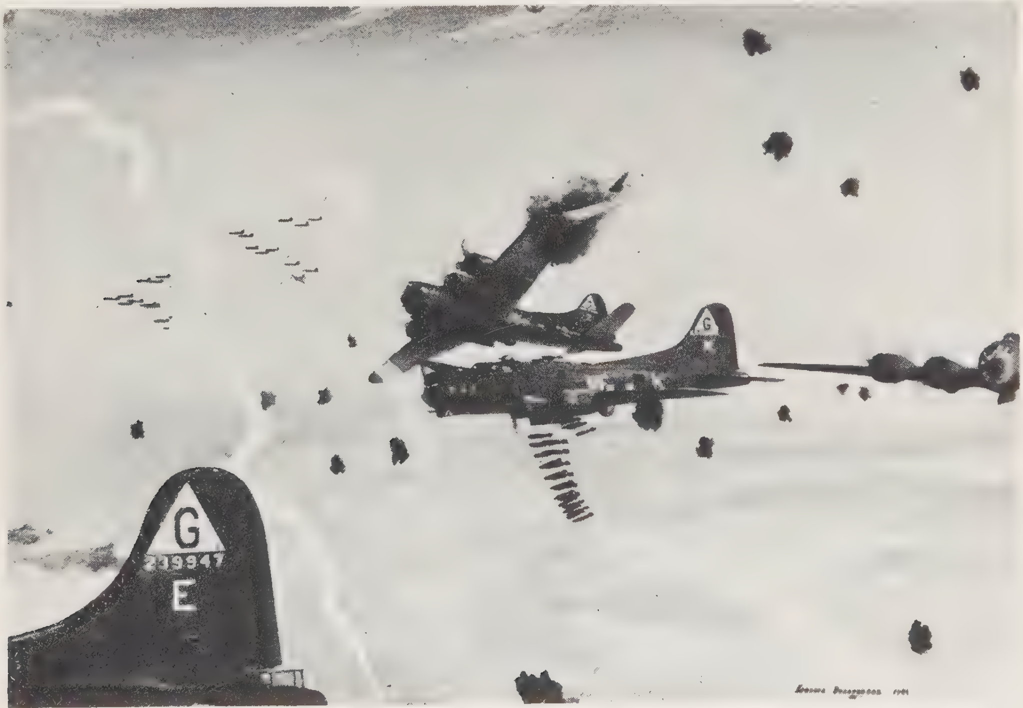
*From a painting by Mitchell Siporin, U.S.A. Courtesy Department of the Army, Office of the Chief of Military History*

The American Fifth Army reaches Rome



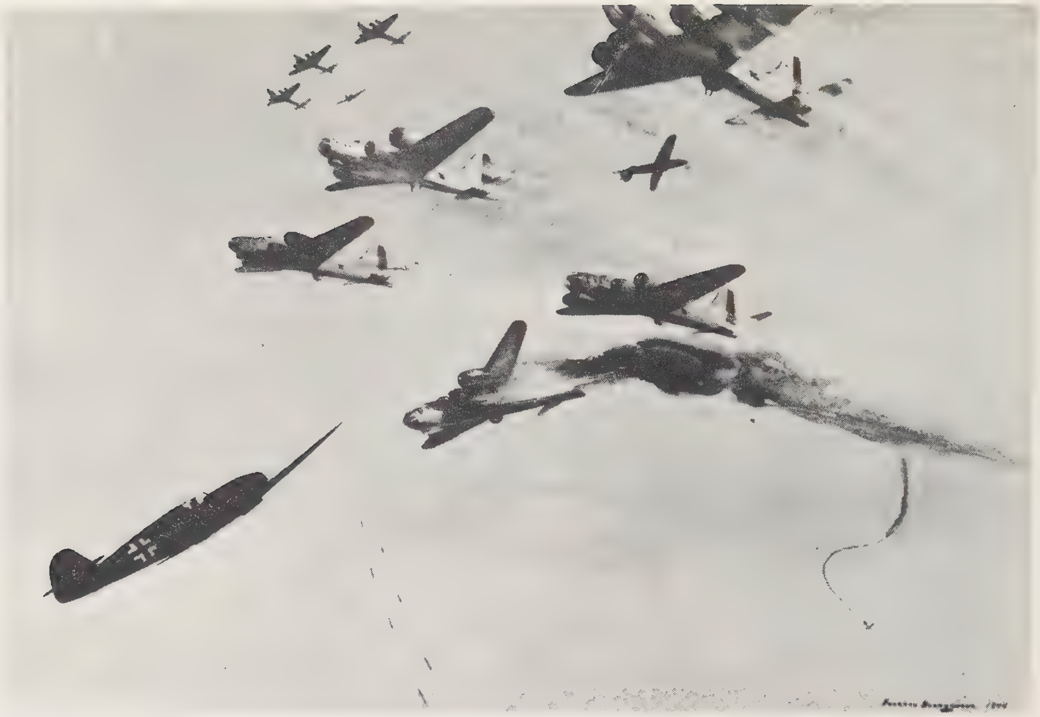
*From a painting by Lieutenant Francis Beaugureau, U.S.A.A.F. Courtesy Department of the Air Force, Historical Properties Office*

Mission to Peenemunde, Europe, 1944



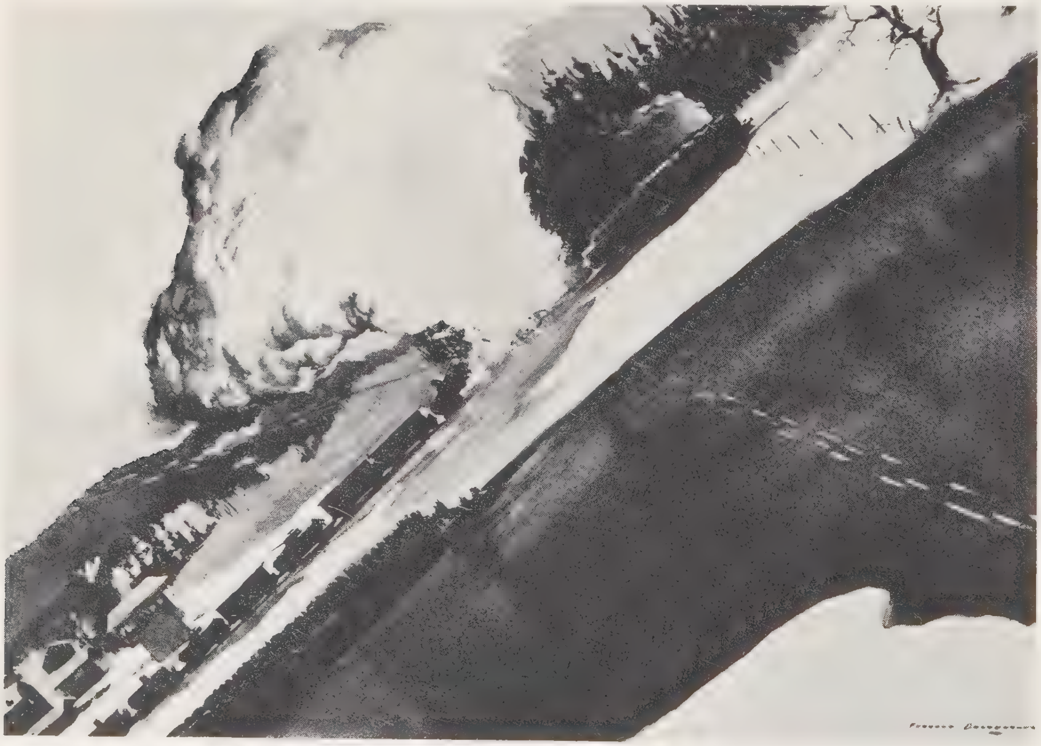
*From a painting by Lieutenant Francis Beaugureau, U.S.A.A.F. Courtesy Department of the Air Force, Historical Properties Office*

Attack on Merseburg, Europe, 1944



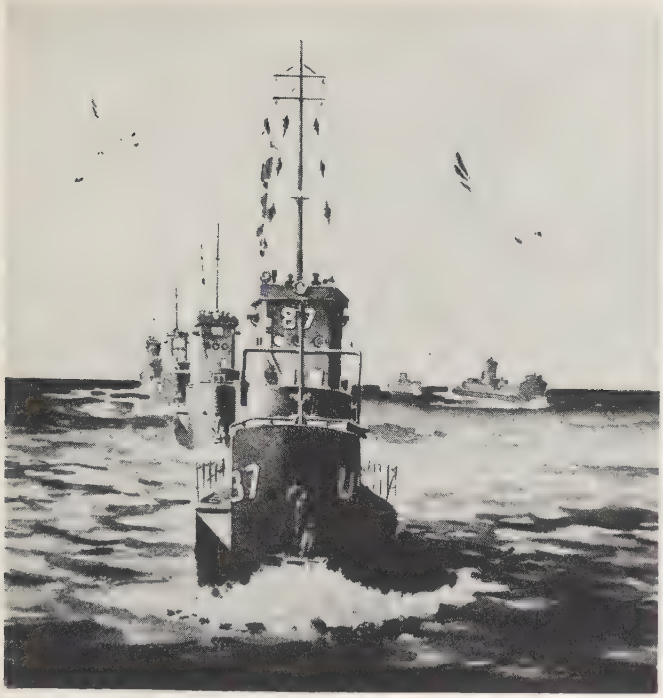
*From a painting by Lieutenant Francis Beaugureau, U.S.A.A.F. Courtesy Department of the Air Force, Historical Properties Office*

Mission to Cologne, Europe, 1945



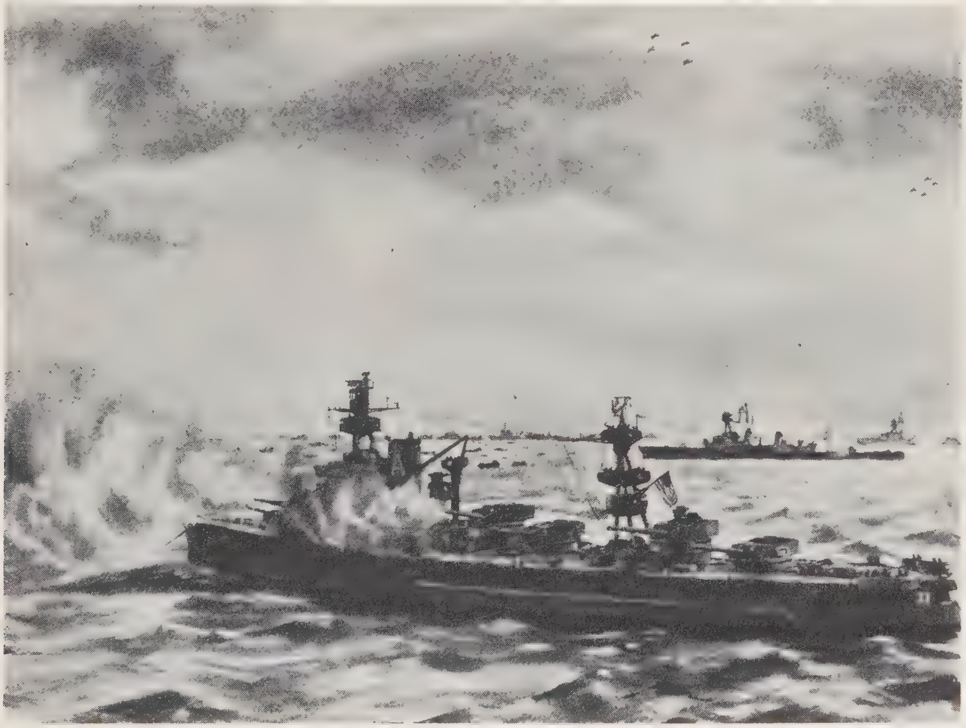
*From a painting by Lieutenant Francis Beaugureau, U.S.A.A.F. Courtesy Department of the Air Force, Historical Properties Office*

Train-busting, Europe, 1945


*From a water color by Coast Guardsman H. B. Vestal. Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard*

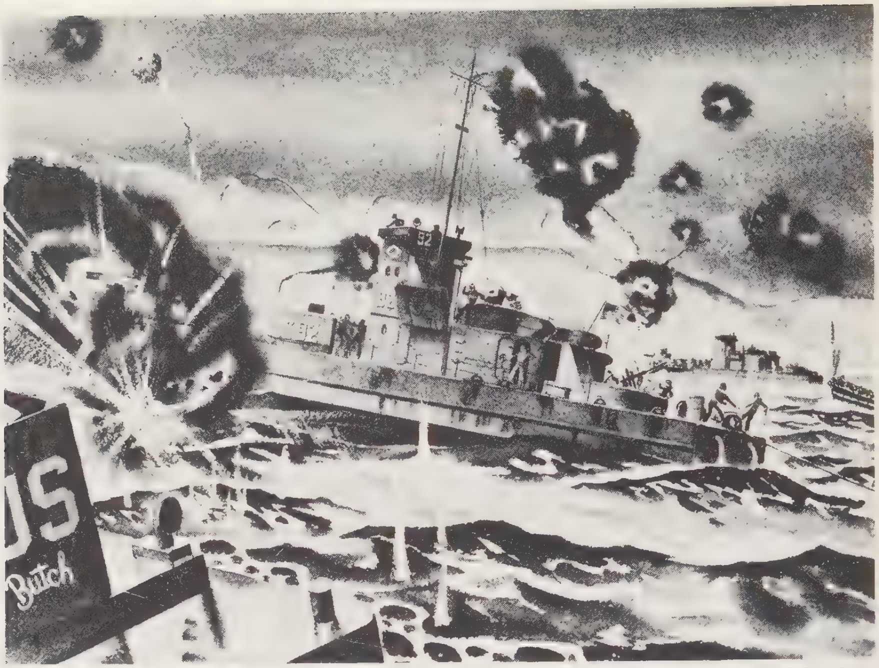
LCI flotilla under way for France

Moving across the English Channel, an LCI (Landing Craft, Infantry) flotilla heads toward the French invasion coast on D-Day. At the moment, their air cover is three curious sea gulls.


*From a water color by Lieutenant Dwight C. Shepler, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

Normandy: D-Day breaks—opening the attack

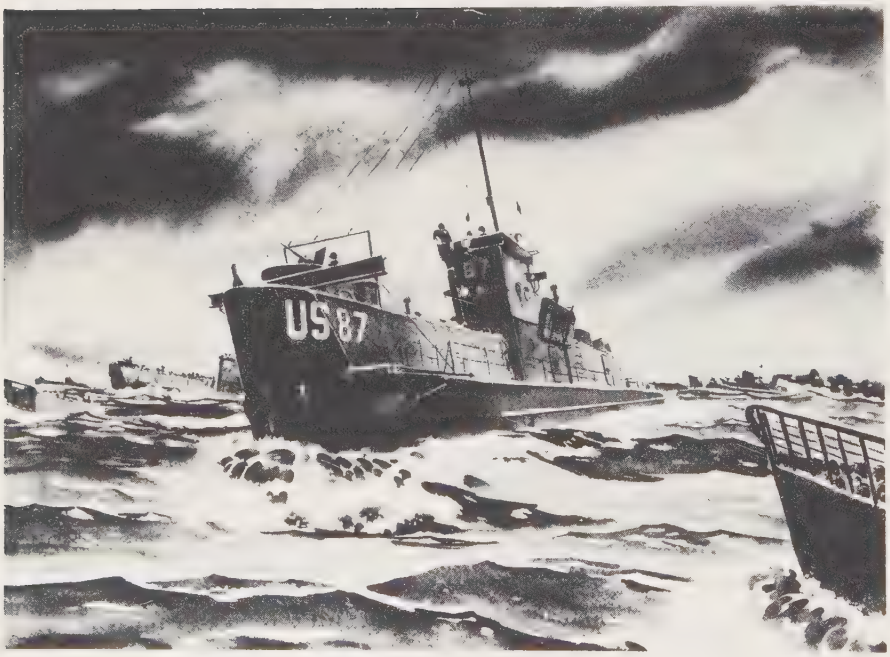
Matriarch of the Fleet, the elderly U.S.S. *Arkansas* opens fire on the beachhead. To seaward, the French cruisers *Georges Laygues* and *Montcalm,* flying extremely large battle flags, send shells hurtling into their captive homeland. Assault waves stream in while attack transports fill the horizon.



*From a painting by Coast Guardsman H. B. Vestal. Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard*

Going in—Normandy

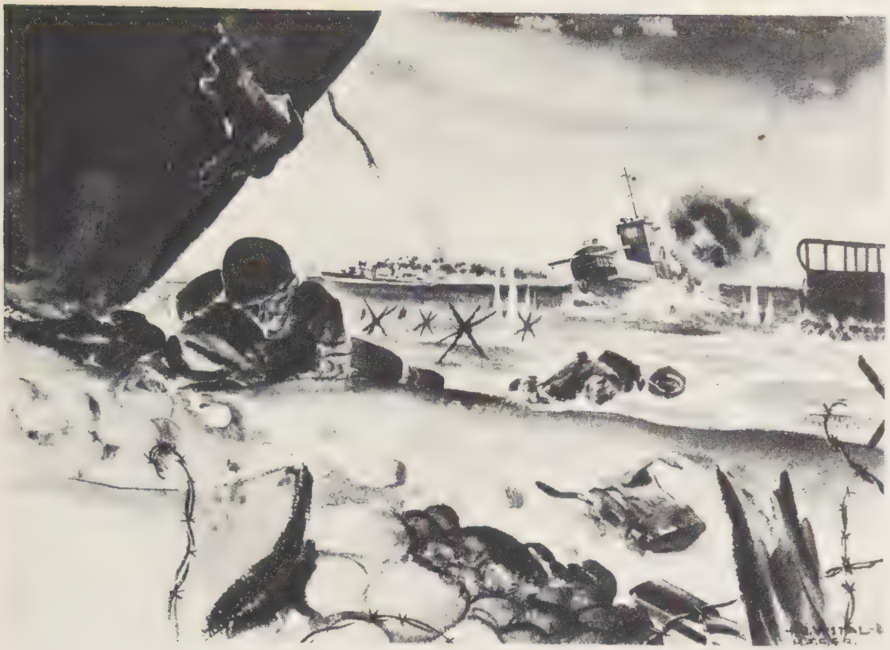
The first wave of Coast Guard and Navy-manned LCTs going into Normandy beachhead on D-Day. Coast Guard 83-footers and Navy sub-chasers escort the landing craft.



*From a water color by Coast Guardsman H. B. Vestal. Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard*

The first wave

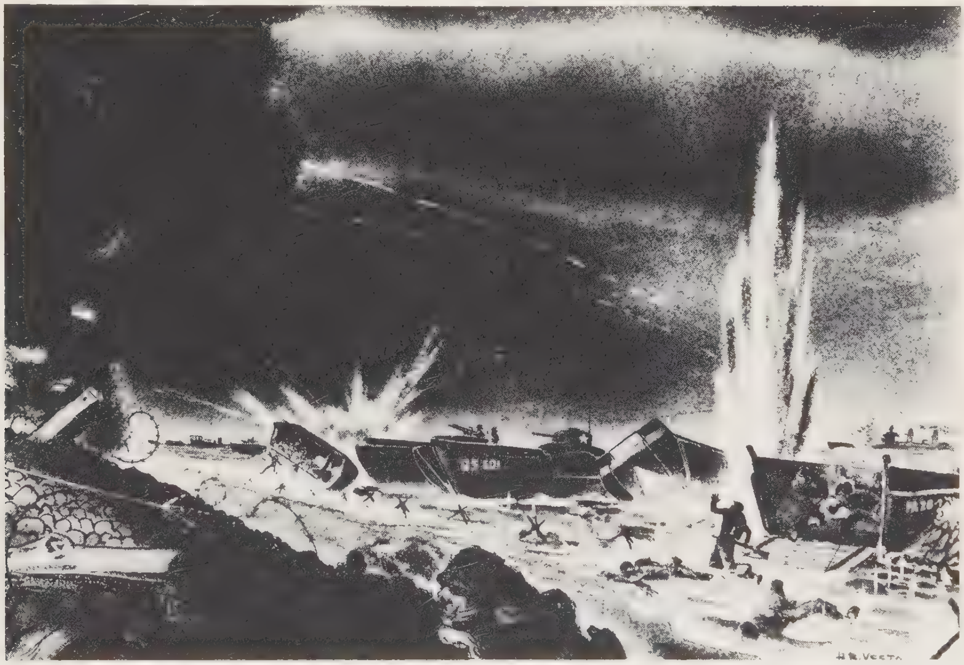
Coast Guard LCI flotilla in European invasion waters, surrounded by landing barges loaded with troops, headed toward the coast of France at H-Hour.



From a wash drawing by Coast Guardsman H. B. Vestal. Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard

Hitting the beach under fire

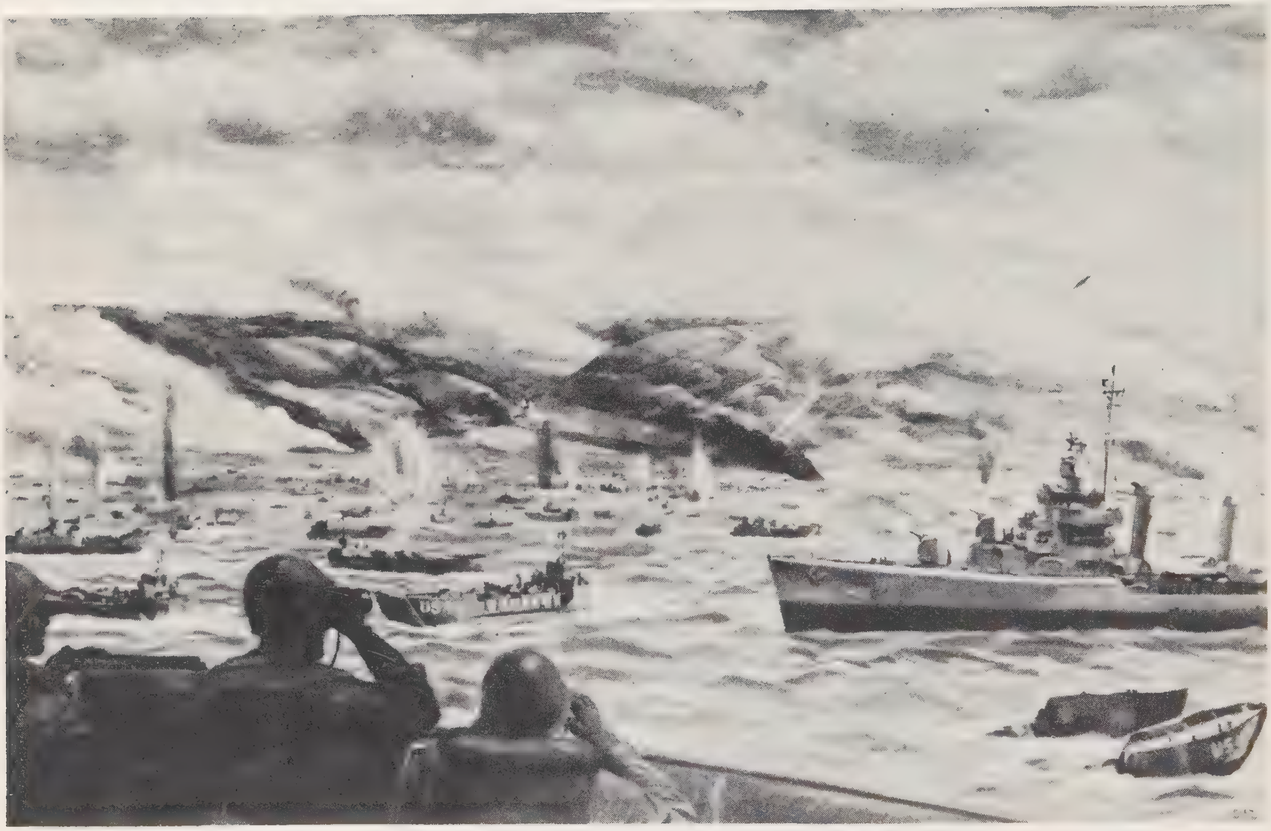
A direct hit on a Coast Guard-manned LCI as it noses into the Normandy beach.



From a water color by Coast Guardsman H. B. Vestal. Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard

Pinned down by enemy shell fire

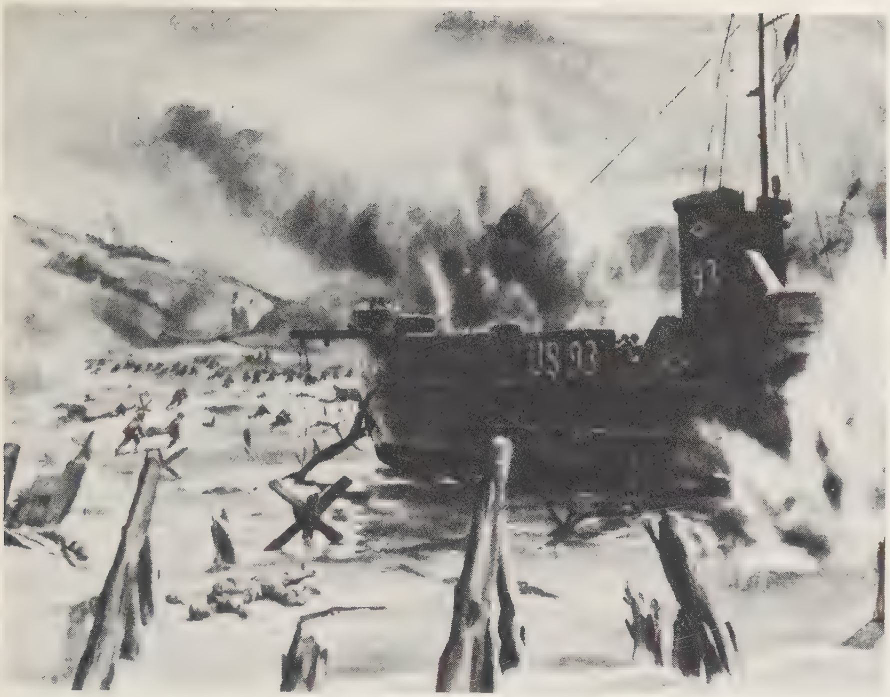
Coast Guard and Navy-manned LCTs (Landing Craft, Tanks), LCVPs (Landing Craft, Vehicle Personnel), and LCMs (Landing Craft, Mechanical Equipment) "hit the beach" at Normandy on D-Day. In the left foreground soldiers are pinned down behind a rock pile by enemy gunfire. A near miss by a mortar shell has overturned a barge at the water's edge.



*From an oil painting by Commander Dwight C. Shepler, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

The battle for "Fox Green Beach"—Normandy, June 6, 1944

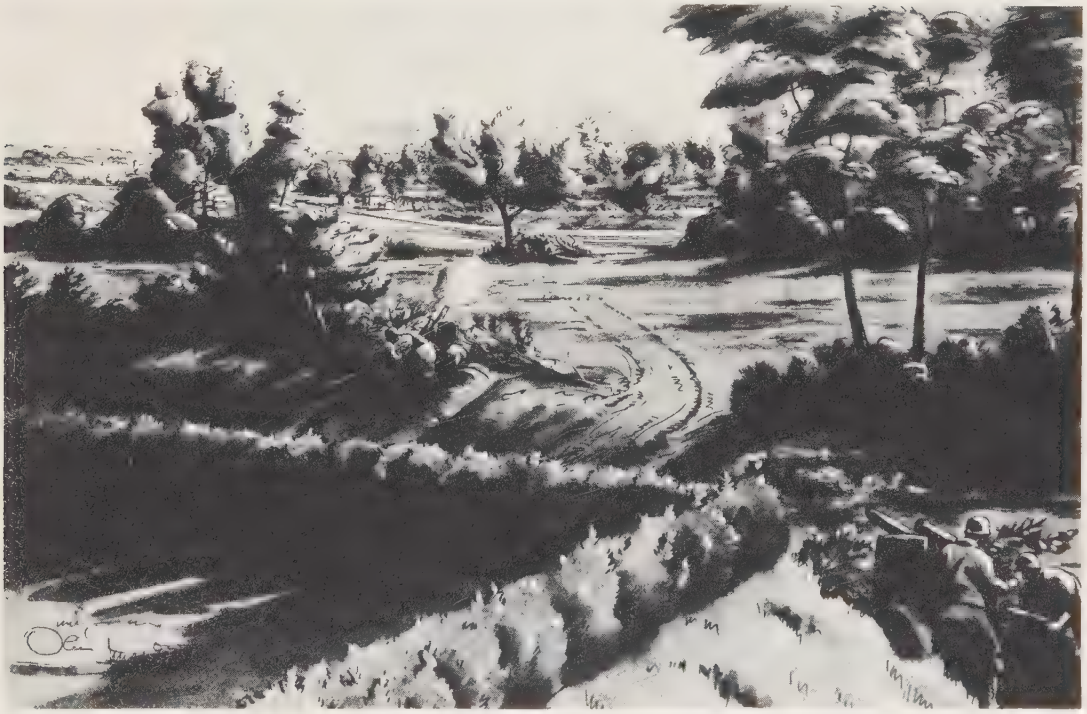
"We fought all day for this stretch of 'Omaha' beachhead. Its benign green bluffs and valley entrance were a maze of crossfire from enfiladed 88's, mortars, and machine guns, which raked the beaches and pinned the infantry to the shingle before the fiendish mine fields. By mid-afternoon, disabled landing craft were clogging the few gaps in the beach obstacles, while long-range artillery fire pounded the beach. Support waves circled and jockeyed for an opening. Destroyers moved far into shoal water to pump salvos of five-inch shells into stubborn emplacements and mobile targets of opportunity. The house in the valley and the spire of Colleville-sur-Mer on the hill were landmarks of 'Fox Green Beach.' The spire was used as an artillery control tower by the Germans. Its lovely Renaissance architecture crumbled into sad rubble when a shore-fire-control party called on the destroyer *Emmons* to demolish it."



*From a water color by Lieutenant Dwight C. Shepler, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

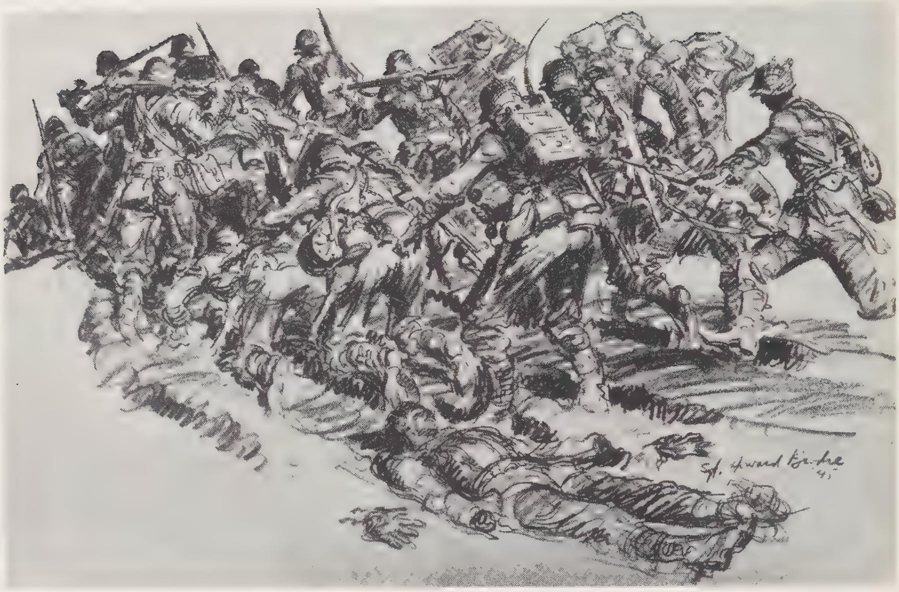
The tough beach

A Coast Guard LCI, holed by 88's and mortars, is trapped in the retreating 21-foot tide and the obstacles of "Fox Green Beach."



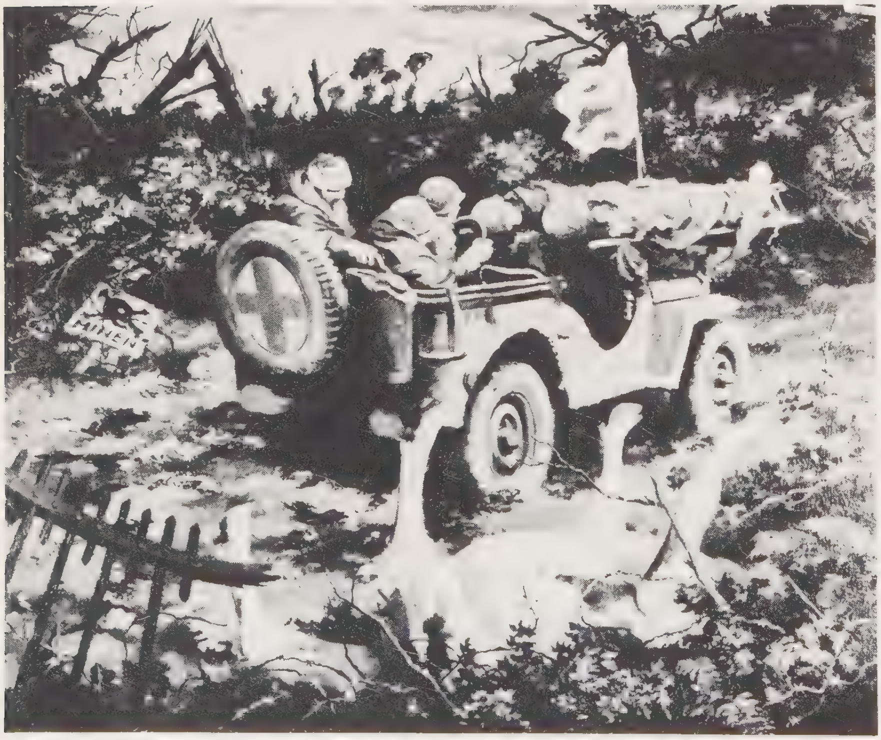
*From a water color by Olin Dows, U.S.A. Courtesy Department of the Army, Chief of Military History*

Roadblock—Normandy, 1944



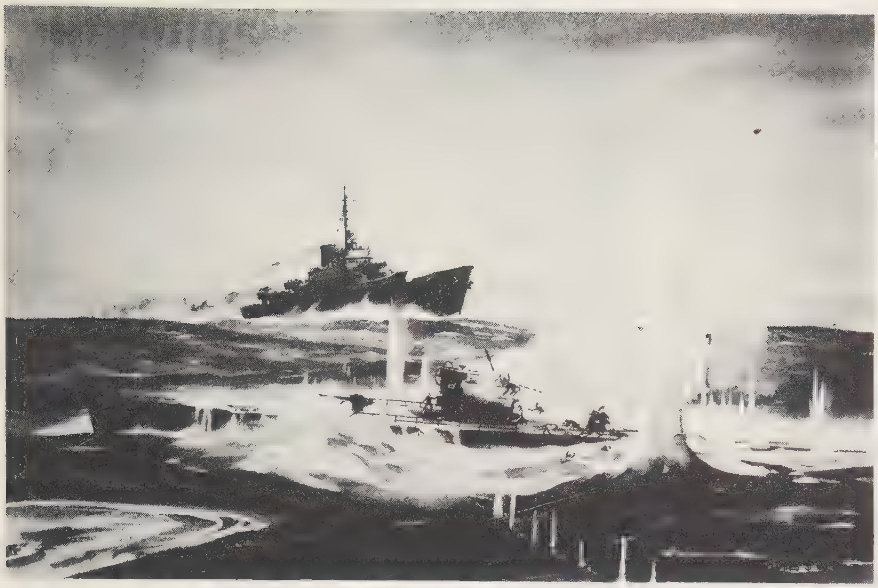
*From a drawing by Sergeant Howard Brodie. Courtesy Department of the Army, Chief of Military History*

Moving up



*From an oil painting by Lawrence Beall Smith, U.S.A. Courtesy Department of the Army, Chief of Military History*

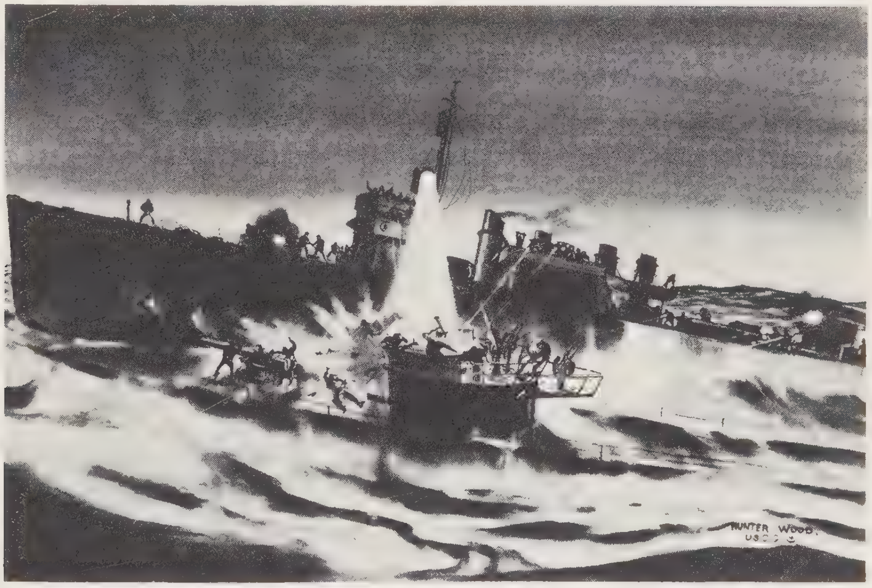
The quick and the dead



From a water color by Chief Boatswain's Mate Hunter Wood, U.S.C.G. Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard

Sinking of a German submarine in the North Atlantic by the U. S. Coast Guard cutter *Spencer*

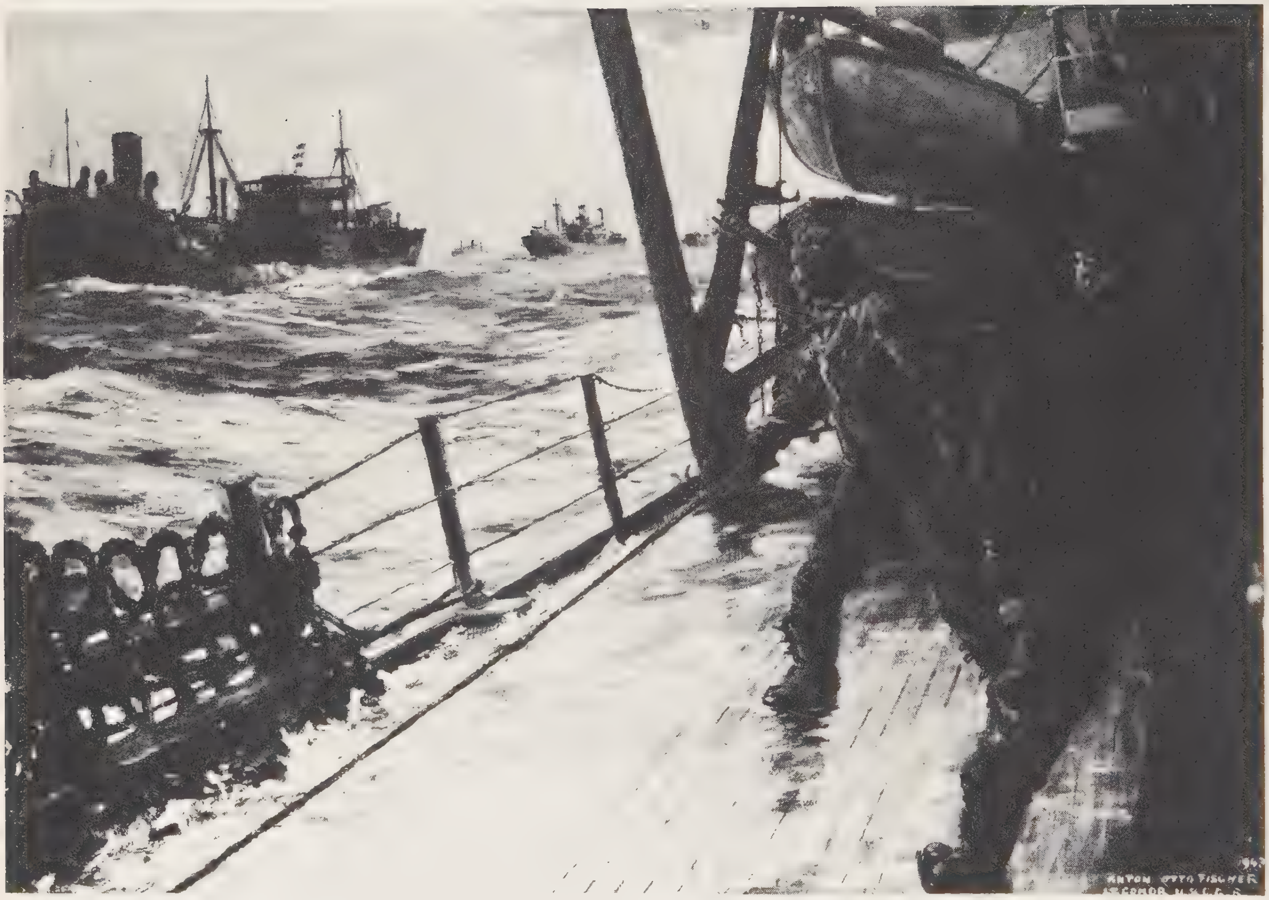
The cutter bears down on a U-boat forced to the surface by the *Spencer's* depth charges.



From a drawing by Warrant Boatswain Hunter Wood. Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard

U. S. S. *Borie* ramming and strafing a German submarine

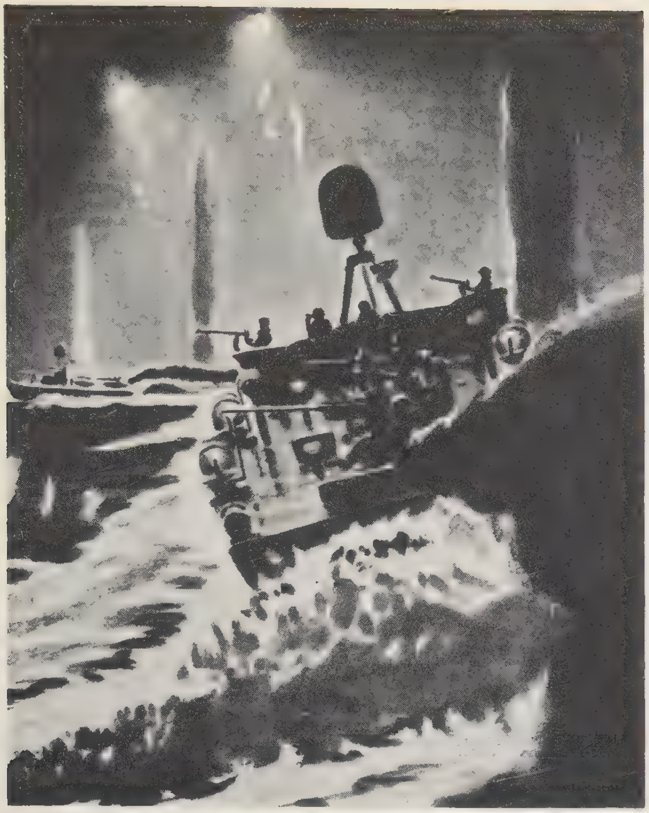
The *Borie*'s encounter with the submarine in the Atlantic is highlighted by several dramatic incidents. Following the ramming of the submarine, a U. S. Navy gunner, in the heat of battle, hurls an empty shell case which strikes one of the German crewmen. Another crewman lies on the deck of the sub, struck by a knife thrown by one of the *Borie*'s complement. The Navy gunner, when he can no longer depress his gun low enough to bear on the sub, fires through the spray-shield with a machine gun. The Navy machine gunner, up forward, is taking care of the German deck-gun crew with a Tommy gun.



*From a painting by Lieutenant Commander Anton Otto Fischer, U.S.C.G.R. Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard*

Convoy duty in the North Atlantic, winter, 1943

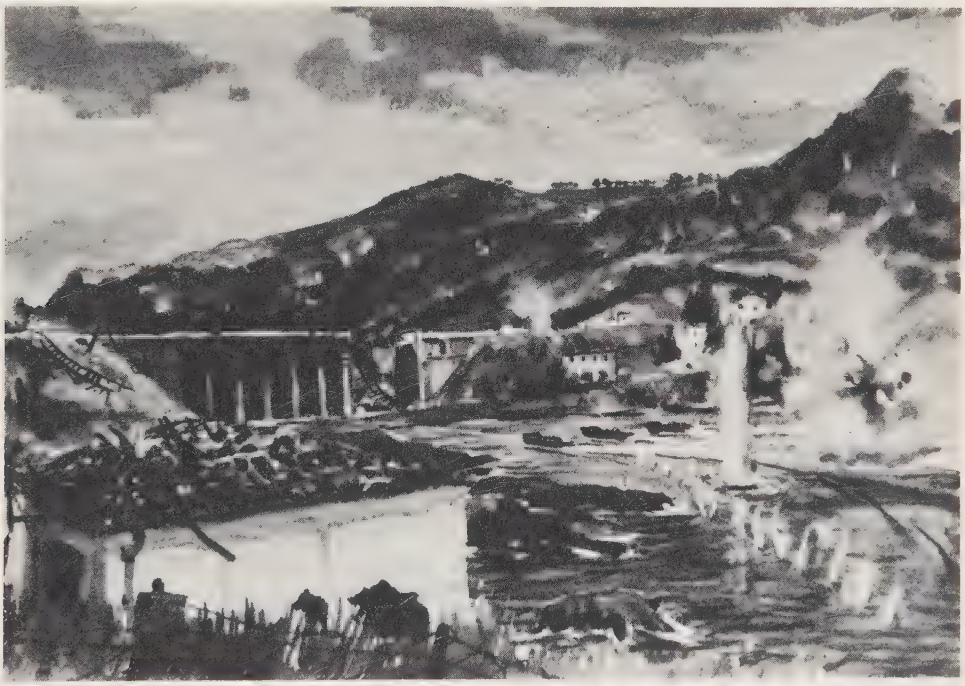
The U. S. Coast Guard had the hazardous duty of escorting troop transports, tankers, and supply ships to European base ports through the sea lanes of the North Atlantic waters infested with Nazi submarine "wolf packs" which preyed on the convoys.



From a water color by Commander Albert K. Murray, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy

## Night action off the Italian Riviera

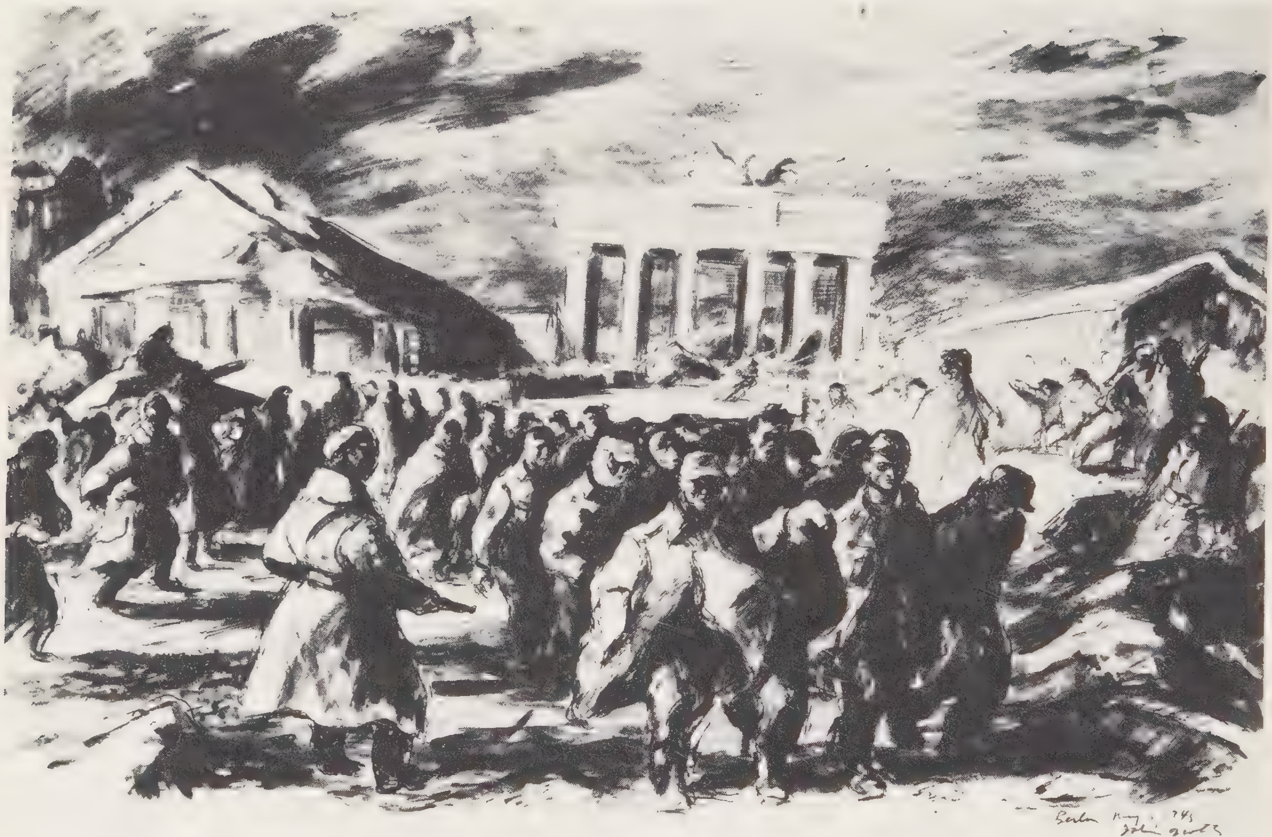
Destroyers and cruisers, lying off the French coast, giving fire support to our troops, are in turn supported by PT boats. Here, off Mentone, the enemy has fired several rounds and lighted the sky in a blaze of light with star shells. The PTs lay smoke and retire behind it to carry out their plans.



From a water color by Lieutenant Albert K. Murray, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy

## Anthéor landing

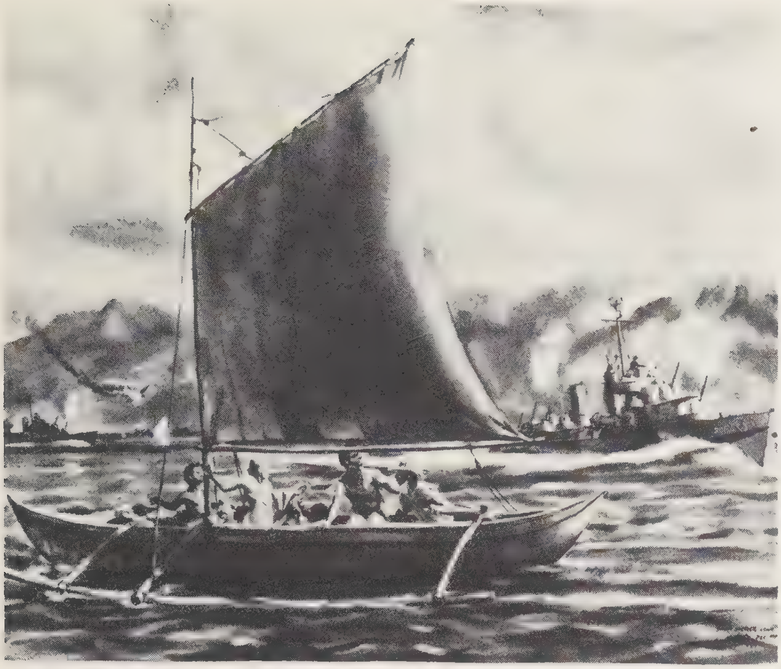
The first of the 36th Division assault troops reach this small Riviera beach.



*From a drawing in sepia and wash by John Groth. Courtesy of the artist and The World Publishing Company*

The fall of Berlin, May 3, 1945

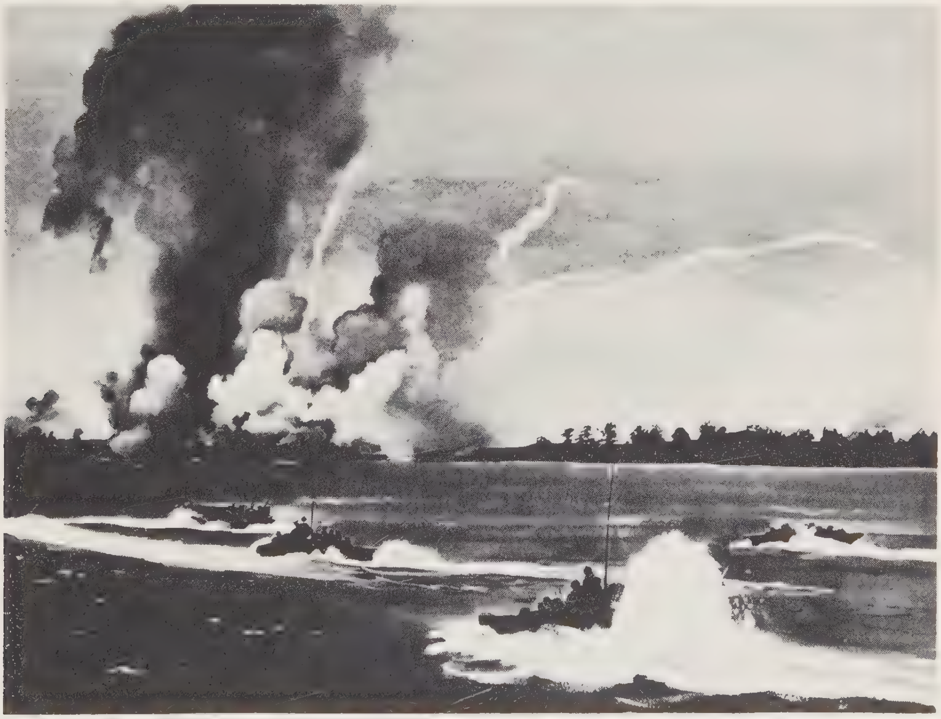
The last of the Wehrmacht as they are herded along the Unter den Linden in the last act of World War II in the E.T.O.
"I witnessed this day the fall of Berlin," wrote the artist.



From a water color by Lieutenant Dwight C. Shepler, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy

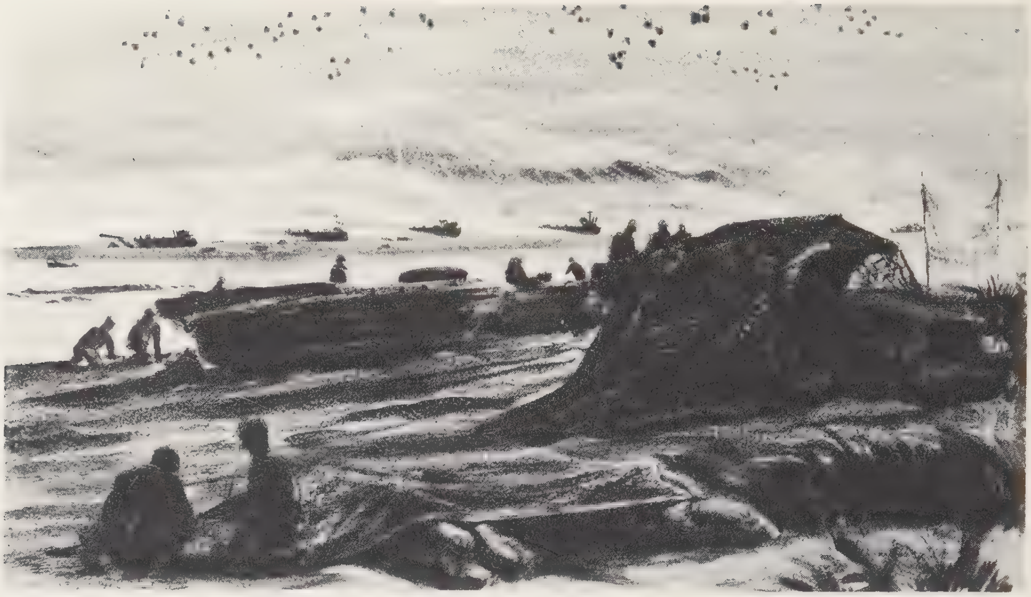
## Running battle off Leyte, December 7, 1944

Following the surprise landing at dawn of the 77th Division at Ormoc, the naval attack force ran a day-long gauntlet of kamikaze attack by scores of Jap planes as it returned to Surigao Strait and Leyte Gulf. The screening destroyers, "fishtailing" at thirty knots in the confined shallow waters, found their course unavoidably leading through flotillas of Filipino outriggers almost becalmed in the spotty air of an incongruously lovely day. The *Mahan*-class destroyer *Flusser* is firing at a dive bomber coming out of the sun, while machine guns have fallen silent after "flaming" the suicide plane about to hit the water near the *Fletcher*-class destroyer in the middle distance.



From a water color by Lieutenant Jon Whitcomb, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy

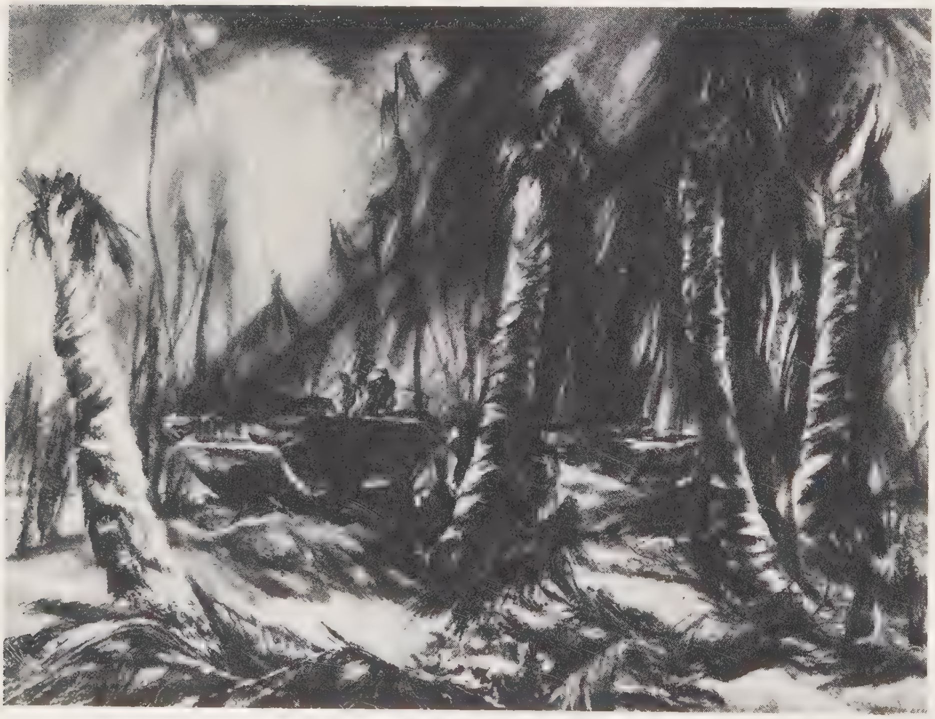
Attack on D-Day—Peleliu



From a water color with crayon by Lieutenant Mitchell Jamieson, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy

Ack-ack at sunset

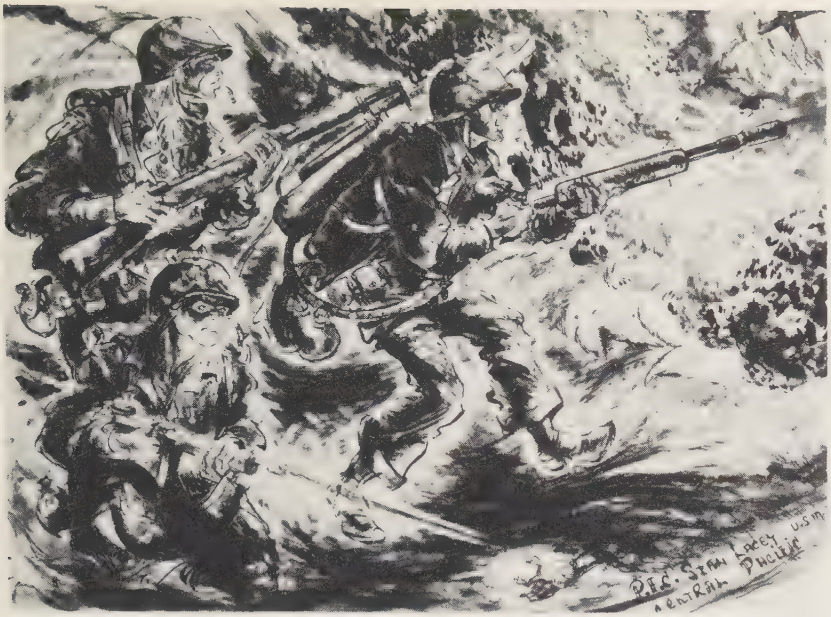
D-Day on Okinawa and the sky fills quickly with tracers and bursts of antiaircraft fire, as Jap planes attack the ship off shore. LSTs are having their small boats lay down a smoke screen about them with smoke pots.



From a water color by Lieutenant Edward Millman, U.S.N. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy

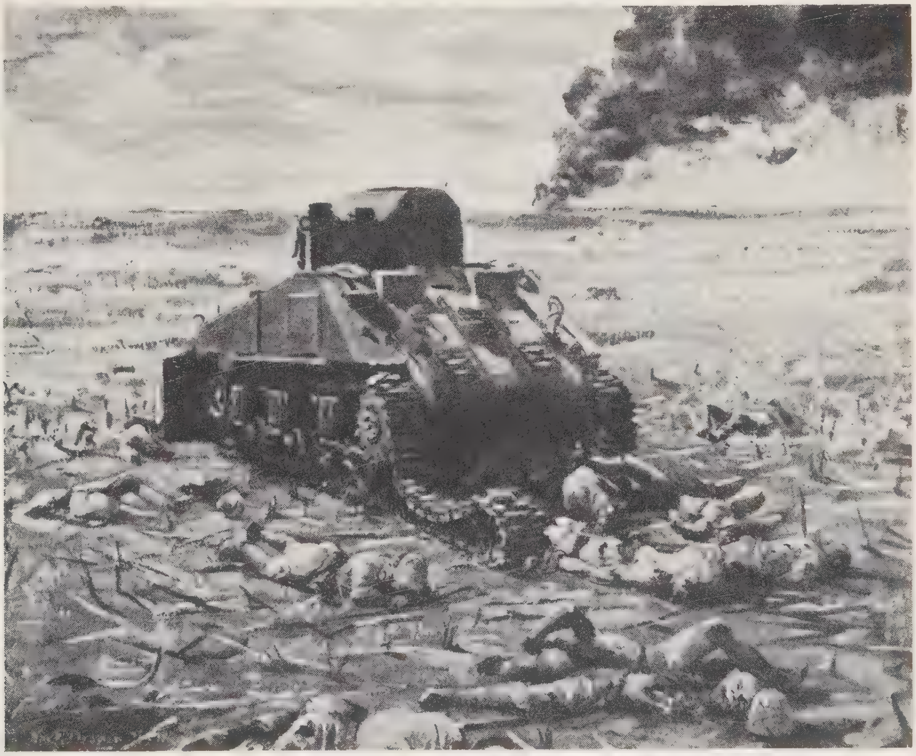
Burning beachhead—Pegun Island, Dutch New Guinea

Ducks (amphibious trucks) move up through a curtain of smoke and dying fires.



*From a water color by Pfc. Stan Lacey, U.S.M.C. Courtesy U. S. Marine Corps*

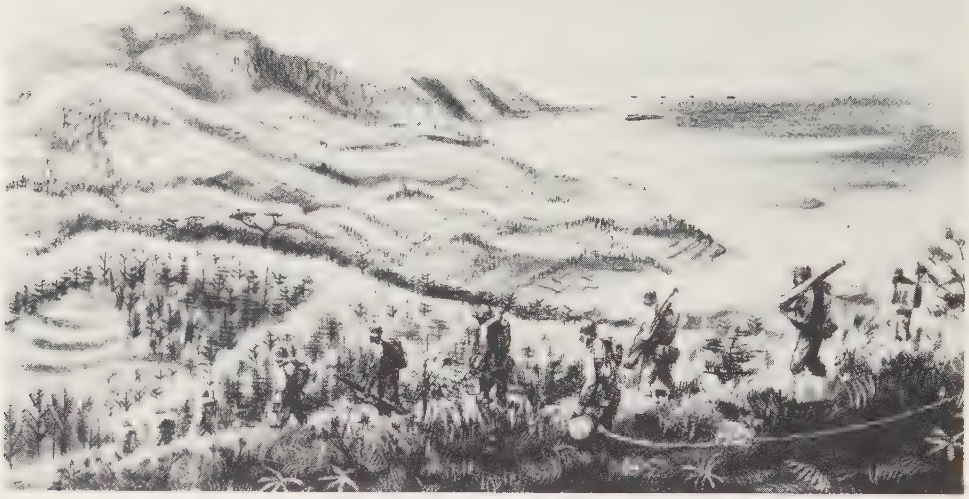
Combat engineers, Tinian, Central Pacific



*From an oil painting by Lieutenant William F. Draper, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

Aftermath of battle—Saipan

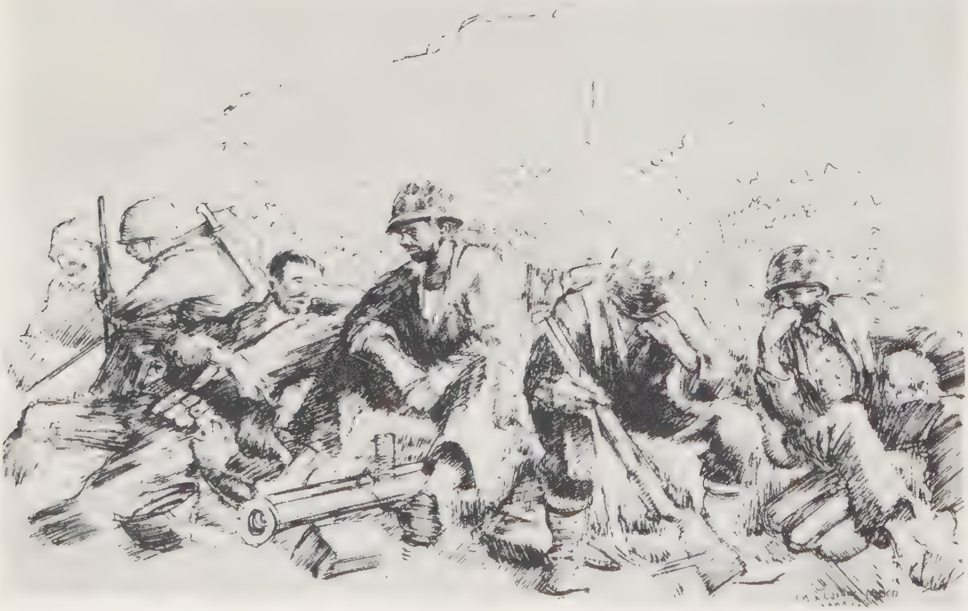
The twisted remains of Tojo's imperial troops lie in this once flourishing sugar-cane field. In this stench-filled scene an American tank, burnt and disabled, stands victorious. Far in the background an ammunition dump on Aslite Airfield burns fiercely.



*From a water color by Lieutenant Mitchell Jameson, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

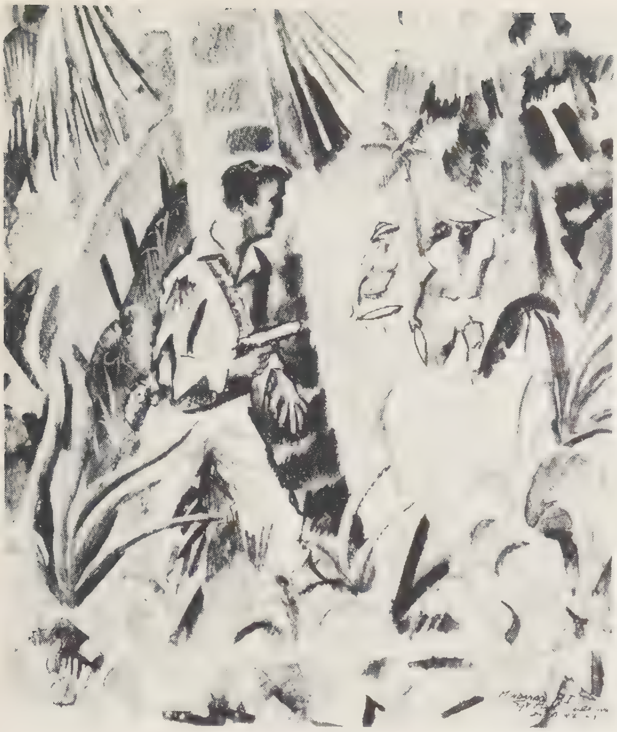
Into the valley—Okinawa

"Fox" company is committed and starts shuffling down the trail to reinforce "Easy" and "George." "This is looking back in a southeasterly direction towards Nago Wan in the distance, and gives some idea of the terraced slopes and pine-covered hills of Okinawa. Although the interior country was much denser in vegetation and forest, the mountains got progressively higher inland."



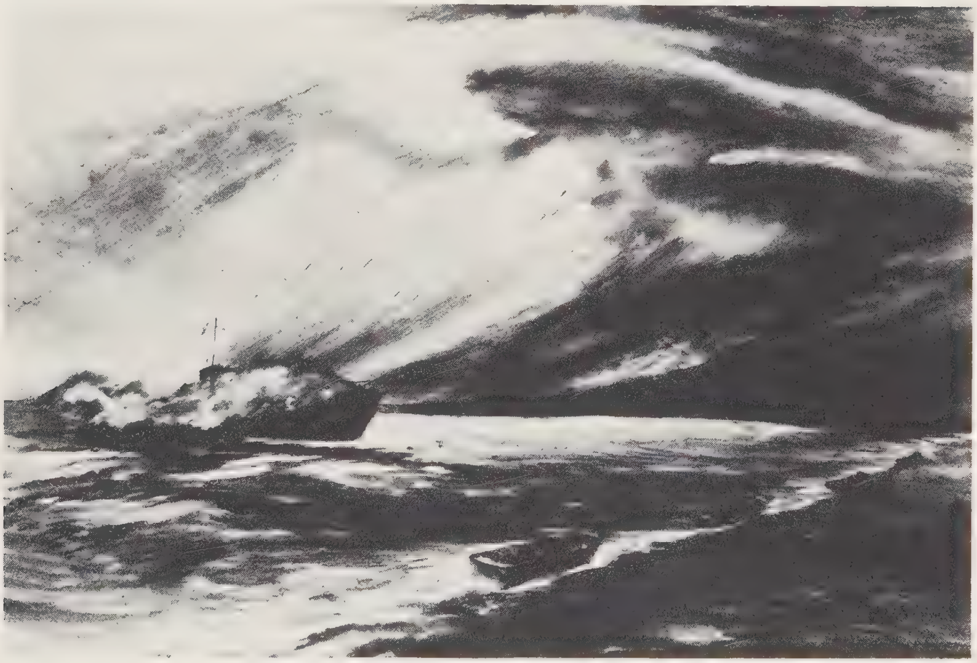
*From a black-and-white drawing by Sergeant R. G. James, U.S.M.C. Courtesy U. S. Marine Corps*

"Crapped out along the road after six nights on the line, Okinawa, 1945"



*By Tech Sergeant Paul Arlt, U.S.M.C.R. Courtesy U. S. Marine Corps*

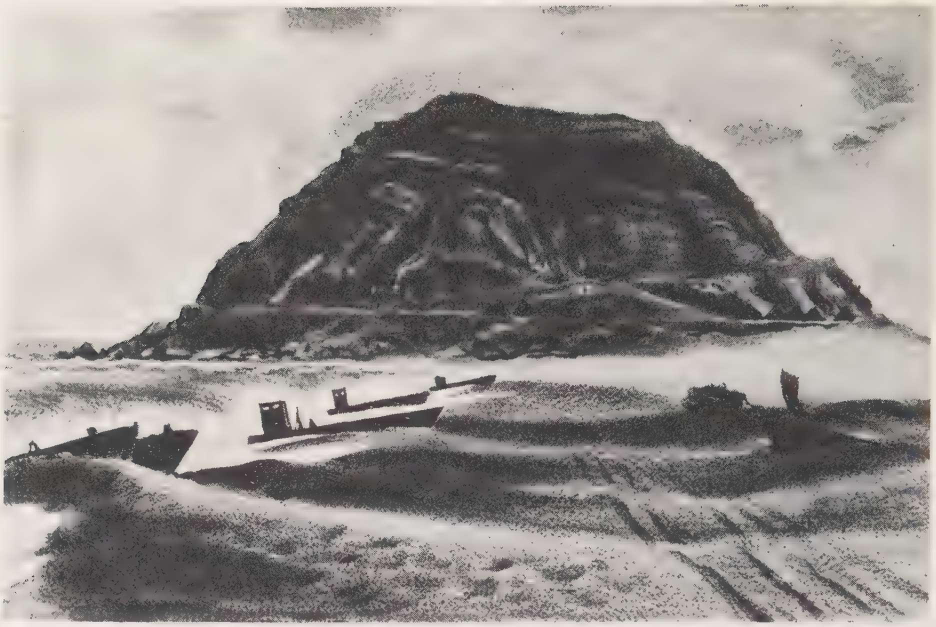
Flier down in the jungle,
Mindanao, Philippine Islands



*From a water color by Lieutenant Commander Edward Millman, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

H-Hour minus three minutes, Leyte Gulf

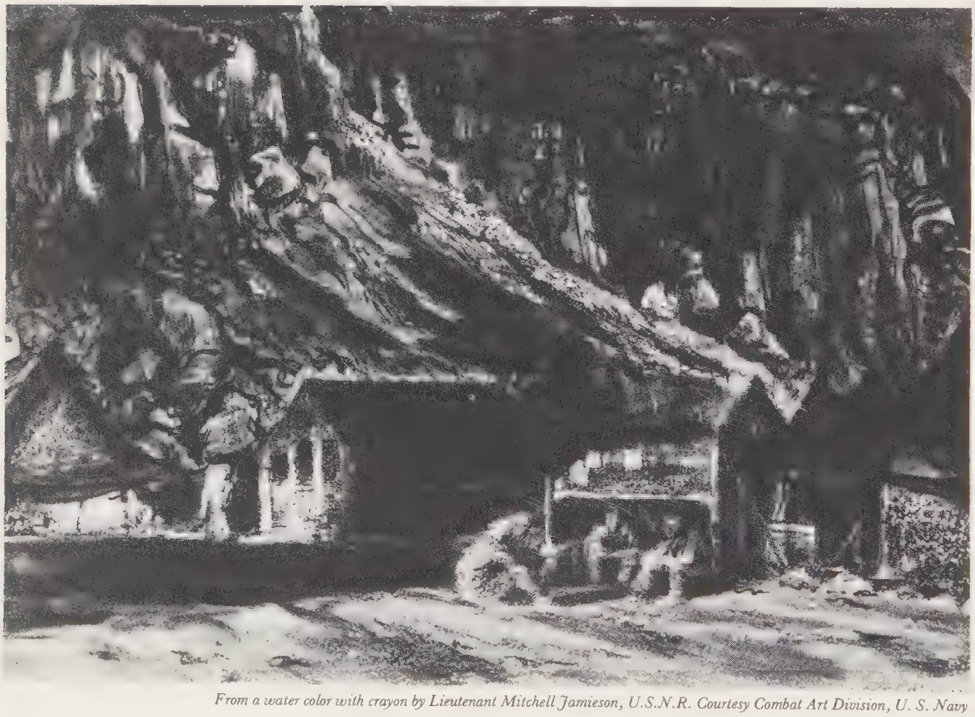
For the landing at Ormoc, destroyers lay down an initial barrage on the beach with their five-inch guns. Then amphibious landing craft begin their shoreward course after a blanket of fire has been laid down for a number of minutes by LCIs carrying rocket launchers.



From a water color with crayon by Lieutenant Mitchell Jamieson, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy

Green Beach—Iwo Jima

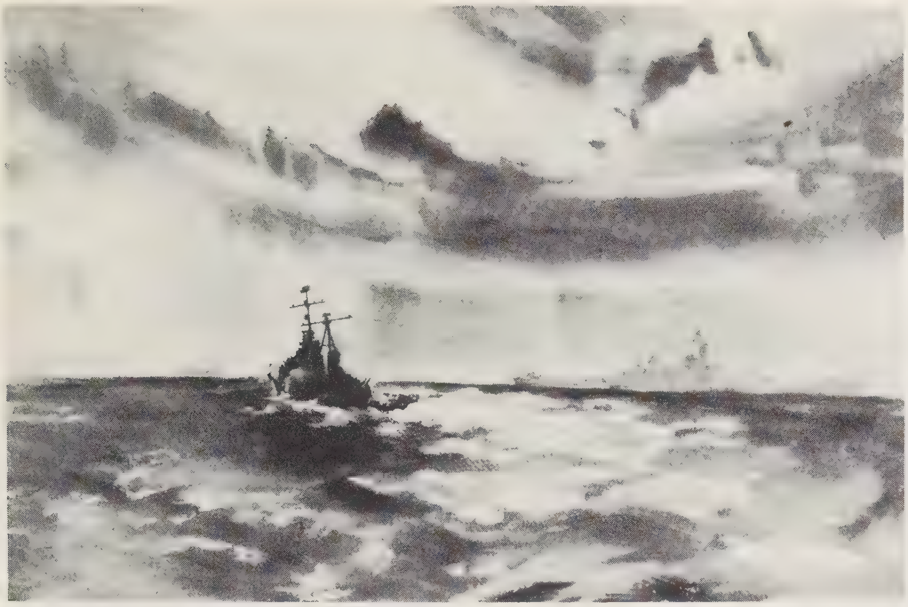
Looking toward Mount Suribachi, scene of the heaviest fighting of the Pacific War.



From a water color with crayon by Lieutenant Mitchell Jamieson, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy

Night on Mount Suribachi

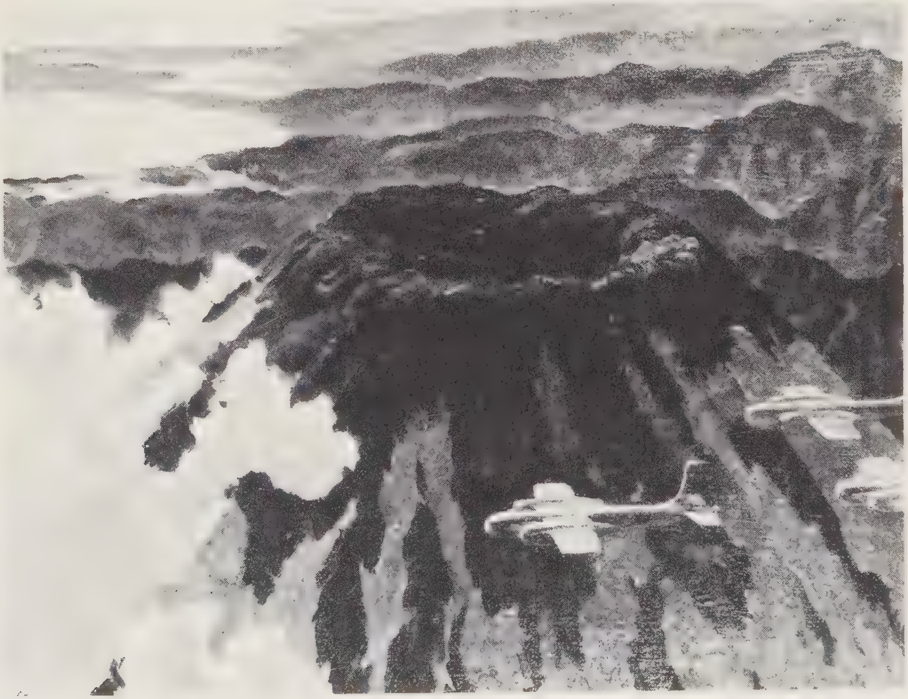
A spotlight is played on Mount Suribachi all night from an Army camp at the foot of the mountain. The enemy has been making last-ditch sorties. The sentries are "trigger-happy," naturally enough, and it is dangerous to move about at night, with or without the password.



*From a water color by Lieutenant Commander Standish Backus, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

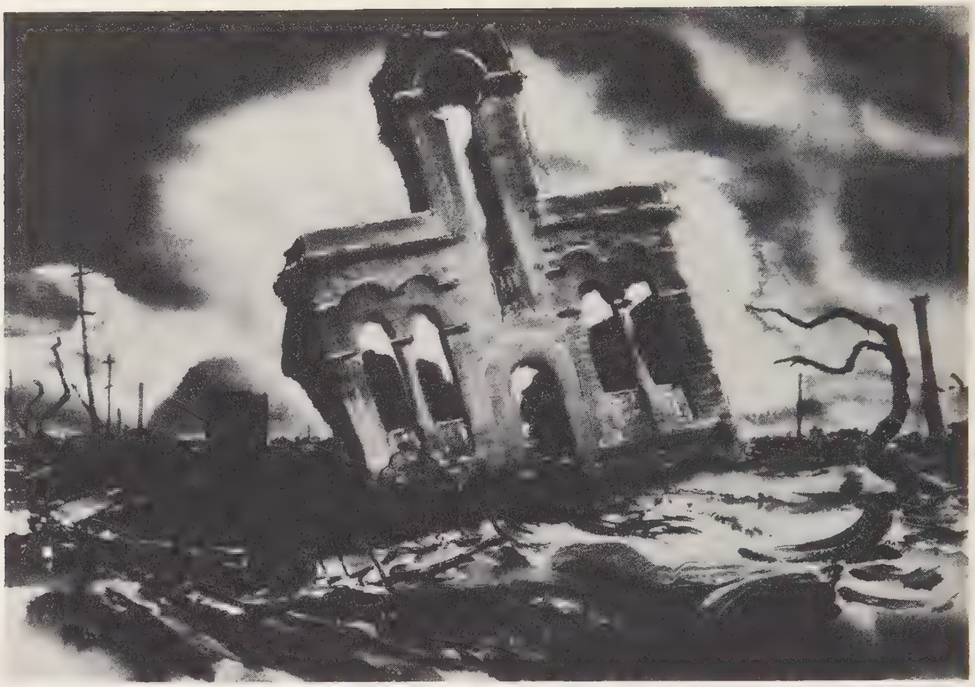
Destination—Tokyo Bay

Steaming back and forth some 300 miles southeast of Honshu during the twelve days between August 15 and August 27, 1945, the Third Fleet waits to enter Japanese waters. The confident form of the battleship *Iowa* eases along with stable steadiness through squalls that threaten typhoon weather.



*From a painting by William P. Welsh, U.S.A.A.F. Courtesy Department of the Air Force, Historical Properties Office*

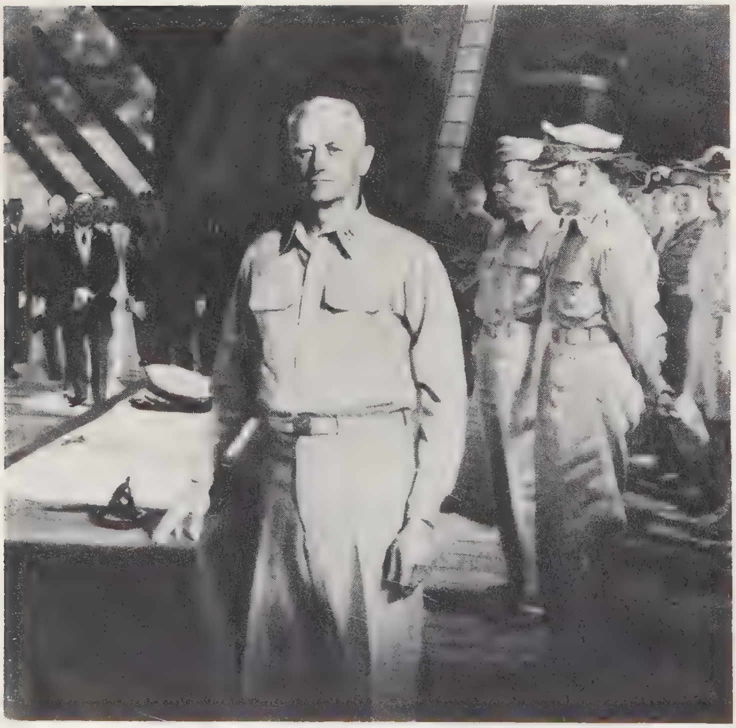
Over the crater of Fujiyama, Japan, 1945



*From a painting by Commander Standish Backus, Jr., U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

Hiroshima showplace, Japan, 1945

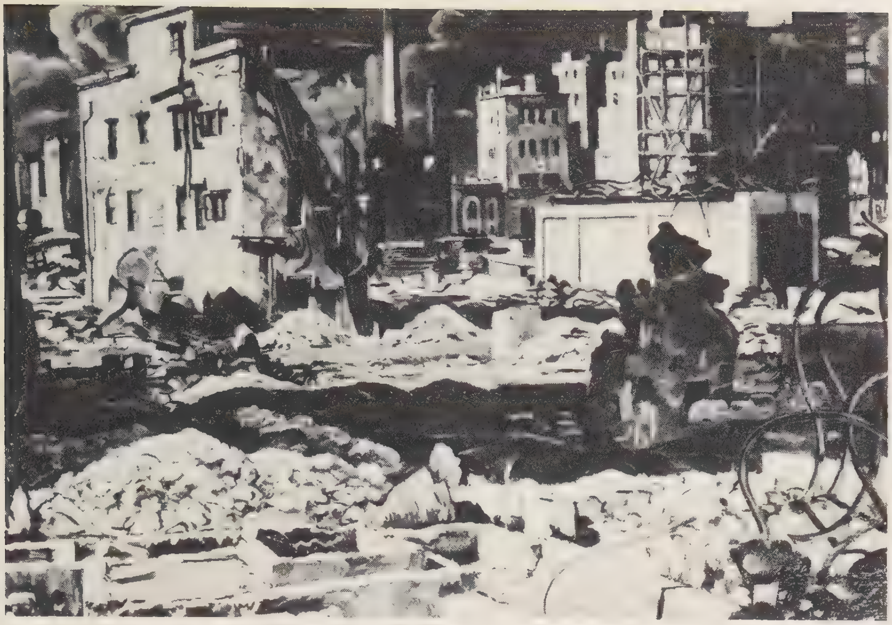
"A very few buildings in this modern city have become famous overnight because they are only landmarks. This is a brick-and-stone structure situated about a mile east of the center of the blast. It has been dislodged and gutted, and white bones were strewn about outside among the ashes."



*From a painting by Commander Albert K. Murray, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

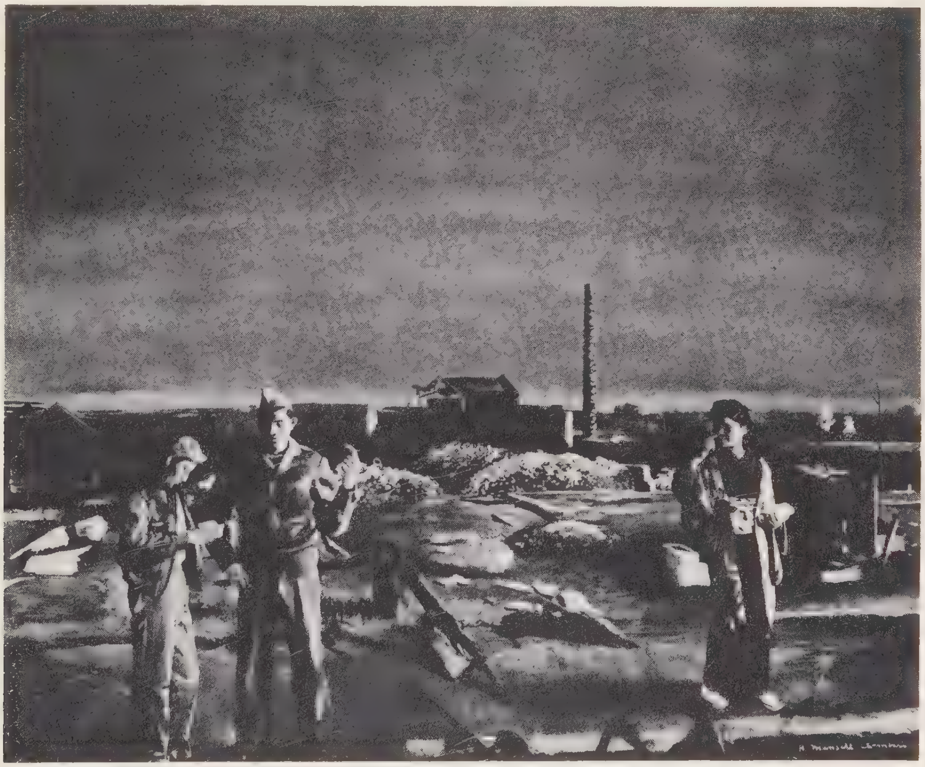
Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz at the surrender ceremonies aboard the U. S. S. *Missouri:* Tokyo Bay, September 2, 1945

This painting represents perhaps the greatest moment in the lives of Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, and Admiral William F. Halsey. Beside number two turret are, right to left, General LeClerc, France; Admiral Fraser, England; General Blamey, Australia; Lieutenant Admiral Helfrich, Netherlands; Air Vice Admiral Isitt, New Zealand, and several U. S. officers. At the left can be seen the Japanese delegation.



*From a painting by William P. Welsh, U.S.A.A.F. Courtesy Department of the Air Force, Historical Properties Office*

Business district, Tokyo, Japan, 1945



*From a painting by R. Munsell Chambers, U.S.A.A.F. Courtesy Department of the Air Force, Historical Properties Office*

Don Juan in Tokyo, Japan, 1945

# 12

# Korean Interlude

## *The Korean War*

### 1950–1953

In 1945 the American soldier came to Korea on the mission of liberating the Asiatic peninsula from the Japanese. During the American occupation of Korea, aside from routine duties, life for the GI was pleasant. The Korean countryside, rich in orchards and rice paddies, had not yet been touched by war. The Korean people, happy and hard-working, got their living from their tiny farms, employing farming methods ancient when Korea was young, handed down by their ancestors. Into this primitive scene burst the GI and his jeep. From that moment Korean road traffic became a strange and amusing mixture of ancient oxcarts, drawn by dreamy-eyed oxen, Army jeeps, and laughing GI's. If the Japanese had lifted the face of Korea by building modern roads and buildings, the GI made it laugh. With him had come a new, light-hearted spirit to Korea. To the GI, walking the crowded side streets, the Koreans were a friendly people, and the familiar greeting was always a warm "Hi Joe!"

During the intervening years Russia engaged in what was called, for want of a better name, the Cold War, in which her armies, instead of returning home and demobilizing, as had those of the other Allies, remained in the occupied countries to communize by threats of violence and enslavement, refuting the very concepts for which World War II was fought. To the people of the unfortunate occupied countries, Russian occupation meant nothing more than a brand-name change. Totalitarianism was still with them.

Russian occupation forces set up a blockade of Berlin, Germany, cutting the corridor between Berlin and the occupation zones of the other powers, isolating the city in an attempt to force withdrawal of the Western powers. But the Russians had not counted on the air lift, nor on the resourcefulness of American military personnel under the command of General Lucius Clay. U. S. military planes carried everything from staple foods, coal, machinery, and clothing, to toys and candy, while the Russians watched. It was a new experience for the Air Force, and a great experiment successfully planned and executed. The Russians got a few lessons in determination and resourcefulness. Seeing that the blockade was hopeless, with world opinion mounting against them, they discontinued the blockade.

Korea had not been divided at Japan's surrender, but was set up as the free Republic of Korea. Russia, refusing to accept the majority vote taken at Paris, set up a puppet regime at Pyongyang, withdrew its troops beyond the 38th parallel, about halfway up the peninsula, and organized a powerful military force. The United States had withdrawn most of its troops from Korea. Then, without warning, on June 25, 1950, the North Korean Communists crossed the 38th parallel with Russian tanks, trucks, and artillery, determined to take all of Korea.

The United Nations at once branded the Korean Reds aggressors and ordered them out of Korea, but the order was ignored and the headlong advance continued.

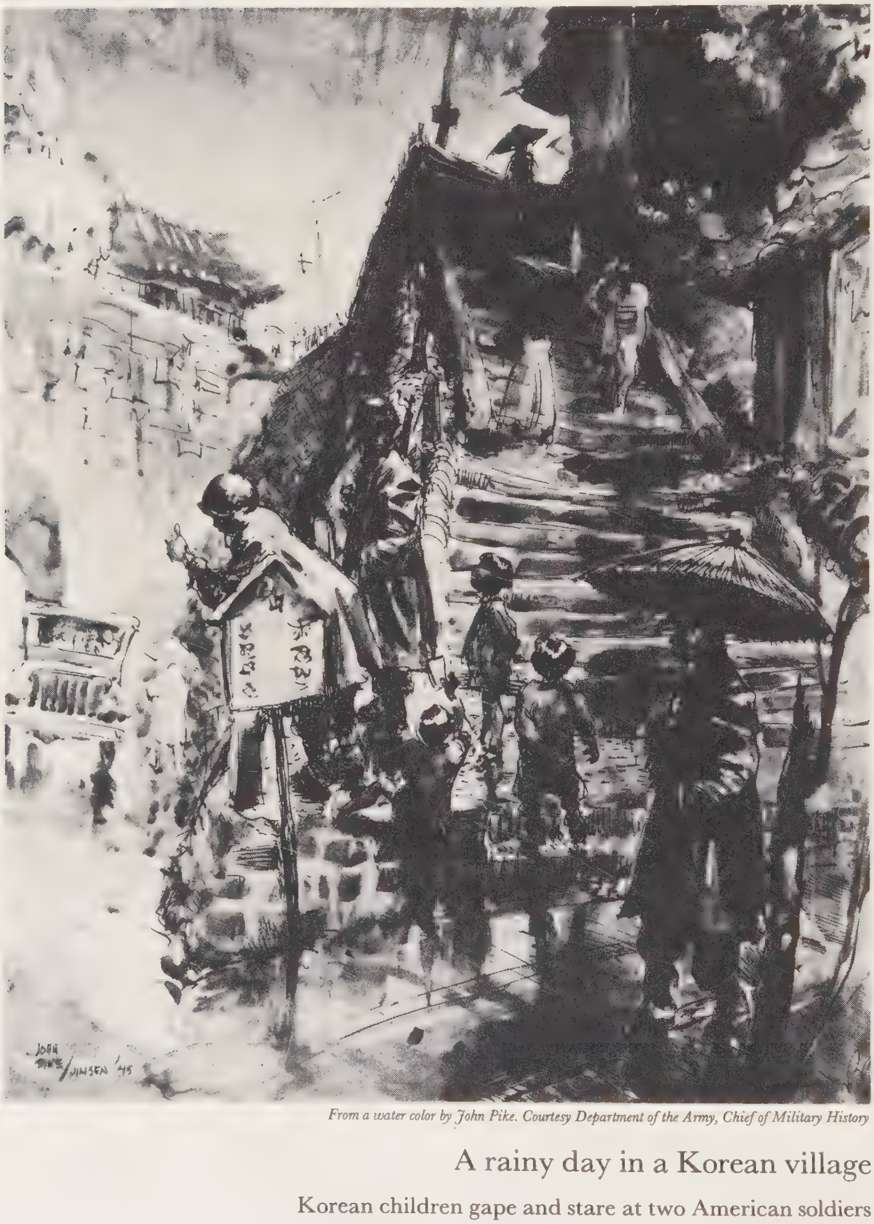
The United States threw all the available troops it could spare from Japan into Korea. The Reds, with the advantage of surprise, sweeping everything before them in their initial thrust against the unprepared American and South Korean troops, captured the capital city of Seoul, encircled American and South Korean troops in the area around Pusan at the southeastern end of the peninsula, thought they had won the war at one stroke. But supplies of tanks, troops, heavy guns, and aircraft completely reversed the situation.

General MacArthur conceived the landing at Inchon. Landing his troops behind the Reds, cutting them off and forcing their withdrawal from Pusan, General MacArthur drove them all the way back to the Yalu River, all but destroying their army. Then Communist China struck. Swarming from the mountains of north China, 200,000 Chinese, outnumbering the American and South Korean forces, compelled a withdrawal.

The Korean War became a bloody stalemate for three years, the line of battle weaving back and forth, through bitter cold winters and blazing hot summers, like a rope caught in a slow-moving stream. At last, in 1953, after talks that had dragged on—and had been called off—for months, a truce was agreed upon and a line of demarcation established. Outwardly, the "police action" had succeeded; actually the three years of fighting reached no conclusion. But history has recorded the great, flaming actions that took place in the mountains, valleys, and rice paddies. Old Baldy, Inchon, Seoul, Porkchop Hill, Outpost Berlin, and many bunkers where fighting became vicious, bloody, and personal, will take their places in American military history alongside the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Gettysburg, the Argonne, Corregidor, Guadalcanal, and Tarawa.

# *Scenes during the American Occupation of Korea in 1945*

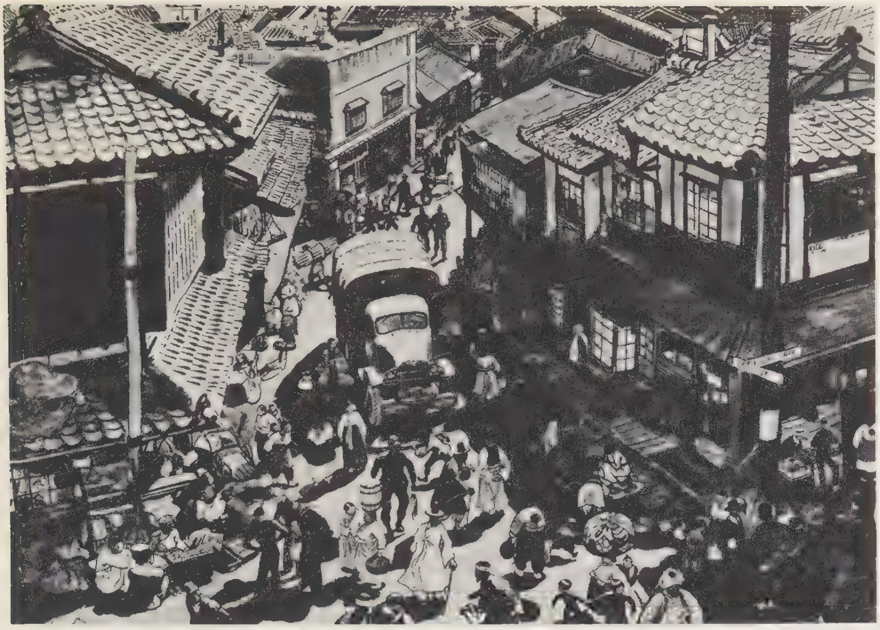
When the American soldiers came to Korea in 1945 they came as liberators of a country which had undergone thirty-five years of Japanese rule. The amusing and tranquil scenes recorded by John Pike and Sergeant Steven R. Kidd in fifty paintings would be soon transformed to scenes of war-ravaged ruins.



*From a water color by John Pike. Courtesy Department of the Army, Chief of Military History*

A rainy day in a Korean village

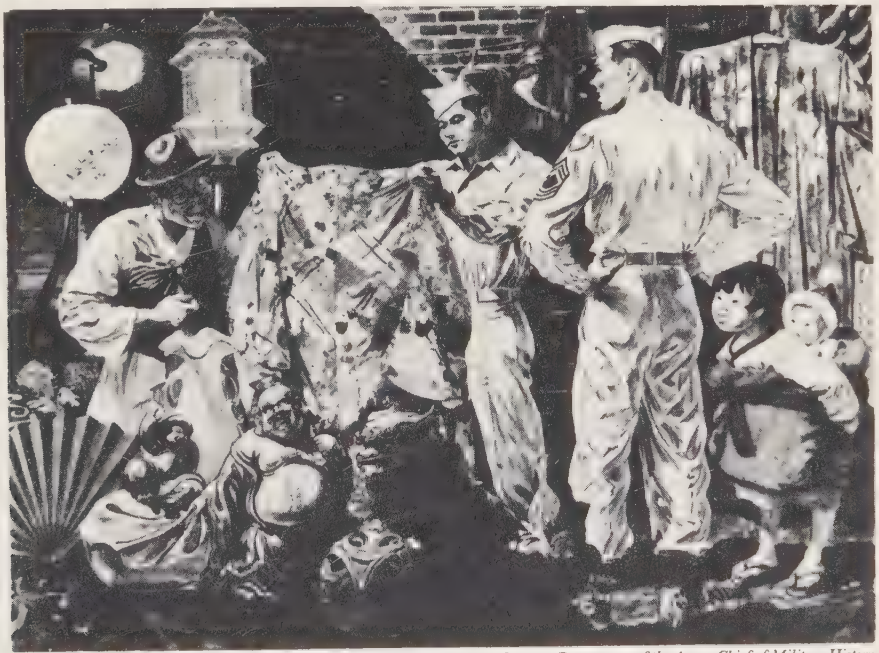
Korean children gape and stare at two American soldiers as they thumb a ride from a passing jeep.



*From a water color by Sergeant Steven R. Kidd, U.S.A. Courtesy Department of the Army, Chief of Military History*

Street scene in Inchon, Korea,
during the United States Army occupation

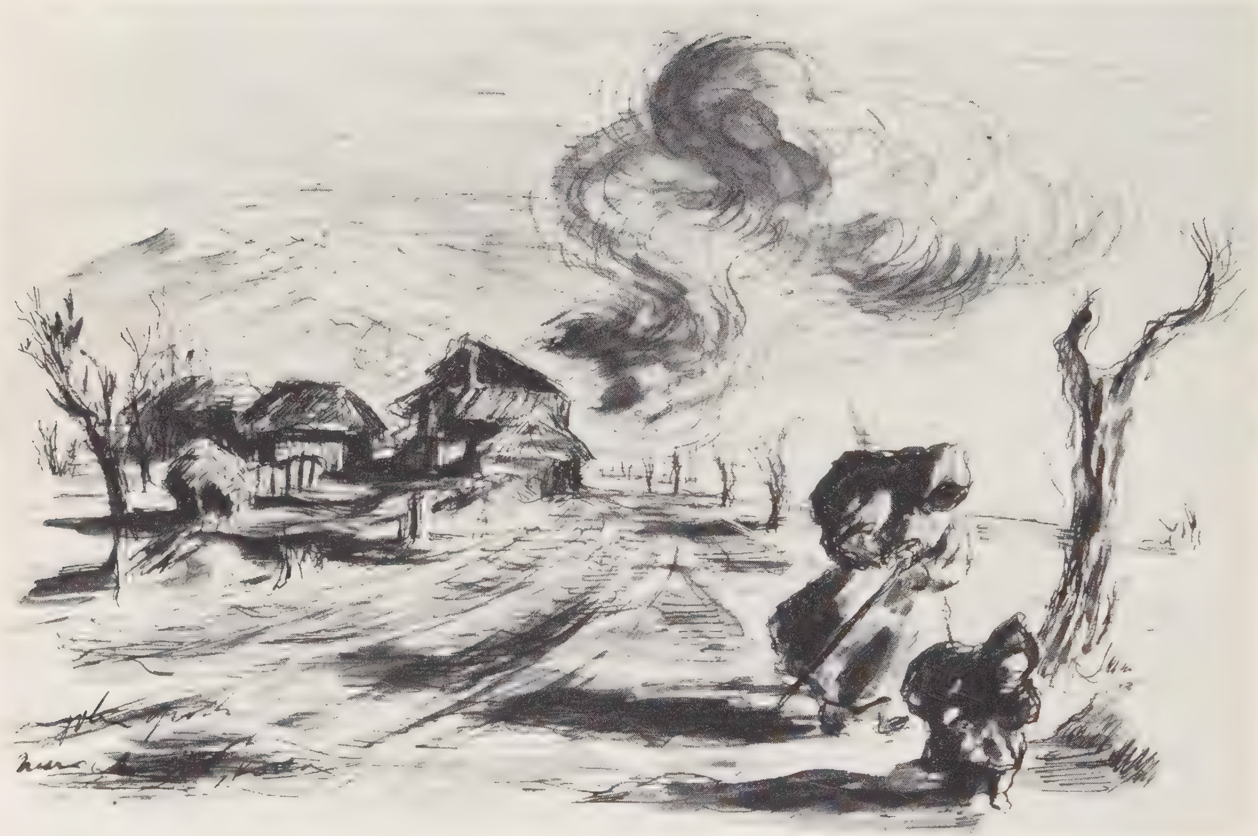
The Japanese have left, and the country has returned to peaceful pursuits. The street swarms with GI's and sailors and the populace makes way for an Army "6 by 6" truck.



*From a water color by Sergeant Steven R. Kidd, U.S.A. Courtesy Department of the Army, Chief of Military History*

Shopping—Korean style

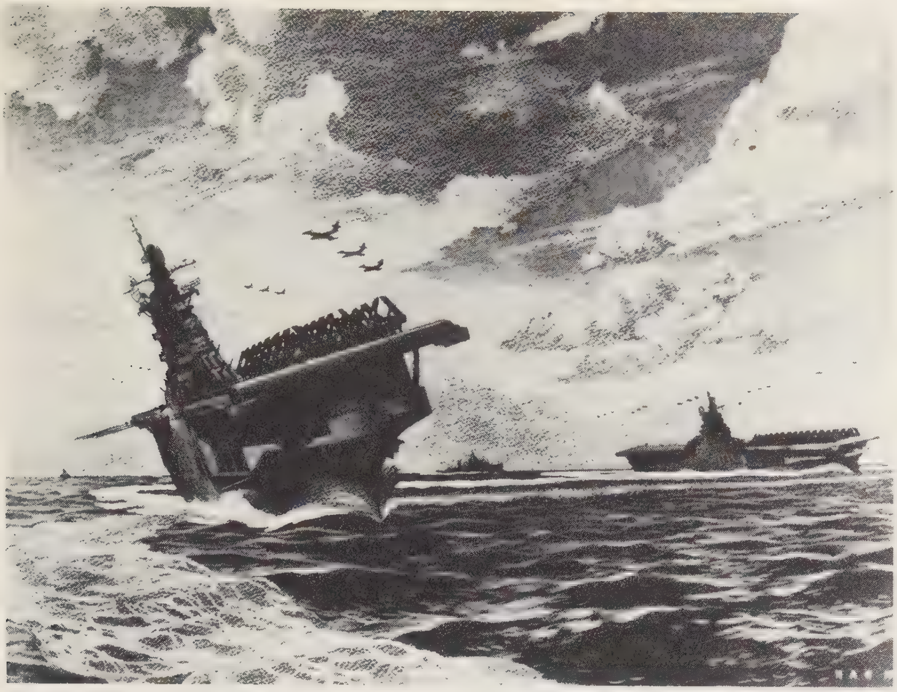
American soldiers on a shopping tour in Korea. One American soldier bargains while his buddy and a young Korean lady watch with interest and no little amusement.



*From a drawing in sepia and wash by John Groth. Courtesy of the artist and The World Publishing Company*

"Figures in a fiery landscape"

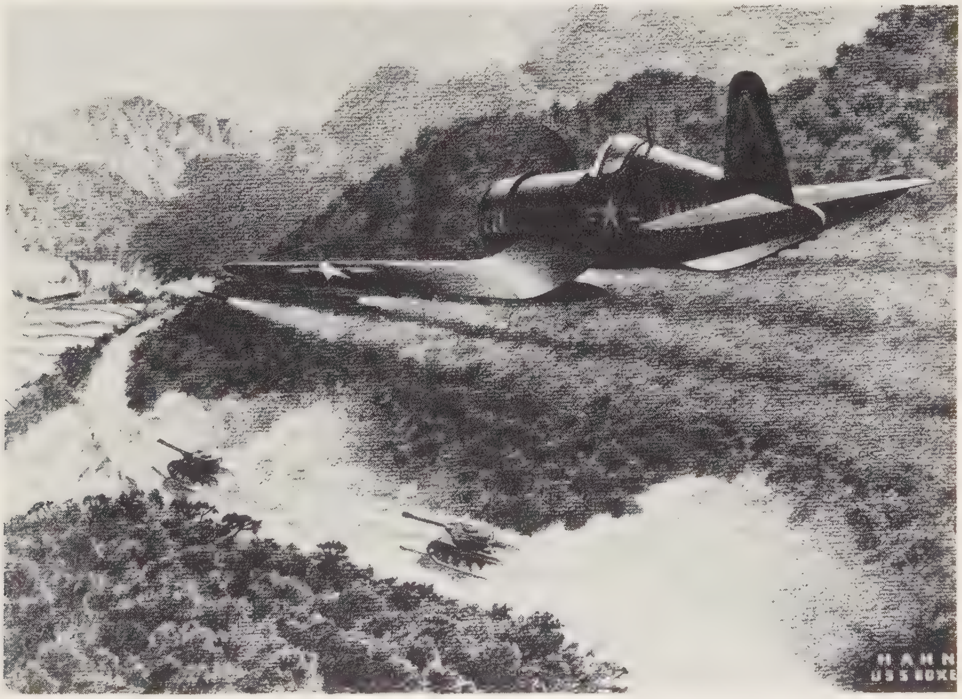
"In a scene that might have been lifted from a Hieronymus Bosch landscape, burning villages spouted flame and columns of smoke joined a skywide pall that hid the sun."



*From a prismacolor painting by Herbert C. Hahn, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

Into the wind—Korean coast

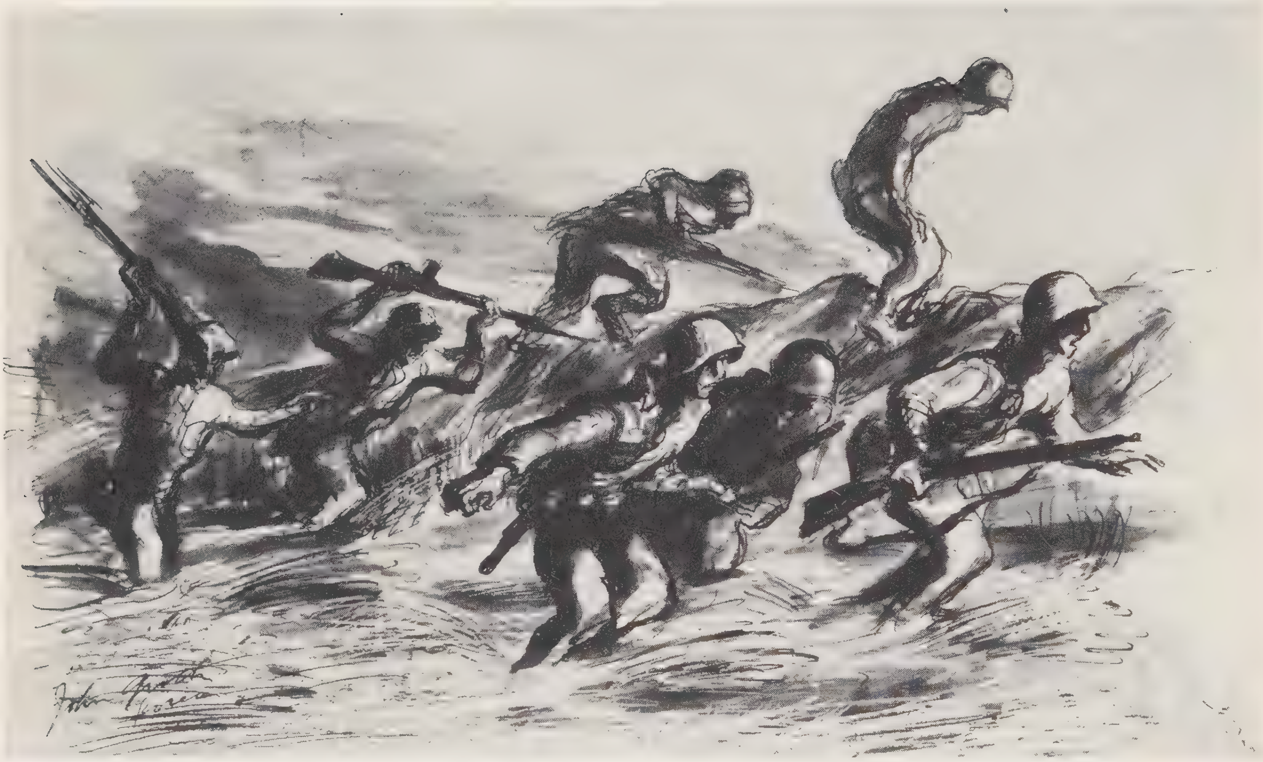
Carriers heel over in the wind as they make a high-speed turn to receive aircraft.



*From a prismacolor painting by Herbert C. Hahn, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

The fighting Corsair

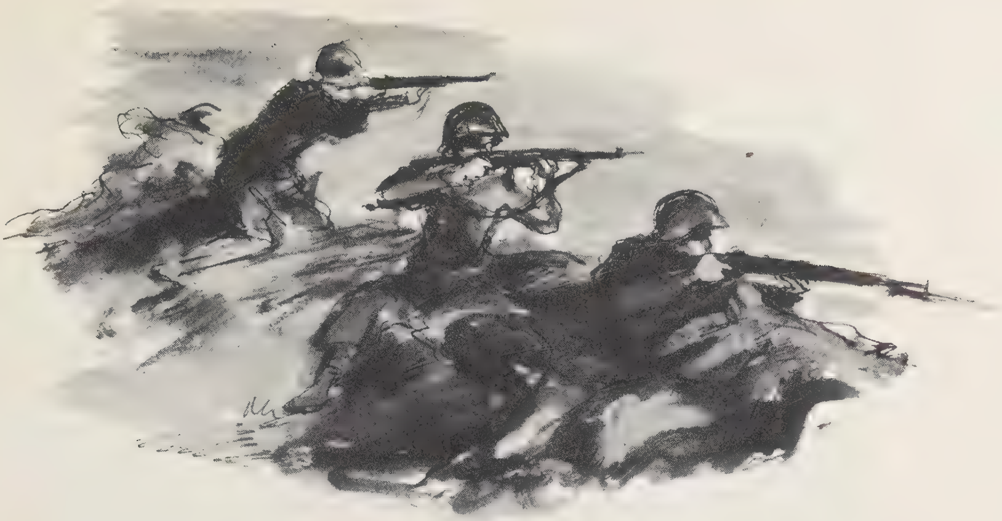
The F4U fighter, work horse of the carriers, fires its rockets in close support to ground forces.



*From a drawing in sepia and wash by John Groth. Courtesy of the artist and The World Publishing Company*

The great crossing of the Han

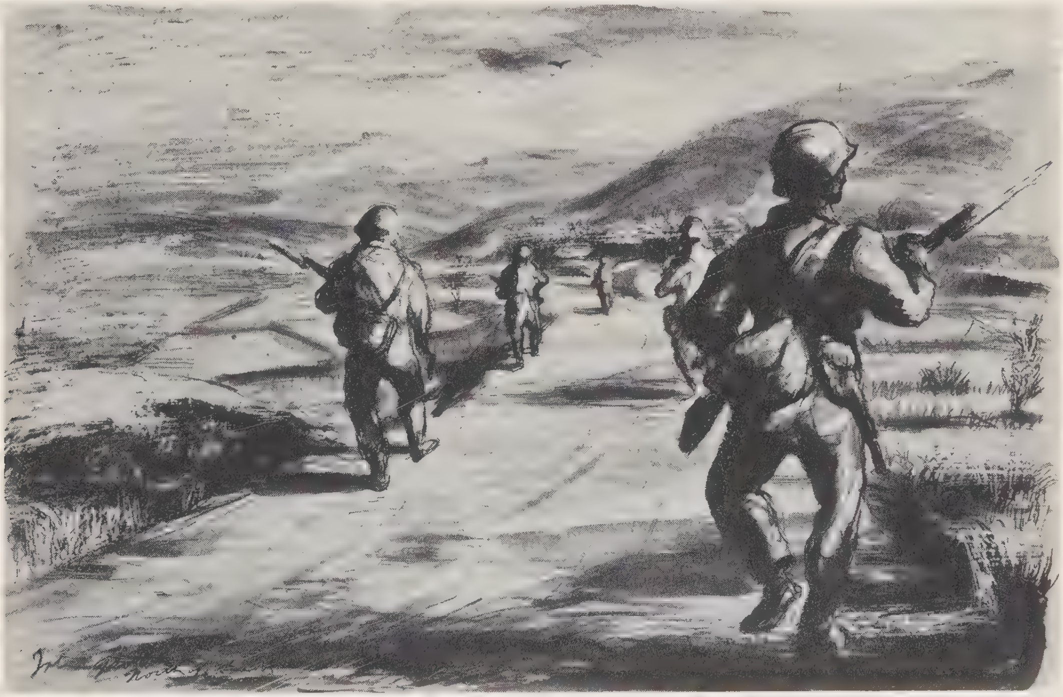
A combat patrol splashes up the river bank of the Han River under fire. "There was action ahead of us somewhere," wrote the artist. "We could hear the staccato of small arms fire in the din of the barrage now shrouding the farther hills in smoke."



*From a sepia drawing in wash by John Groth. Courtesy of the artist and The World Publishing Company*

"The advance was slow and cautious"

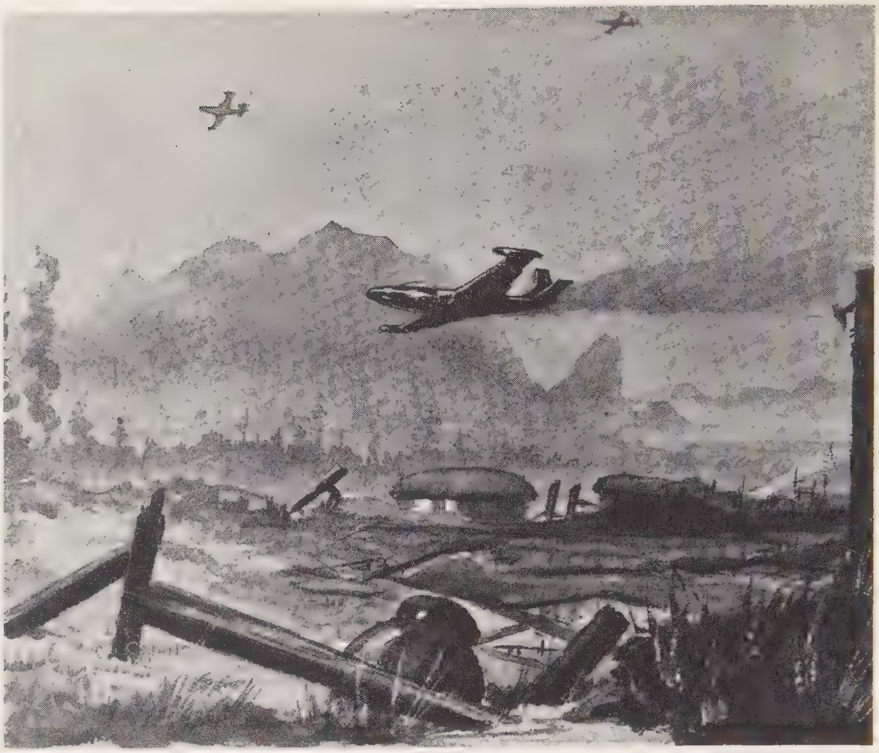
"There was no live enemy on the next hilltop . . . progress on the next was slowed to a halt by small arms fire. We dug in and waited for our artillery to silence it."



*From a drawing by John Groth. Courtesy of the artist and The World Publishing Company*

Patrol on the road to Pyong-yang

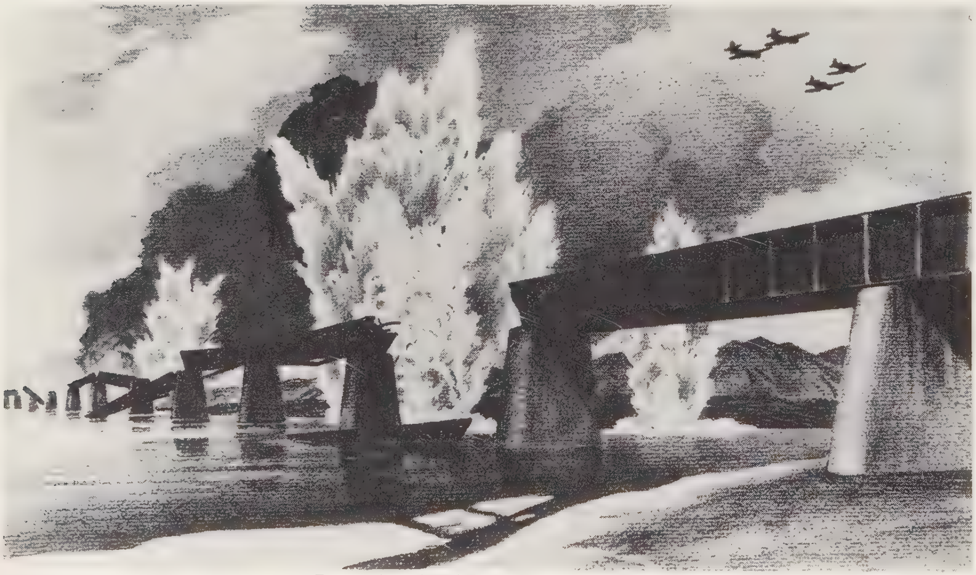
"The Chinese held a row of hills two thousand yards north of Pyong-yang, a town five miles down the river. The mission of the company-size patrol was to seize the hills."



*From a prismacolor painting by Hugh Cabot III, U.S.N. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

A Navy Banshee hit and in trouble

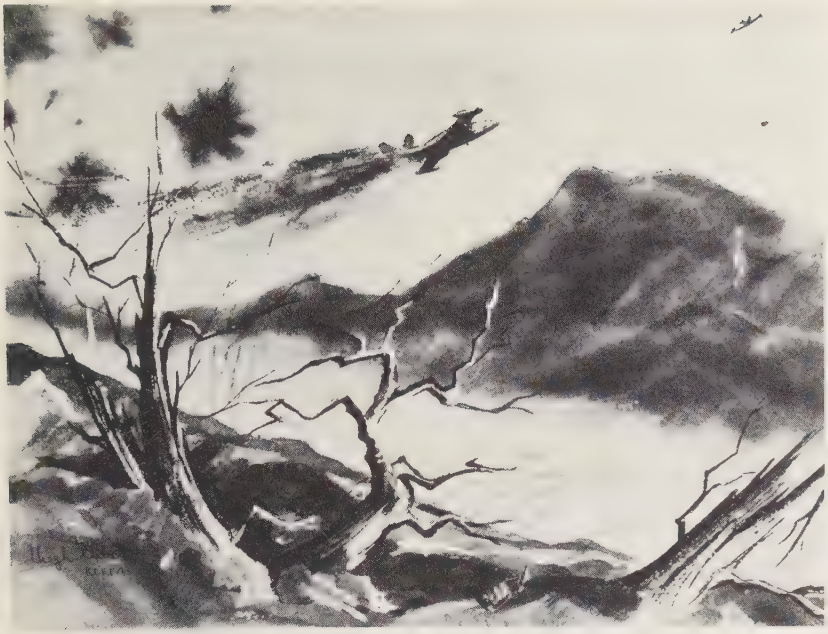
The Banshee, one of the most powerful airplanes of modern times, loses its superiority as it force-lands in the primitive mountains of North Korea. Its teammates will circle, providing cover from attack on the ground, until help arrives or fuel runs low.



*From a prismacolor painting by Herbert C. Hahn, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

Scratch one!

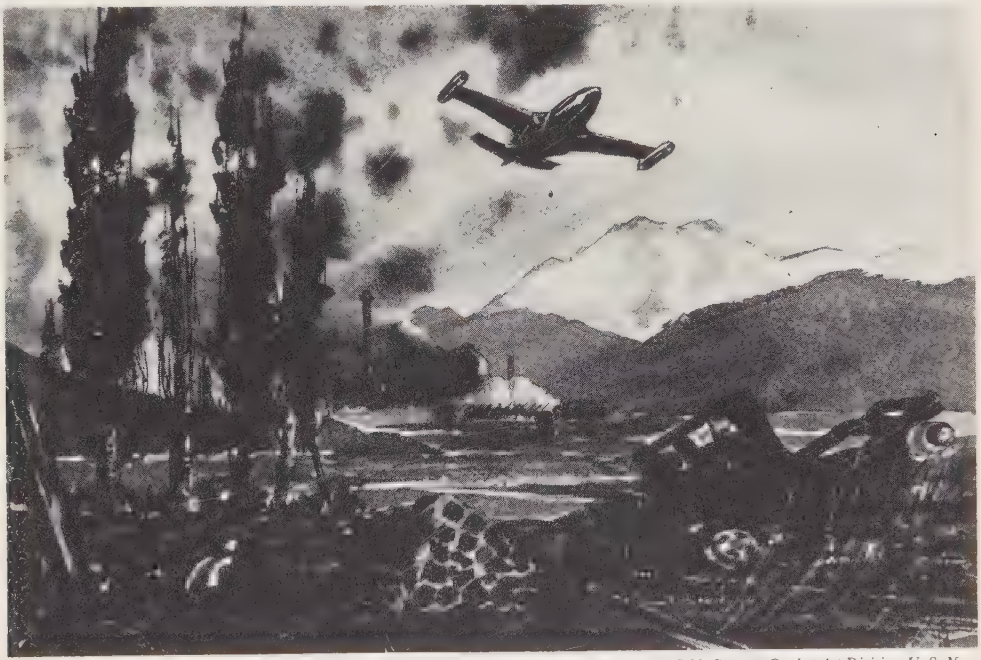
Task Force 77 systematically destroyed hundreds of bridges in North Korea.



*From a water color by Hugh Cabot III, U.S.N. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

## Dying Banshee

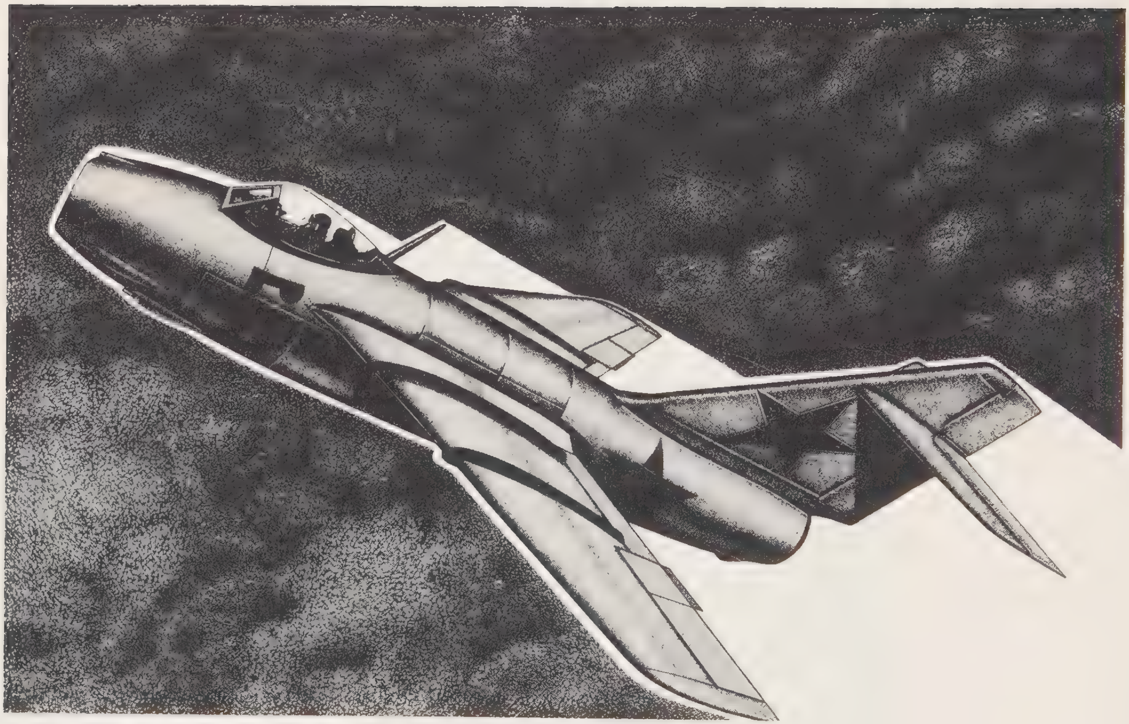
Score one for the enemy. Just off target, hit and flaming but striving skyward for altitude to parachute, the pilot of a burning Banshee is caught in the fleeting seconds between life and death.



*From a water color by Hugh Cabot III, U.S.N. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

## Jet strike!

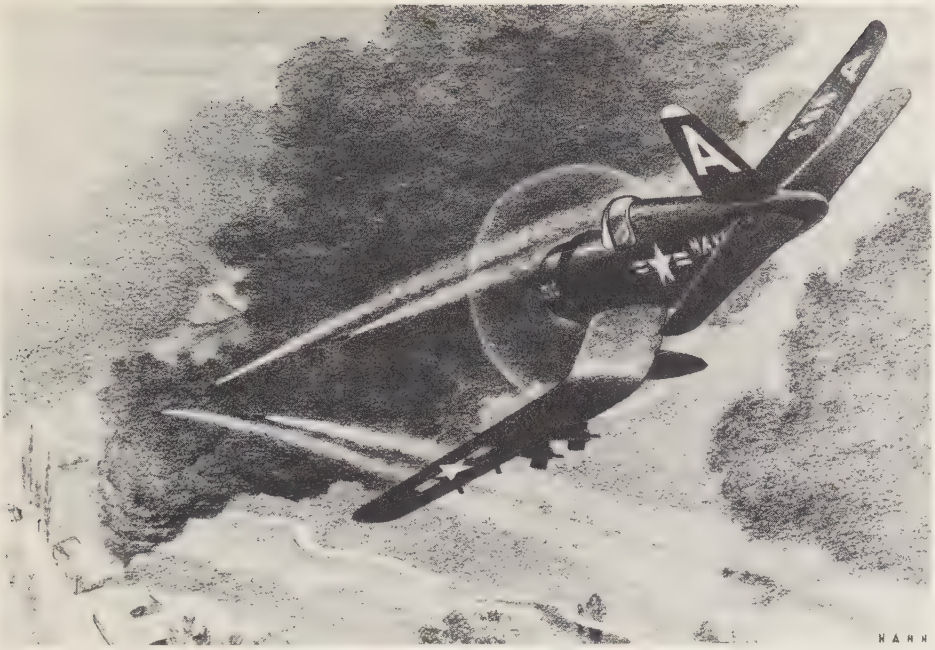
On the coast of North Korea, a Navy Panther Jet roars off the beaten target at 400 miles per hour and on to another.



*From a drawing in pen and ink by Airman First Class Arthur C. Butts IV*

Russian jet fighter, MIG-15, Korea, 1951

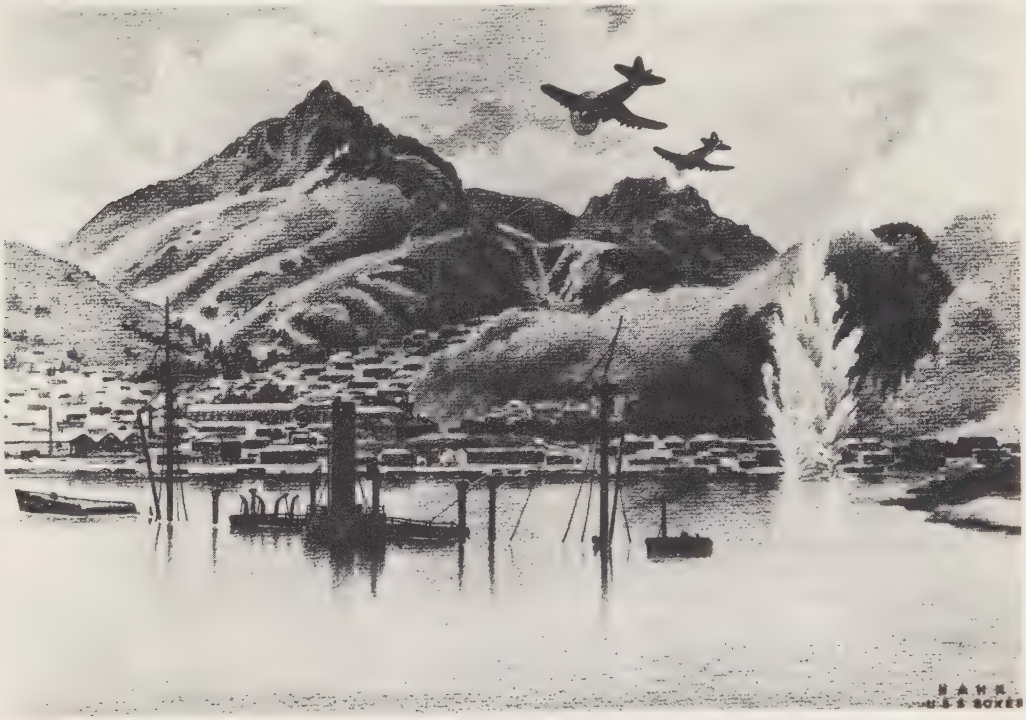
For the first few months of the Korean War this plane was the mysterious enemy air element. It was not long before American fighter pilots discovered its performance characteristics. The MIG fought well, but it met its match in the F86 Sabre.



From a prismacolor painting by Herbert C. Hahn, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy

Rocket run—North Korea

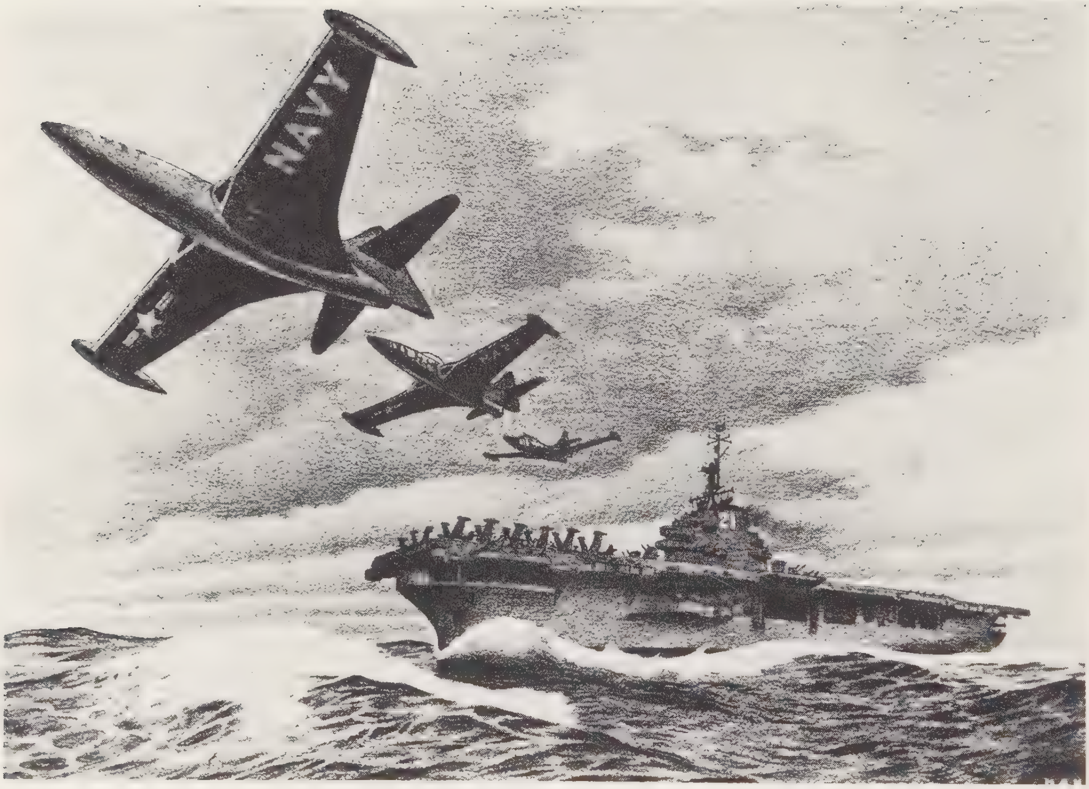
A Corsair from the U.S.S. *Boxer* finds a target for its rockets in North Korea.



From a prismacolor painting by Herbert C. Hahn, U.S.N. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy

The sitting duck

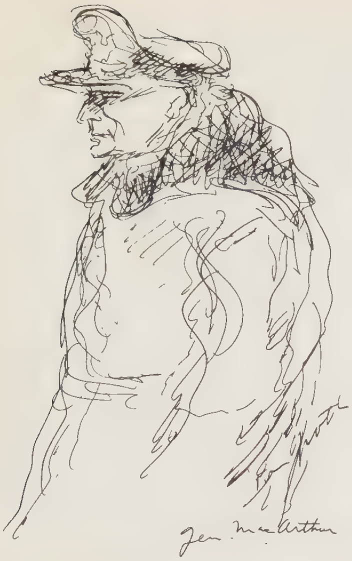
Mokpo during an attack in the early stages of the Korean War by planes from Task Force 77.



*From a prismacolor painting by Herbert C. Hahn, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

Victory pass

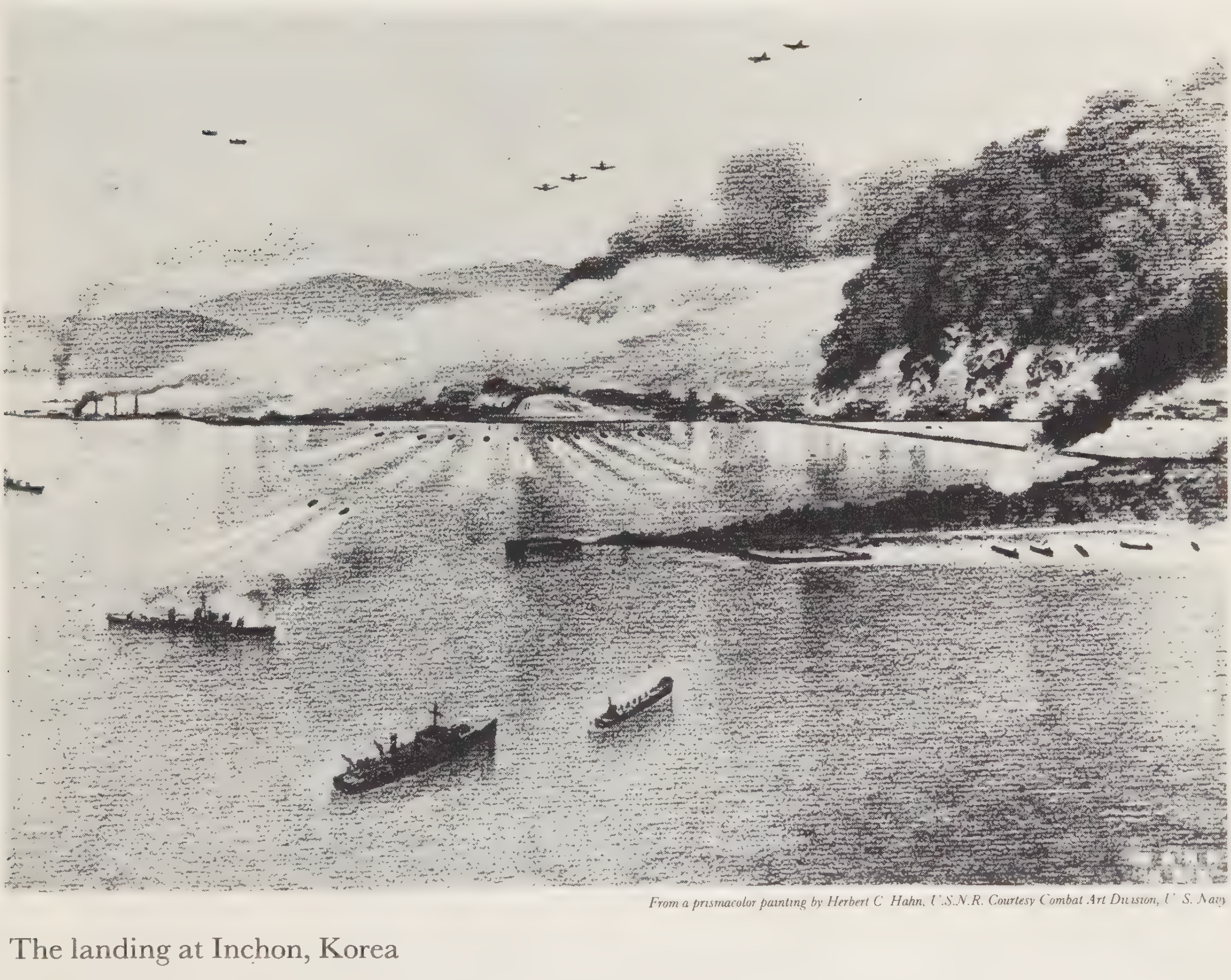
Jets returning to the aircraft carrier *Boxer* make a pass which denotes a successful mission.



General Douglas MacArthur

Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers, Tokyo, Japan, Commander of the United Nations Forces in the Korean War.

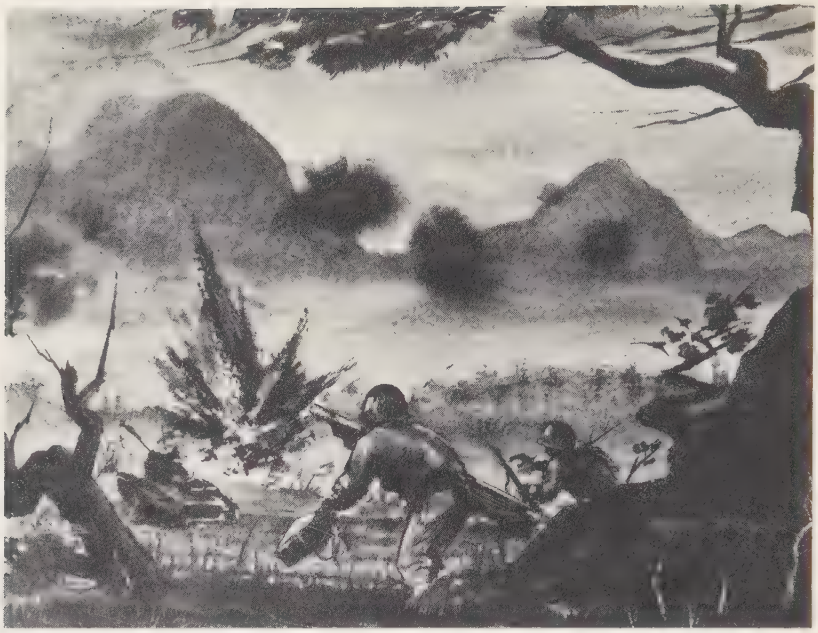
*From a sketch in pen and ink by John Groth. Courtesy of the artist and The World Publishing Company*



*From a prismacolor painting by Herbert C. Hahn, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

The landing at Inchon, Korea

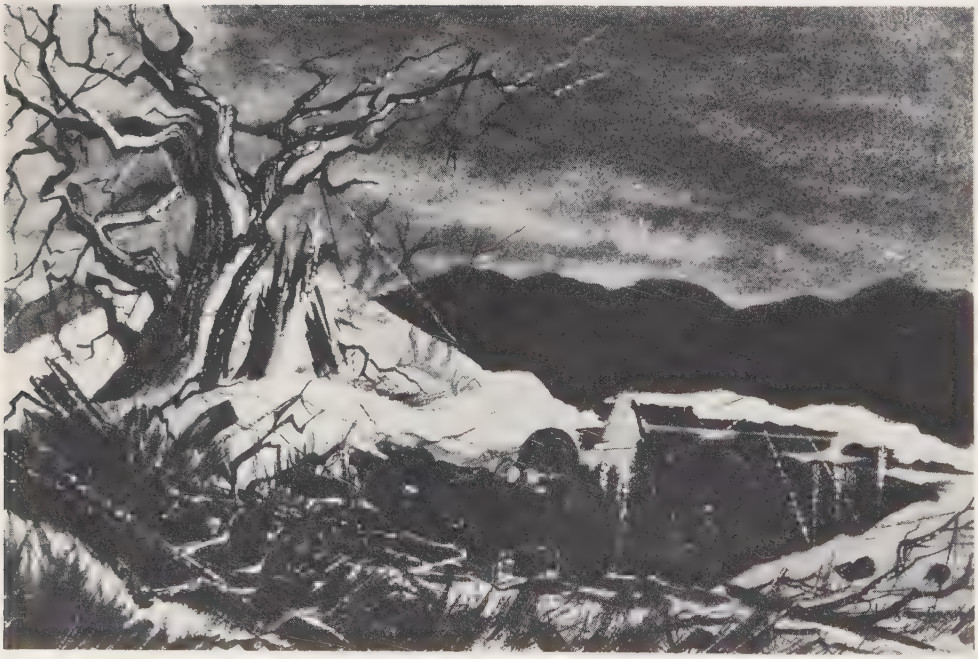
Amphibious landing of General MacArthur's forces at Inchon, September 15, 1950, supported by Task Force 77.



*From a water color by Hugh Cabot III, U.S.N. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

## The corpsmen

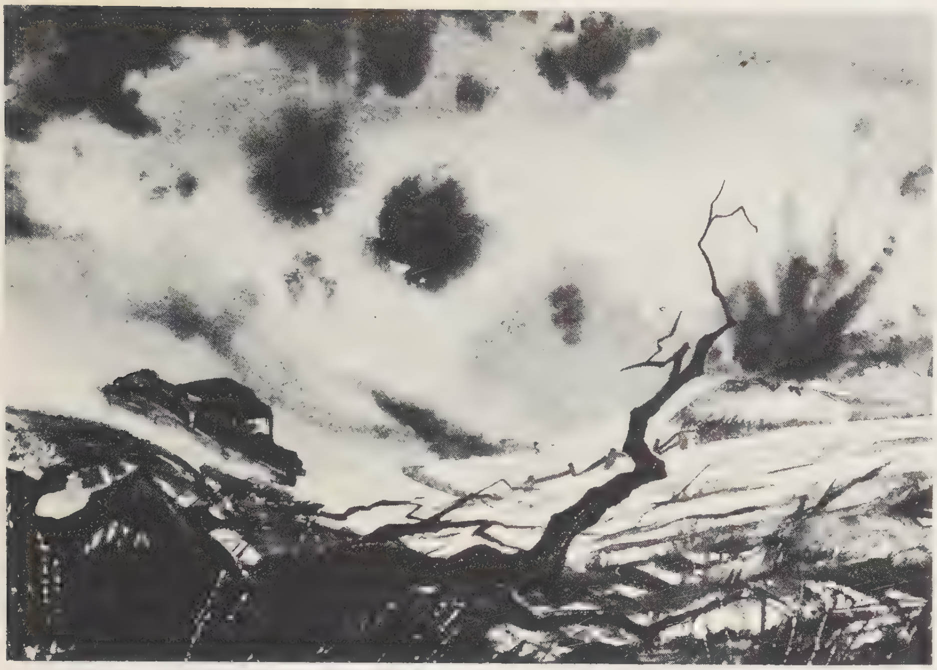
Two U. S. Marine Corps tanks, pinned down by artillery fire in the mountains of North Korea, have suffered casualties and are coming under serious enemy fire. Naval hospital corpsmen go in to evacuate the wounded and dead.



*From a water color by Hugh Cabot III, U.S.N. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

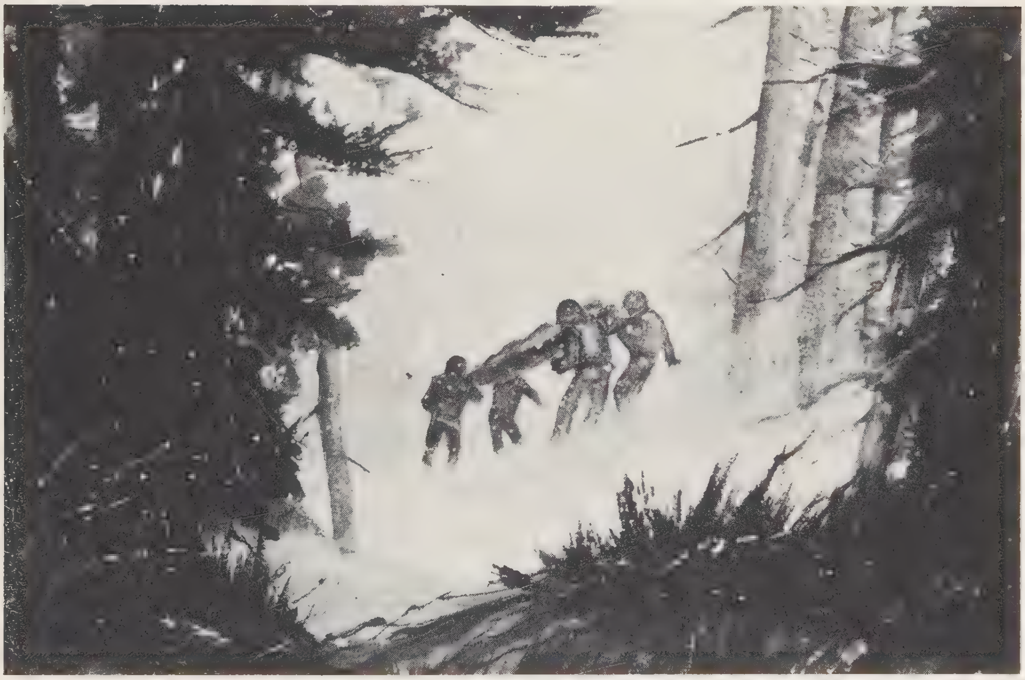
## Forward operations

High ground for observation is a desirable position to hold. The topmost point of any one of the many pock-marked Korean hills has probably been at some time an observation post. For the most part, the hilltop is under constant enemy fire.



*From a water color by Hugh Cabot III, U.S.N. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

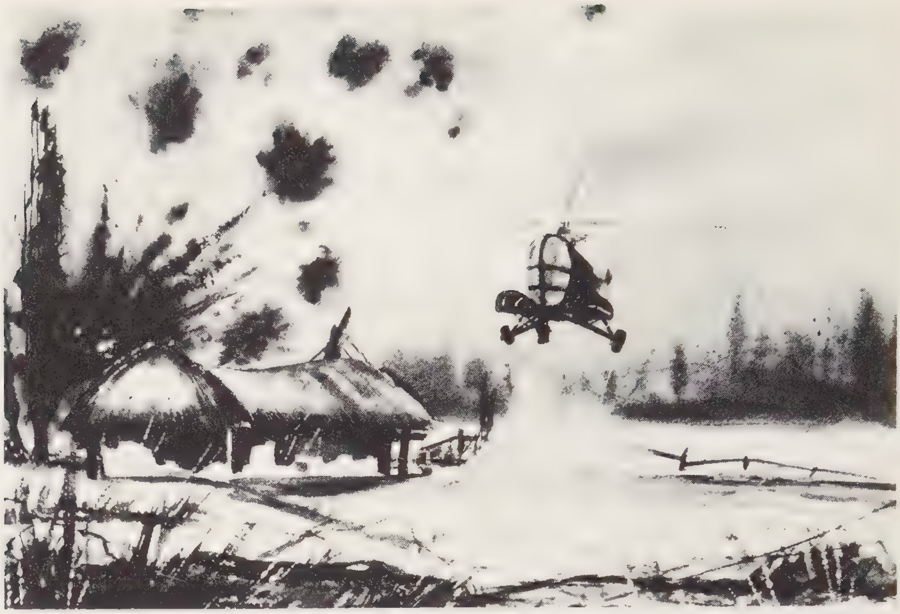
"76" Alley



*From a water color by Hugh Cabot III, U.S.N. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

Off the hill—Korea

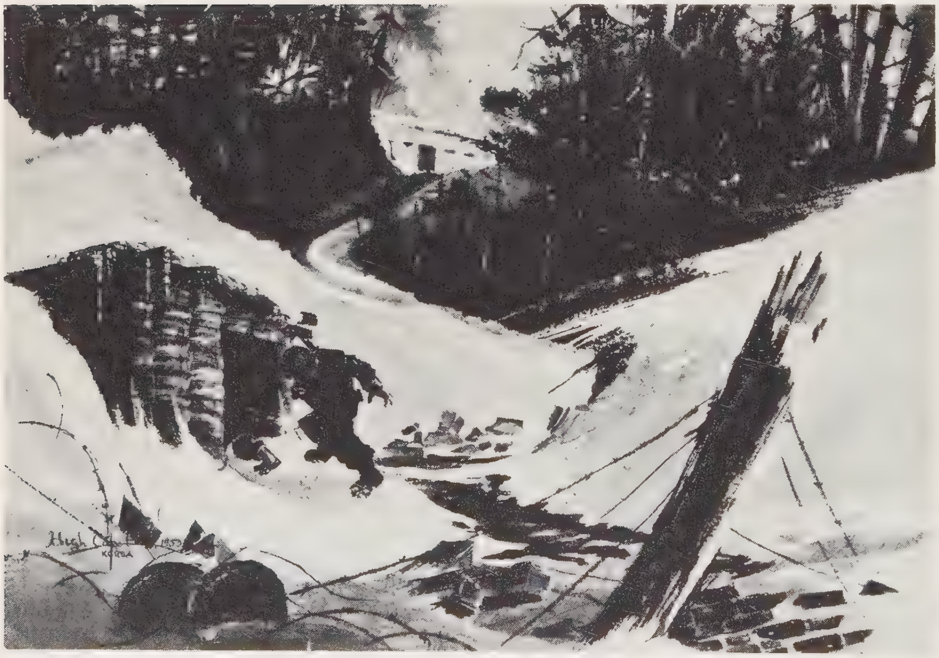
In the mountainous regions of Korea, where the going was tough, many a combat Marine owed his life to the men who took him off the hill—the Korean Service Corps.



*From a water color by Hugh Cabot III, U.S.N. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

Evacuation under fire—Korea

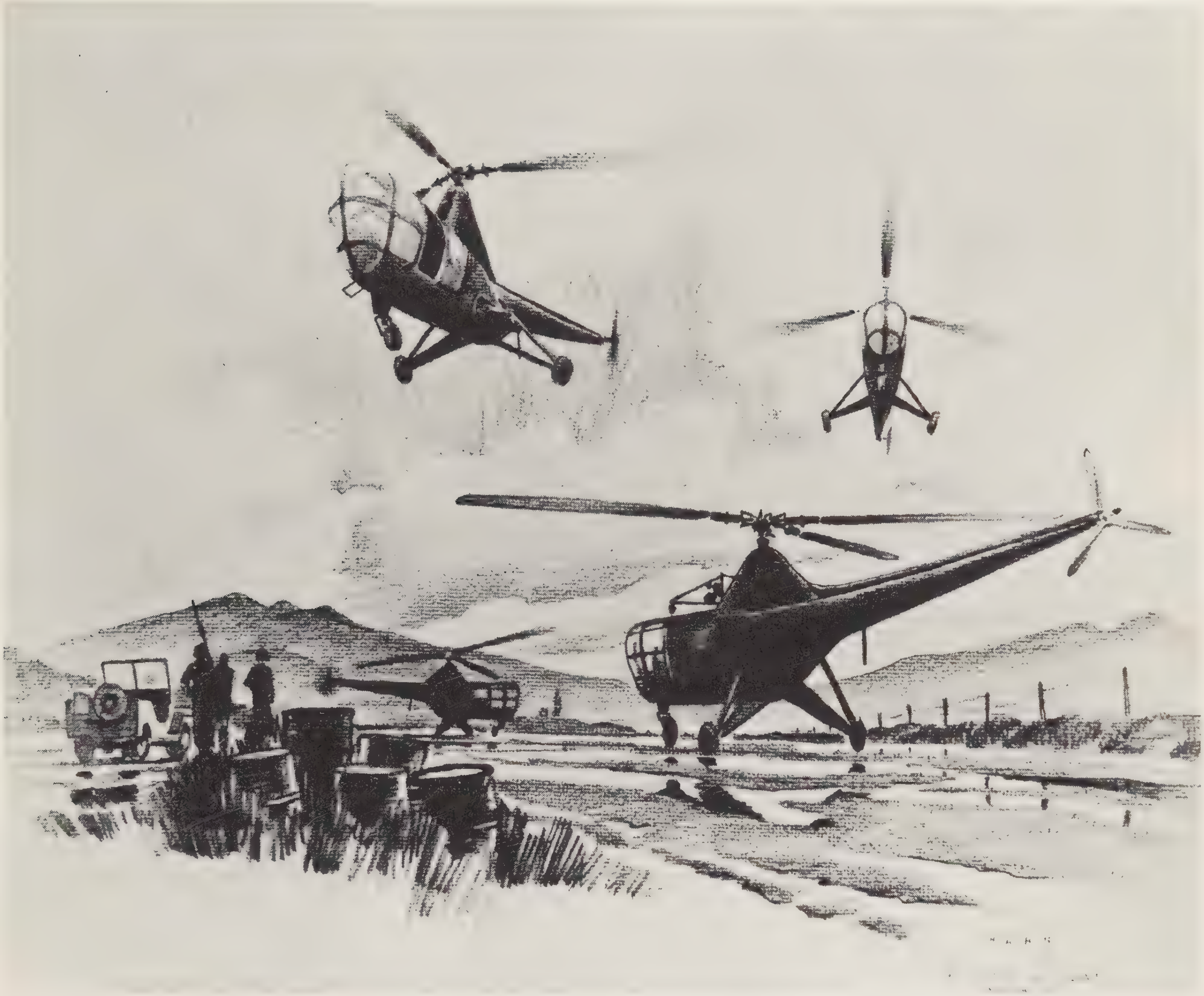
The 'copter gets in and gets out in a hurry with the wounded man. Time, the difference between life and death in many wounds, is now an enemy of only hours, not days.



*From a water color by Hugh Cabot III, U.S.N. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

Incoming

"Under constant mortar and artillery fire, the Company CP has war at the bunker door. The shortest distances must be covered on the run. When it's incoming, there's no time to think, and barely enough time to duck. No home, no hole is more welcome than the inside of a bunker."



*From a prismacolor painting by Herbert C. Hahn, U.S.N.R. Courtesy Combat Art Division, U. S. Navy*

Windmills

Delegates to the truce talks leave the base camp for a meeting at Kaesong.

# Acknowledgments

The preparation of this book called for specialized assistance. For that assistance I am greatly indebted to a large group of distinguished professional people in the military, naval, and air services of the United States military establishment, and to an equal number of distinguished scholars and archivists of the United States and Canada who so generously came forward and contributed their valuable time and knowledge toward the preparation of the materials contained in this book.

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For the use of the extremely important drawings and paintings of the United States Marine Corps combat artists, I am deeply in debt to Colonel Donald Lester Dickson, a brilliant artist who contributed many of his own drawings and a portion of the text on the actions in the South Pacific in which he himself took part; and to Captain James S. Roberts, U.S.M.C., Special Services Branch, for his help in locating Marine Corps material, I extend my grateful appreciation.

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I am indeed greatly indebted to Colonel W. T. Morton, Librarian of the United States Military Academy at West Point, for his scholarly assistance in the early stages of this book; and to Milton H. Perry, Assistant Curator of the West Point Museum, for his friendly, valuable suggestions on American historical military matters. To Lieutenant Alvin Bailey of the United States Coast Guard, an old friend of World War II days, and to the Coast Guard Public Relations Staff, I give my grateful thanks. To John Groth, for his kindness in allowing me to use his fine drawings on World War II and Korea, my sincere appreciation is extended.

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My grateful appreciation I extend to Mr. Sylvestre Vig-

ilante, formerly of the American History Department, New York Public Library, who spared no effort to locate for me many old volumes important to the early research for this book. To him and to his staff, I offer my thanks. To Mr. Ira Glackens of the National City Bank of Paris I offer my thanks and appreciation for permission to use the military drawings of the Spanish-American War executed by his famous father, William Glackens; and to Miss Antoinette Kraushaar of the Kraushaar Galleries, for the preparation of these paintings and drawings for publication.

Miss India W. Thomas, Regent of the Confederate Museum at Richmond, gave me valuable assistance in locating many important drawings and paintings of the soldier-artists of the Confederacy. To Mr. Harold McCracken, an old friend and colleague, for use of his Remington collection and for permission to quote from his scholarly book, *Frederic Remington,* go my gratitude and thanks.

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To Dr. F. M. Setzler, Head Curator, Department of Anthropology, The Smithsonian Institution; Mr. M. L. Peterson, Curator of Military History, U. S. National Museum, and Mr. Russell Sirlouis, Assistant Curator of the same institution. Their kindness and assistance is greatly appreciated. To Dr. J. O. Brew, Director of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology, Harvard University; Mr. R. N. Williams, 2nd, Director of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and Miss Sarah Smith, Librarian of the Society; to Mr. W. G. Constable, Curator of Paintings, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; Miss Katherine Newton Wray, Registrar of the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Texas; Miss Sarah M. Usher, Chief of Records, Public Library, City of Boston; Mr. Magill James, Assistant Director, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Allan E. Kent, Research Associate, Wisconsin Historical Society Museum; Mr. Calvin S. Hathaway, Director, Cooper Union Museum of Fine Arts; Mr. James D. Breckenridge, Keeper of the Clark Collection, The Corcoran Gallery of Art; Mr. James W. Foster, Director of the Maryland Historical Society; Mr. Victor D. Spark of New York, for his permission to use several fine paintings; Mr. J. W. Davidson of M. Knoedler Company, Inc., New York, for the use of one of their fine paintings; Mr. John Marshall Phillips, Director, Yale University Art Gallery; Mr. Burton W. Adkinson, Director of the Library of Congress; and to The Abbott Laboratories, Chicago, for permission to reproduce some of Kerr Eby's combat drawings.

My special thanks are due to Mrs. John W. Thomason of Texas, for her kind permission to use portions of the text from *Fix Bayonets,* a book written and illustrated by her husband, the late Colonel John W. Thomason, U.S.M.C., and for the use of his wonderful drawings of Marines in action in World War I. To Charles Scribner's Sons, his publishers, also go thanks for permission to reproduce some of this material. And to my friend and colleague, C. James Proud of the Advertising Federation of America, who lent his assistance, valued and appreciated during a trying period. I was fortunate, too, in having the services of my son Arthur, Airman, First Class, Special Artist attached to the staff of the Commanding General, 57th Air Division, Fairchild Air Force Base, for assistance in air research, and those of Anne Meredith and Jacqueline Andrew in typing and preparing the manuscript.

All possible care has been taken to make full acknowledgment for the use of every illustration included in this book. If any errors have accidentally occurred, they will be corrected in subsequent editions, provided notification is sent to the publisher.

ROY MEREDITH

*Philadelphia, February, 1955*

# Contributing Institutions and Historical Societies

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United States Military Academy Museum, West Point, N. Y.
United States Naval Academy Museum, Annapolis, Md.
United States Naval Institute, Annapolis, Md.
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Department of the Army, Office of the Chief of Military History, Washington, D. C.
Department of the Air Force.
Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.
Canada Steamship Lines Limited, Montreal, Canada.
The National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, Canada.
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The Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.
The Museum of Fine Arts of Houston, Texas.
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The Cooper Union Museum for the Arts of Decoration, New York.
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Charles M. Kraushaar Galleries, New York.
Victor D. Spark Galleries, New York.
M. Knoedler & Company Galleries, New York.
Canajoharie Art Gallery, Canajoharie, N. Y.

# Military Artists of The American Wars

**Aylward, William J.** (*Chapter 10*) born in Milwaukee, Wisc., September 5, 1875. Aylward studied with Howard Pyle, and during World War I was assigned to the A.E.F. as an artist by the War Department. He is noted as an illustrator of marine and naval subjects.

**Backus, Standish** (*Chapter 11*) born in Detroit, Mich., April 5, 1910. He studied art and architecture at Princeton and later spent a year in Europe for further study. He was commissioned in the Naval Reserve in 1940 and in 1945 helped to establish a unit to work on special presentation of naval reports to the president. He was assigned to the Pacific as a combat artist for the invasion of Japan, but the end of the war in August made the projected operation unnecessary.

**Beaugureau, Francis I.** (*Chapter 11*) born in Chicago, April 5, 1920. He attended the Chicago Art Institute and the Frederick Mizen Art Academy in Chicago. In World War II he was consultant on art matters to the chief of staff of the U. S. Army Air Force and served as a combat artist during that war and the Korean War.

**Birch, Thomas** (*Chapter 3*) born in London, July 26, 1779. He emigrated to the United States in 1793 and in 1800 established himself in Philadelphia as a portrait painter. His training as a topographical artist led to his famous "Views of Philadelphia," in which he collaborated with his father, the enamelist William Russell Birch. Though he was basically a landscape and not a marine painter, his historical series of the U. S. naval victories in the War of 1812 demonstrates his grasp of the technical problems and his drawing ability. Birch designed a number of coins for the Mint. He died in Philadelphia January 14, 1851.

**Blodget, Samuel** (*Chapter 1*) born at Woburn, Mass., April 1, 1724. He fought in the French and Indian War, then briefly turned to farming before again joining the troops as a sutler to a New Hampshire regiment. Following the action at Fort William Henry, Blodget entered business and from his merchandising, manufacture of potash, and trade in lumber and furs became a comparatively rich man. Early in the Revolution he was again a sutler, to Sullivan's Brigade, but when the war shifted from Boston he returned to civilian pursuits. In 1794 Blodget began building a canal around Amoskeag Falls on the Merrimac River, but his money alone was not sufficient to complete the work, especially after a flood washed away most of what had been done. He managed to raise funds, however, and in May, 1807, the canal, an important link in New England communications for 35 years afterward, was opened. Blodget died at Derryfield, Mass., September 1, 1807.

**Blythe, David Gilmour** (*Chapter 7*) born at East Liverpool, Ohio, May 9, 1815. He learned the wood-carver's trade in Pittsburgh and at the age of 19 sailed as ship's carpenter in the Navy. He studied painting at the J. J. Gillespie Gallery, the oldest art establishment in America. During the Civil War he followed the 13th Pennsylvania Volunteers in the capacity of artist without rank. He died at Pittsburgh, Pa., May 15, 1865.

**Brodie, Howard J.** (*Chapter 11*) born in San Francisco, Calif., November 28, 1916. After studying at the California School of Fine Arts, he became a member of the staff of the San Francisco *Chronicle.* During World War II he was a combat artist with the U. S. Army in the European Theater of Operations.

Butts, Arthur Clarkson (*Chapter 12*) born in New York, January 28, 1930. He attended the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and the University of Pennsylvania. Attached to the staff of the commanding general, 57th Air Division, Spokane, Washington, Airman Butts drew one of the first accurate pictures of the Russian MIG-15 from aerial photographs taken during combat over Korea.

Cabot, Hugh (*Chapter 12*) born in Boston, Mass., March 22, 1930. He was a staff artist for the Boston Museum of Science, a free lance artist, and director of a summer art school in Massachusetts before he enlisted in the Navy shortly after the outbreak of the Korean War. He served aboard aircraft carriers off Korea, and then, as the only officially assigned combat artist in the Far East theater, was directed to the 1st Marine Division to record their winter campaign. Later he covered the truce talks and the Chinese Nationalist island of Formosa.

Cavada, Frederic (*Chapter 7*) Lieutenant Cavada served with the 14th Pennsylvania Volunteers. His painting appears to derive from Waud's on-the-spot drawing, but whether Cavada worked from Waud's original or from a reproduction is not clear.

Chapman, Conrad Wise (*Chapter 7*) born at Rome, Italy, 1842. His father, the artist John Gadsby Chapman, gave Conrad his early training in art. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Chapman left Italy and, after landing in New York, made his way to the Confederate lines, where he joined the troops of A. S. Johnston. His father having made inquiries regarding the runaway's whereabouts, Conrad was located by General Henry H. Wise, who obtained a transfer for the youth to his own brigade. Wise's men were soon ordered to Charleston, where Chapman was put to work painting a series of pictures on the siege. A head wound received at Shiloh notwithstanding, at the end of the Civil War Chapman went to Mexico, where Maximilian's empire was coming to its bloody end. A few years later he was following the Franco-Prussian War at first hand. Chapman was an extremely prolific artist, but it has been noted that even his sketches are carefully done. He died at Hampton, Va., in 1917.

Coale, Griffith Baily (*Chapter 11*) born at Baltimore, Md., May 21, 1890. He studied in Germany, France, Italy, and Spain and subsequently became a professional painter in Baltimore. During World War I he served in a camouflage unit working on merchant ships. Many of his paintings of the period between 1922, when he came to New York, and 1939 appear in public buildings. Coale is credited with giving initial impetus to the Combat Artists Program of the Navy. In 1941 he was commissioned lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve, and during the war observed action in the North Atlantic, Pacific, Southeast Asia, and other theaters of war. He wrote and illustrated two books on his experiences. He died soon after the war.

Davis, Jefferson (*Chapter 5*) born in Kentucky, June 3, 1808. After graduating from West Point in 1838, he was stationed at frontier posts. He resigned from the army in 1835 to manage his plantation in Mississippi. In 1845 he was elected to Congress. He fought with distinction in the Mexican War and later was a member of the Senate. Davis left the Senate to campaign for the governorship of Mississippi, but he was defeated. Franklin Pierce appointed him secretary of war and he occupied that cabinet post throughout Pierce's presidency. In 1857 Davis returned to the Senate, resigning in 1861 when Mississippi seceded, and was chosen president of the Confederacy, a decision confirmed when he was elected in October of that year. With the fall of the Confederacy he was captured and imprisoned for two years, finally to be released without being brought to trial. His remaining years were spent in writing, in semiretirement on his estate. He died at New Orleans, La., December 6, 1889.

Dickson, Donald Lester (*Chapter 11*) born in Cambridge, Mass., January 28, 1906. He studied art at the Worcester Art Museum School and became a prominent commercial artist. In 1941 he joined the 1st Marine Division when it was formed in Cuba and remained with it after World War II, rising through the ranks from private first class to colonel. He is a staff member of *The Leatherneck,* the official magazine of the U. S. Marine Corps.

Donahue, Victor (*Chapter 11*) born in Philadelphia, August 28, 1918. He served with the 1st Marine Division from 1942 to 1945 in all their campaigns in the South Pacific.

Duncan, Walter J. (*Chapter 10*) born in Indianapolis, Ind., January 1, 1881. He studied at the Art Students League in New York and became an illustrator for national magazines and for books, among them Booth Tarkington's works. During World War I he was appointed an official artist with the A.E.F. and served in the Army's major engagements in France making drawings for the official records. He died April 11, 1941.

Dunn, Harvey T. (*Chapter 10*) born at Manchester, S.D., March 8, 1884. He studied at the Art Institute of Chicago. During World War I he served as an official artist with the A.E.F.

du Portail, Louis le Becque (*Chapter 2*) A French military engineer, he came to America at about the same time as Lafayette. The Continental Congress voted that he should "take rank and command of all engineers previously appointed," and it was du Portail who laid out the defenses for the camp at Valley Forge. He remained with Washington, who greatly admired him, until the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, in the siege of which he had charge of engineering operations. From November, 1790, to December, 1791, he was French minister of war. He died in 1802.

Eastman, Seth (*Chapter 4*) born at Brunswick, Maine, January 24, 1808. There is no evidence that Eastman, a graduate of West Point in 1828, had any formal art training, but a self-portrait done at about the time he graduated shows remarkable talent. His career after his graduation is outlined in the text of Chapter 4. He died at Washington, D.C., August 31, 1875.

Eby, Kerr (*Chapters 10 and 11*) born in Tokyo, Japan, October 19, 1889. He was a prize student at the National Institute and became a book illustrator. He was Charles Dana Gibson's assistant with the A.E.F. during World War I as a combat artist. After the war he resumed his career as a commercial illustrator. In 1932 he was commissioned to do the Bi-Centennial Portfolio—*Life of Washington.* During World War II he was engaged by the Abbott Laboratories of Chicago to make a special series of drawings of the U. S. Marines in action. Eby was at Tarawa, New Britain, and other important Pacific campaigns with the 1st Marine Division. He died in Westport, Conn., November 18, 1946.

Fuller, Lawson M. (*Chapter 5*) born in Wisconsin, March 5, 1866. A graduate of West Point in the class of 1891, he served with the cavalry during the Philippine insurrection and twice won the Silver Star for gallantry. In 1908 he was retired for disability, but in World War I he was recalled to active service as a colonel in the ordnance department. He died at Hamilton, Bermuda, September 17, 1929.

Glackens, William James (*Chapter 9*) born at Philadelphia, March 13, 1870. He studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and after completing his courses became an illustrator for Philadelphia newspapers. In 1895 he went to Paris for a year's study and on his return became a member of the staff of the New York *Herald,* in which his illustrations attracted much notice. When war was declared against Spain, Glackens went to Cuba under contract to *McClure's Magazine* but yellow fever felled him and his drawings were finished long after the editors of *McClure's* could find any news interest in them. Glackens recovered and returned to New York, where he devoted himself to oil painting. He and a group of kindred artists organized the famous Armory Show in 1913 as a reaction against the formalism of the "salon" artists. In 1933 he was elected a member of the National Academy of Design. He died May 22, 1938.

Grant, Ulysses Simpson (*Chapter 5*) born Hiram Ulysses Grant at Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822. In 1843 Grant graduated from West Point and, after service in Missouri and Louisiana and in the Mexican War, became a captain while stationed on the West Coast. He resigned from the Army in 1854, returned to service as colonel of Illinois volunteers soon after the outbreak of the Civil War, and was made a brigadier general in August, 1861. His victories in the West brought him national fame and, in March, 1864, he became commander of the Union armies. He brought the conflict to a successful conclusion and after the war became a full general, the first man in U. S. history to be appointed to this rank. He was commander in the South during the early Reconstruction period and briefly served as secretary of war. In 1868 he was elected president and was re-elected in 1872. He died at Mount McGregor, N. Y., July 23, 1885.

Groth, John (*Chapters 11 and 12*) born in Chicago, February 26, 1908. He studied at the Chicago Art Institute and the Art Students League in New York. Groth became the first art director for *Esquire* magazine, traveling widely on writing and drawing assignments. During World War II he was sent overseas by the Chicago *Sun* syndicate and *Parade* magazine, from which came his book *Studio: Europe. Studio: Asia* resulted from his travels in the war-torn Far East.

Harding, George (*Chapters 10 and 11*) born in Philadelphia, 1882. He studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and later with Howard Pyle. After extensive travel, which resulted in several articles accompanied by his illustrations, he became an illustrator for magazine stories. In 1918 the War Department assigned him to the A.E.F. as an artist. His murals appear in a number of public buildings. Harding is a member of the National Academy of Design.

Hoff, William Bainbridge (*Chapter 3*) born at Philadelphia, 1846. While still a midshipman at Annapolis, Hoff for a time commanded the famous racing yacht *America.* He graduated from the Naval Academy in 1863 and in subsequent years rose through the ranks. He retired in 1897 as a captain. Hoff is known for his books on naval tactics. Inspired by Porter's drawings, Hoff made a series of his own of the *Essex*'s engagements. He died in 1903.

Homer, Winslow (*Chapter 7*) born at Boston, February 24, 1836. While still a boy he manifested great talent in art and, at the age of 21, was serving his apprenticeship in a leading lithographic house in Boston. In 1859 he moved to New York, where he became a free-lance illustrator and attended evening classes at the National Academy of Design. He traveled with the army in the field for much of the Civil War, making sketches which were later used for some of his oil paintings or for illustrations in *Harper's Weekly.* In 1865 he was elected a member of the National Academy of Design. After some further study in Europe, he settled in Maine. His water colors and his marine paintings are among the finest American works of art. He died at Scarboro, Maine, September 28, 1910.

Hope, James (*Chapter 7*) born at Drygrange, Scotland, November 29, 1818. His father, who had brought him to Canada, died about 1831 and Hope moved to Vermont as a wagon-maker's apprentice. He established himself as a professional artist and as a teacher of painting and drawing. When the Civil War began, he was elected captain of a volunteer company he helped to recruit. He took part in 11 major battles; because of his artistic ability he was often called upon to serve as a topographical engineer. After the war he used battlefield sketches he had made to paint several large canvases notable as accurate depictions of the scenes they recorded. He died at New York, January 21, 1904.

**Jamieson, Mitchell** (*Chapter 11*) born at Kensington, Md., October 27, 1915. He studied at the Abbott School of Fine and Commercial Arts and at the Corcoran School of Art, Washington, D. C. Afterward he worked on several government projects, including a series of pictures for the National Defense program. Commissioned in the Navy in 1942, he served through the war in campaigns from North Africa to Okinawa.

**Lawrie, Alexander** (*Chapter 7*) born in New York, 1828. After attending classes at the Academy of Design, he went to Europe in 1854 to study in Germany, France, and Italy. He returned to New York, where he opened a studio in 1858, and when the studio failed went to Philadelphia. In 1861 he enlisted in a Pennsylvania volunteer regiment; in 1862, he re-enlisted as a captain of volunteers, but illness contracted apparently during "Burnside's Mud March" resulted in his discharge on a surgeon's certificate in June, 1863. In 1864, he again opened a studio in New York, this time maintaining it until 1878; he was elected an associate of the National Academy of Design, but barely managed to eke out a living. In 1895 he finally left New York to live with a brother in Indiana, but a disagreement caused him to enter a veterans' home in Hampton, Virginia. Finally, in 1902 he was admitted to the State Soldiers' Home at Lafayette, Indiana, where he spent his declining years painting a series of portraits of all the Civil War generals. He died at Lafayette in 1917.

**Lee, Robert Edward** (*Chapter 5*) born in Westmoreland County, Va., January 19, 1807. The son of General Henry Lee, he was second in his class at West Point when he graduated in 1829 and became a lieutenant of engineers. Service at seacoast forts and on the Mississippi led to an appointment to Winfield Scott's staff during the Mexican War. He returned to Army post life after the war, serving at Baltimore, on the frontier, and as superintendent, from 1852 to 1855, of the Military Academy at West Point. Lee was commander of the troops that put down John Brown's brief rebellion at Harper's Ferry and by the time the Civil War erupted had risen to colonel. He was offered supreme command of the Union field armies by President Lincoln but refused the appointment that would mean invading his native state. When Virginia joined the secession, Lee resigned his commission and assumed command of Virginia's forces. As commander of the Army of Northern Virginia he was the principal Confederate general in the East and in February, 1865, was named general in chief of the Confederate armies, but was forced to surrender two months later. After the war he became president of the college known today as Washington and Lee University, a position he held until his death at Lexington, Va., October 12, 1870.

**Littell, Isaac W.** (*Chapter 5*) born at Elizabeth, N. J., December 5, 1857. A graduate of West Point in 1883, he served in the Philippines during the insurrection. In World War I, General Littell was in charge of all cantonment and national guard camp construction. He died at Washington, D. C., May 1, 1924.

**MacKellar, Patrick** (*Chapter 1*) born 1717. An ordnance clerk, he became engineer in ordinary at Minorca in 1751, then came to America as one of Braddock's engineers. In 1756 he was appointed chief engineer for the forts along the frontier but was captured by the French and held in Canada until 1757. He was promoted to chief engineer during the siege of Louisbourg and was chief engineer on Wolfe's staff during the struggle for Quebec. He served in the campaigns against Martinique and Havana in 1761 and 1762, then returned to Minorca, where in 1777, the year before his death, he became a colonel.

**March, Peyton Conway** (*Chapter 5*) born at Easton, Pa., December 27, 1864. He graduated at West Point in 1888 and commanded a battery of artillery in the Philippines during the war with Spain, receiving the Distinguished Service Cross for heroism. During the Philippine insurrection March was five times decorated for gallantry. During the Russo-Japanese War he was a U. S. military observer with the Japanese forces. In 1917 he went to France as artillery commander but was recalled to serve as chief of staff of the army. He retired in 1921. General March died in 1955.

**Meade, George Gordon** (*Chapter 5*) born at Cadiz, Spain, December 31, 1815. Following his graduation from West Point in 1835, he fought in the Seminole War, resigned from the army, worked for the Texas-U.S. border commission, and re-entered the army as lieutenant of topographical engineers. Meade served with distinction in the Mexican War and afterward performed such engineer's duties as building lighthouses along the Florida coast. At the start of the Civil War he became a brigadier general of volunteers and thereafter saw action in every battle fought by the Army of the Potomac. He received a severe wound in 1862, but soon was back in the field. In June, 1863, he became commander of the Army of the Potomac; within a week of his notification he had defeated Lee at Gettysburg, but his failure to follow up his victory caused severe criticism. In 1864 he became a major general in the regular army. He held several area commands during the Reconstruction period. He died at Philadelphia, November 6, 1872.

**Millman, Edward** (*Chapter 11*) born in Chicago, January 1, 1907. He studied at the Art Institute of Chicago under Leon Kroll and John Norton. From 1929 to 1933 he was on the art staff of the Chicago *Evening American*, and in the latter year painted a series of murals for the Chicago World's Fair. After studying mural painting in Mexico, he returned to the United States as first state director of mural projects for the Federal Art Program. During World War II he was officer in charge of the Navy Training Aids Development Center at New York and later was assigned as a combat artist to the Philippines and Dutch New Guinea invasions.

**Montresor, John** (*Chapter 1*) born at Gibraltar, April 6, 1736. His father was chief engineer at Gibraltar when young Montresor entered the army as assistant engineer. When the elder Montresor became chief engineer to Braddock's expedition, John accompanied him. He was wounded in the Monongahela battle but recovered to take part in the campaign against the French in Canada, serving at various points in the line of British outposts and on Wolfe's headquarters staff before Quebec. In 1765 he was promoted to captain-lieutenant and in 1775, at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, was chief engineer for the British forces in America. He built the defensive system around British-held Philadelphia. In 1779 he retired, having attained the rank of colonel. He died June 26, 1799.

Morgan, Wallace (*Chapter 10*) born in New York, 1873. After studying at the National Academy of Design, he worked as an illustrator for New York City newspapers. He was assigned by the War Department as an artist for the A.E.F. in 1918.

Murray, Albert Ketcham. (*Chapter 11*) born at Emporia, Kansas, December 29, 1906. A graduate in fine arts from Syracuse University in 1930, he studied in London and Paris and later under Wayman Adams in New York and Mexico. During World War II, he was one of the artists originally assigned to the Combat Art Section and served in the Caribbean area, the South Atlantic, North Africa, the invasion of southern France, and the Italian sector.

Peale, Charles Willson (*Chapter 2*) born at Chestertown, Md., April 16, 1741. A saddler's apprentice, he gave such evidence of talent in oil painting while studying under John Singleton Copley that a group of gentlemen subsidized his voyage to England to work under Benjamin West. Peale returned to America and settled near Annapolis, where he gained great success as a portrait painter, Washington and his family being among those who sat for the artist. During the Revolutionary War, Peale "fit and painted, and painted and fit," serving at Trenton, Valley Forge, and Princeton, and turning out propaganda pictures that he later discarded as worthless. At the war's end he returned to Philadelphia where he opened a natural history museum in which exhibits were arranged before painted backgrounds to resemble "the world in miniature." He was one of the founders in 1805 of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. His declining years were spent as an inventor and the despair of his family, who were not unaccustomed to seeing the old man coasting down a hill on one of America's first bicycles. Energetic to the last, he died, February 22, 1827, as the result of over-exertion "while searching for a fourth wife in Philadelphia."

Peale, James (*Chapter 1*) born in Chestertown, Md., 1749. A brother of Charles Willson Peale, he is noted as a miniaturist, though his landscapes, historical compositions, and portraits have also drawn much interest. He died May 24, 1831.

Peixotto, Ernest Clifford (*Chapter 10*) born in San Francisco, Calif., October 15, 1869. He studied in France. During World War I he was assigned to the A.E.F. by the War Department as an artist and in 1919 was director of painting at the training school established for American troops at Bellevue, France. An associate member of the National Academy of Design, he taught mural painting at the Beaux-Arts Institute, New York, and was a consultant in the planning of the World's Fair in New York. He died in New York, December 6, 1940.

Pike, John (*Chapter 12*) born in Boston, Mass., June 30, 1911. A student of Charles Hawthorne and Richard Miller, he was a commercial illustrator when the U. S. Army appointed him to make a record of the occupation of Korea after World War II.

Pleissner, Ogden M. (*Chapter 11*) born in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 29, 1905. He was a pupil of George Bridgeman and a member of the Art Students League. In 1938 he was elected to the National Academy of Design. In World War II he enlisted and became a captain in the Air Force.

Pocock, Nicholas (*Chapter 3*) born in Bristol, England, about 1741. A captain in the British merchant marine, he retired from active duty before he was 40 to devote himself to his own pursuits. A marine painting he submitted to the Royal Academy for exhibition in 1780 arrived too late, but Sir Joshua Reynolds recognized the great talent behind the painting and encouraged Pocock to continue with his marine work. In 1789 he settled at London as a painter of sea battles—the wars of the time furnished more than ample material—and he soon became the most noted of all British marine painters. In 1804 he was one of the founders of the Water-colour Society and he continued to exhibit his paintings there and at the Royal Academy to the end of his life. He died at Maidenhead, Berkshire, England, 1821.

Porter, David (*Chapter 3*) born at Boston, February 1, 1780. A merchant seaman, he was one of the victims of the British impressment, but he escaped in 1798 and joined the young United States Navy as a member of the crew of the *Constellation.* He fought in the Tripolitanian War, became a lieutenant aboard the *Philadelphia,* and was captured when that frigate ran aground off Tripoli. As commander of the *Essex,* he undertook one of the most colorful voyages in the Navy's history, around Cape Horn to the Pacific, where he disrupted British shipping. In 1823 he became involved in a quarrel with civilian authorities in Puerto Rico when one of his men was arrested; Porter's high-handed methods caused a diplomatic complaint to the U. S. government and he was suspended after a court-martial. He resigned from the Navy in 1826 and became head of the Mexican navy, directing it against the Spanish forces attempting to suppress the young republican government there. With the end of Spain's attempts at reconquest, Porter resigned. In 1831 he became U. S. chargé d'affaires at Constantinople, and in 1841 was appointed minister. He died at Constantinople, March 3, 1843.

Redwood, Allen Carter (*Chapter 7*) born in Virginia, April, 1834. In his youth, he moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he lived until about 1852. With the outbreak of the

Civil War, he joined the Confederate Army, with which he served until the surrender at Appomattox, seeing service in all the major engagements as a member of the staffs of Lomax and Heth. He retired a major. After the war, Redwood became well known as a magazine and book illustrator and as a cartoonist, his minstrel cartoons being probably his most famous work. He died in October, 1922.

**Remington, Frederic** (*Chapters 8 and 9*) born at Canton, N. Y., October 4, 1861. He studied at the Yale Art School and at the Art Students League in New York before being forced to move West because of his health. In the West he traveled with U. S. troops in their battles against the rebellious Indians and became noted as a delineator of horses and horsemen. He was a correspondent in the war with Spain, sketching Shafter's men in action in Cuba. His magazine illustrations, his books, and his sculpture place him in the forefront of the artists of the American West. He died at Ridgefield, Conn., December 26, 1909.

**Robinson, Wirt** (*Chapter 5*) born in Virginia, October 16, 1864. A graduate of West Point in 1887, Robinson became famous as a scientist. He was professor of chemistry at the Academy from 1911 to 1928. Besides his national reputation as a naturalist, he was recognized as a leading authority on explosives. His textbooks carried his own illustrations. He died at Washington, D. C., January 19, 1929.

**Russo, Alexander** (*Chapter 11*) born in Atlantic City, N. J., June 11, 1922. He studied at Pratt Institute and at the same time worked as a free-lance illustrator. During World War II he served with naval intelligence making shoreline sketches for use by the assault forces in Sicily. His drawings of life aboard ship appeared in John Mason Brown's *To All Hands.* He volunteered for service in the Normandy invasion, and later served aboard the hospital ship *Tranquillity* in the Pacific.

**Sargent, John Singer** (*Chapter 10*) born at Florence, Italy, 1856. He studied in Europe and opened a studio in London in 1885. Frequent visits to the United States resulted in his opening a studio in Boston as well in 1903. Elected to the Royal Academy in 1897, he refused, ten years later, a knighthood on the ground that he was an American citizen. He is best known as a portrait painter, some of his work in that field ranking with the world's best. As an artist with the A.E.F. in France, Sargent several times showed a bland disregard for military necessities, once completely ignoring the warning from the two captains assigned to watch him that the white umbrella he used to protect himself from the sun offered a prime target for enemy shellfire. He died April 15, 1925.

**Scott, Julian** (*Chapter 7*) born in Johnson, Vermont, February 14, 1846. He enlisted in the army at the outbreak of the Civil War and rose to become a colonel with the Union forces. He was awarded a medal of honor by Congress. After the war he studied at the National Academy of Design and worked as an illustrator. His principal work consists of pictures of army life and Western, especially Indian, scenes. He died in 1901.

**Shepler, Dwight C.** (*Chapter 11*) born at Everett, Mass., August 11, 1905. He taught water-color painting in Boston and did commercial art work after his graduation from college in 1928. During World War II he served as a Naval Reserve lieutenant in the Pacific, notably in the fighting around the Solomons, and in Europe during the invasion period. Later he returned to the Pacific for the Philippine invasion. Two of his murals were painted for the Academy at Annapolis.

**Sheppard, William Ludlow** (*Chapter 7*) born in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1830. A sergeant in the Confederate Army throughout the war, he spent a year in Italy studying when the war was ended. He was well known for his cartoons, many of which appeared in *Harper's Weekly,* and for a series of scenes published under the title *Picturesque America.* His ability as a sculptor may be seen in the Soldiers and Sailors Monument, the statue of A. P. Hill, and the Howitzer Memorial Hall in Richmond. He died in Richmond, Va., March 27, 1912.

**Sherman, William Tecumseh** (*Chapter 5*) born at Lancaster, Ohio, February 8, 1820. A graduate of West Point in 1840, Sherman fought in the Seminole War and was stationed at various posts in the South. During the Mexican War he was sent to California to administer the government there. He resigned his commission in 1853 to become California branch manager of a St. Louis bank and, after the bank closed the branch, entered the business world and practiced law. In 1859 he was appointed superintendent of the new Louisiana state military academy, left the post in 1861 just before the state seceded, and became colonel of an infantry regiment. By July, 1863, he had become a brigadier general in the regular army, and he was given command of the Army of the Tennessee when Grant went east. Sherman is best remembered for his march across Georgia, from Chattanooga to Atlanta and from Atlanta to Savannah, in 1864. In 1869 he became a full general. He retired in 1884, refusing in that same year the chance to become Republican nominee for the presidency of the United States. He died at New York, February 14, 1891.

**Smith, J. Andre** (*Chapter 10*) born in New York, 1886. He traveled and studied in France and Spain. Smith was awarded the gold medal for etching at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

**Smyth, Hervey** (*Chapter 1*) born at Ampton, England, May 30, 1734. In 1751 he entered the Royal Horse Guards as cornet; three years later he became a captain in the 15th Regiment of Foot. He took part in the siege of Louisbourg and was selected by Wolfe as an aide for the campaign against Quebec. Wolfe and Smyth became friends and in Wolfe's will Smyth was left 100 guineas to buy a remembrance token. He retired from the army May 12, 1769. At the death of his father he became baronet and spent his last years at Elswell, Suffolk, where he died in 1811.

**Thomason, John William, Jr.** (*Chapter 10*) born at Huntsville, Texas, 1893. He studied at the Art Students

League in New York. In 1917 he became a second lieutenant with the 2nd Marine Division in France, later served with the Marines in China, Central America, and the West Indies. He died at San Diego, Calif., March 12, 1944.

Townsend, Harry E. (*Chapter 10*) born at Wyoming, Ill., March 10, 1879. He studied at the Art Institute of Chicago and was a pupil of Howard Pyle. He was an official artist with the A.E.F. in World War I.

Trumbull, John (*Chapter 2*) born at Lebanon, Conn., June 6, 1756. The son of Jonathan Trumbull, who served as Connecticut's governor from 1769 to 1783 and was the original of "Brother Jonathan," Trumbull early decided on a career in art. Soon after his graduation from Harvard in 1773 as the youngest member of his class, the outbreak of war interrupted his art studies and he enlisted as a private despite his uneasiness about the prevalent ideas of equality. His sketches of the works around Boston soon brought him appointment as an aide to Washington and later as deputy adjutant general to Gates. In 1777 he resigned his commission and traveled to London to study under Benjamin West. Trumbull spent some months in prison after being arrested in retaliation for the execution of John André, whose rank had been the same as Trumbull's. He was released and resumed his studies under West, later going to the Continent for further work. From 1794 to 1796 he was engaged in diplomatic work abroad, first as secretary to John Jay during the negotiations leading to Jay's Treaty and afterward as a commissioner to see to the working of the treaty. In 1804 he established himself as a portrait painter in New York and he served from 1816 to 1825 as president of the American Academy of Fine Arts. He died in New York November 10, 1843.

Walke, Henry N. (*Chapters 6 and 7*) born Dec. 24, 1808. As a lieutenant, he commanded a bomb-brig during the Mexican War, and was promoted to captain for his services. During the years that elapsed before the outbreak of the Civil War, he served in many capacities in the Navy. In 1861 he received a wartime commission as rear admiral and was placed in command of the ironclad *Carondelet* on the Mississippi. In the famous battle of Island No. 10 and at Memphis and Vicksburg, Walke covered himself with glory. In 1863 he was given command of the *Sacramento* and spent the remainder of the war chasing Confederate raiders. In 1870 he received a regular appointment as rear admiral. He died March 8, 1896.

Walker, James (*Chapter 6*) born in England, 1811. With his parents, he emigrated from England when a boy and was given his first training in New York City. His travels took him to New Orleans and later to Mexico City, where he was living when the Mexican War began. Despite an order expelling all Americans, he remained in the city for six weeks, finally escaping to the American lines at Matamoros. He became an interpreter at Army headquarters, his principal duty the interrogation of prisoners. He accompanied the troops through the campaign right up to the taking of Mexico City. After the war he returned to New York, where, after a trip to South America, he settled and established a studio. His paintings of the Mexican War, especially his "Battle of Chapultepec," brought him a number of commissions after the Civil War. Soon after the war ended he moved to Watsonville, California, where he died September 10, 1889.

Waud, Alfred R. (*Chapter 7*) born in London, October 2, 1828. He came to the United States in 1858 and worked as a magazine illustrator. His important Civil War drawings were made for *Harper's Weekly*; he is said to have covered every important campaign during the war. After the war Waud traveled on the Western frontier with charting and surveying expeditions. He died at Marietta, Ga., 1886.

Weir, Robert Walter (*Chapter 5*) born at New Rochelle, N. Y., June 18, 1803. He was elected to the National Academy in 1829. In 1834 he was appointed professor of drawing at West Point, a position he held until his resignation in 1879, when advancing years caused him to resign. He died at New York May 1, 1889.

Whistler, James Abbott McNeill (*Chapter 7*) born at Lowell, Mass., July 10, 1834. He attended West Point from 1851 to 1853, but failed to keep up with his studies and was forced to leave. He studied art in London and Paris and in 1859 settled at London. Whistler is most famous for his etchings, but his oil paintings, water colors, lithographs, and pastels are notable for his understanding of the medium in which he worked. His sharp tongue and eccentricities often made him a storm center; his libel suit against John Ruskin, in which he was awarded one farthing's damages by the court after a long trial, is but one of the many incidents in a colorful career. He died at London July 17, 1903.

# About the Author

ROY MEREDITH is an expert in presenting facts visually. Long experience in motion pictures (he is a member of the Society of Motion Picture Engineers) and television (in which he was a pioneer producer and is credited with many "firsts") have given him a "feel" for the picture that says more than words can possibly say. To this must be added his stature as a historian, notably of the Civil War period.

Mr. Meredith was born in New York and attended schools in New York City, among them the Juilliard School of Musical Art. With the coming of World War II, he left the National Broadcasting Company's television division to become camera department supervisor for the Fifth Air Force's combat film detachment, from 1941 to 1945. After the war he returned to television and to writing; two of his books, *Mr. Lincoln's Camera Man: Mathew B. Brady* and *Mr. Lincoln's Contemporaries,* have been best sellers. He is married and has one son.

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